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FAIRY SOAP

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DR. EDMUND C. GRAY, noted authority on natural hygiene says:

"... Start the machinery of the body working at full force by two minutes under the warm shower and one minute under the cold—or have four inches of warm water in the tub and quickly splash the entire body with the hand, sponge or cloth and follow with a cold splash, then dry the body by hand friction."

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Hearst's INTERNATIONAL Combined with COSMOPOLITAN Contents for June, 1925

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*Next Month We Begin
A Romance of a Woman on the African Veld
—as dramatic as "PONJOLA"
By Cynthia Stockley*

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The Fires that may smoulder within you—

Within every man worth while burn the fires of ambition. In the vast majority of men those fires smoulder—glowing just enough to make them discontented with the part they play—failing to flame because they lack the tinder of self-confidence.

In the men who *get ahead*, however, those fires of ambition burn with a steady vigor—consuming every traitor-thought that would cheat them of their purpose.

"I am ambitious," you say. —But are you? Is your "ambition" merely the wish to make more money?

Or—does it flame within you to the point where your thought is always and forever, "What can I do to improve my present output—How can I fit myself for larger responsibilities—How can I expand my mental stature till it measures up to that of the really great executive?"

Men who are truly ambitious will find the paragraphs which follow greatly to their profit. For in them they will learn how they may apply both torch and tinder to those smouldering fires of ambition to the end that they may quickly—



Kindle Them for Bigger Pay!

What are those traitor-thoughts which would cheat a man of his purpose?

Let us parade a few of them, and see them for the weak excuses which they really are—

"I never had a chance"—"I haven't the time"—"I have to work too hard"—"So-and-so says that home-study training doesn't get you anywhere"—"I haven't the money"—"Tomorrow—not today."

Now listen to this true experience—

Some seven years ago, A. V. McDuffie, of Fayetteville, North Carolina, was a book-keeper. His salary was \$15 a week. He had a wife and little daughter to support.

Truly, every single excuse which we have just paraded might reasonably have been professed—and accepted—by McDuffie.

For what did his friends contribute by way of advice? "They thought home-study training very, very foolish," writes McDuffie, "for 'Arch' will never do anything with it, and suppose he should finish the course, what good will it do him?"

But in McDuffie the fires of ambition

burned with a steady flame. He had confidence enough to believe that what LaSalle had done for the average man it could do for him—at least, in part.

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* * *

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The Council Ring



*T*he orange glare of a crackling camp fire throws into shadowy relief the circle of boys squatting upon pine log benches, each intense solemn face expressing the inspiration of the moment. Silently, to the rhythmic beat of the tom-tom, file in the newcomers, those boys who, during the first few weeks of camp have proved themselves strong, skillful, courageous, able to pass the tests of muscle and mind which enable them to become members of this mystic band. Slowly, as the flames change from yellow to red, the big chief rises to initiate those proud warriors into the secrets of the woods.

A heathen ceremony, it may seem, a relic of the fire-worshippers and the druids, a pagan institution that our cold intelligent civilized minds might ridicule, but we must remember, first, that whatever the wood-craft rites may be, whether by starlight or sunlight, that each gesture and pledge has some real significance, and, second, that each boy who is taken into that magic circle is a real warrior. Perhaps he has learned to track wild game, or to paddle a canoe in a storm, to light a camp-fire with one match, to recognize trees, birds and insects, to be clean, cheerful and trustworthy in his camp duties, or to lead the camp-fire program of songs, stunts and

stories. And now, as a reward, he is allowed to wear the emblem and learn the lore of flowers, wild things, and men through symbolic lessons that impress themselves indelibly on his soul.

Mysticism, you scoff. But what, in this scientific and calculating world, do we need more than mysticism? Our philosophies have rejected it; our business, our thoughts, and our present-day interests have crowded it away. In everyone there is a bit of the savage, a primitive emotional response to the calls for courage, skill and knowledge, yet we have sublimated emotion and buried our imaginations under a crust of scepticism and disdain.

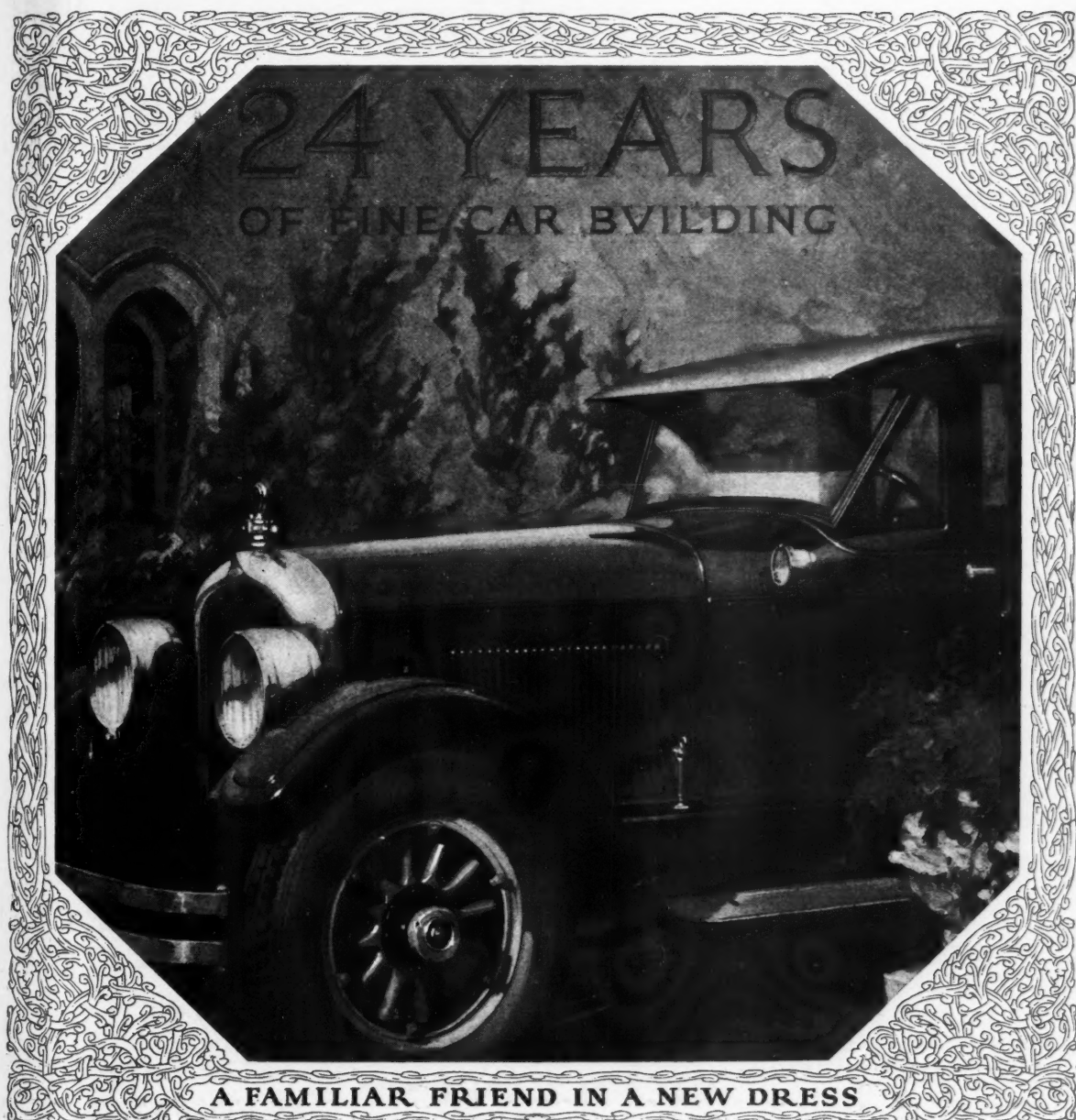
But here around the council fires of this great group of summer camps, the youth of our country are responding again. They are learning to practice the virtues of self-control, honesty, justice and brotherly love, through this mystic appeal to their senses, their imaginations, and their understanding of nature life. "The groves were God's first temples," and here our young people are finding the meaning of God's laws. This symbolism and mysticism of the summer camp ceremonies is making a real contribution toward our spiritual regeneration.



To you parents who cannot afford to deny your young people this experience, we recommend the camps listed on these pages, and remind you that for further information and suggestions our Camp Service Bureau is here to serve you. For your convenience, please use the coupon on page 15.

Cosmopolitan CAMP DEPARTMENT

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

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Cosmopolitan

EDUCATIONAL GUIDE

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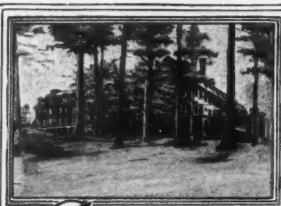
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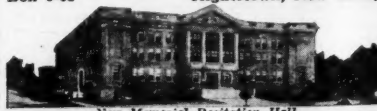
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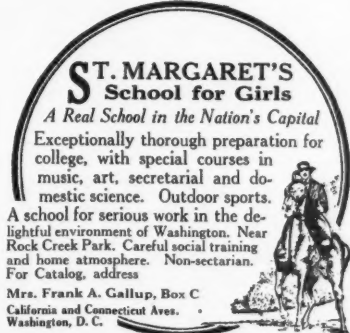
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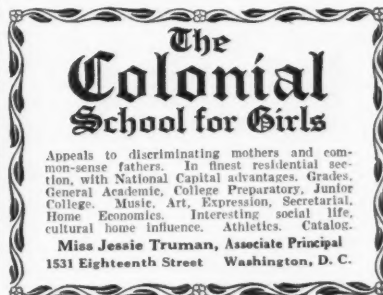
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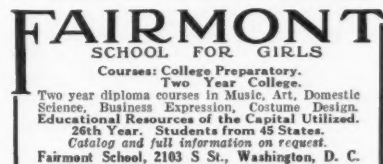


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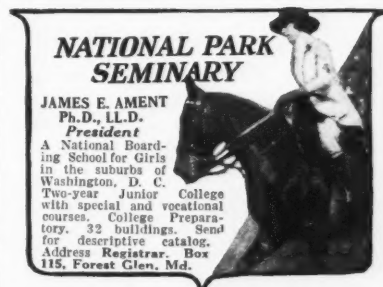


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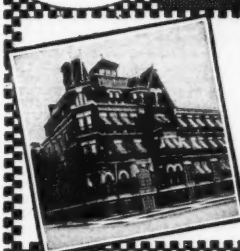
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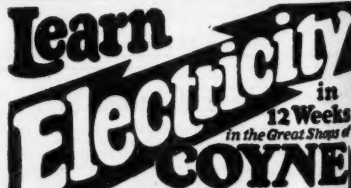
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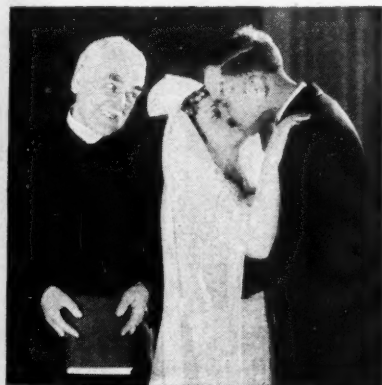
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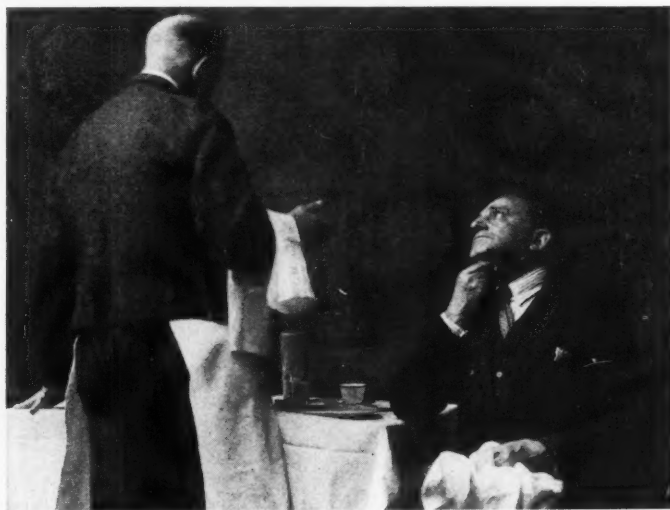
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Just How Much
Do You
Believe In
Luck?

By
Ray Long



The waiter thought he could restore Hitchy's voice.

THIS isn't my story. It was told to me by Channing Pollock. I find it so interesting a proof of one of my beliefs that I pass it on to you in his words.

"Once upon a time," said Channing, "Rennold Wolf and I wrote a musical comedy, called 'The Beauty Shop,' for Raymond Hitchcock. The day we were to open in Detroit, Hitchy's voice left him for parts unknown.

"A gloomy quintette—actor, managers, and authors—we sat in the grill of the old Hotel Ponchartrain, listening to George Cohan tell of a man who came before the curtain, under similar circumstances, and announced: 'Tonight's performance will not be performed, but will be repeated tomorrow night.'

"At this juncture our pleasant, middle-aged waiter observed diffidently that he thought he could restore Hitchy's voice in fifteen or twenty minutes.

"Having been told to 'Go to it!' he disappeared. He came back later with an agreeable concoction that did its work with sufficient thoroughness and promptness to make possible that evening the first public recital of the afterward famous aria, 'All Dressed Up and No Place to Go.'

"Naturally, the five of us were grateful and astonished. 'Where did you learn that?' gasped Sam Harris.

"'At Johns Hopkins,' answered the waiter. 'I studied medicine three years.'

"'Why didn't you graduate?' I asked.

"'Hadh't the money. Sir Henry Irving came along, and I went with him as a courier and secretary. I know every railway, route, and hotel in Europe.'

"'And—languages?'

"'Gewiss!' smiled the waiter. '*Cinco! Dalla mia giovinezza! Mais toutes les langues couramment!*'

And, having replied in four tongues that he spoke five, our far-from-dumb old servitor returned to the pantry.

"'What a find!' exclaimed Hitchy. 'From now on, that courier cours for me!'

"'Meaning?'

"'That I am going to take Number Eleven from his palatial residence at the Ponchartrain!'

"'I wouldn't,' said Sam Harris.

"'Why not?'

"'He knows too much. When a fellow can do all those things and remains a waiter, there's a reason!'

"'Bad luck!'

"'There *isn't* that much bad luck—not enough to stand up against all those qualifications! Luck may be five percent of life, but the other ninety-five percent—which is *what's in the man*—always decides the outcome. I've met thousands of people, everywhere, in every walk of life, and I never knew one who got much more or less than he deserved. When a chap knows medicine and Europe and five languages, and still is a waiter, something's wrong!'

We paid our check and hunted up the manager.

"'Number Eleven?' inquired Sam. 'Know anything about him? He seems rather above his station.'

"'Yes,' answered the manager. 'He's a bright fellow, and we've spent a good deal of money trying to give him a chance. He's well educated, and he was a courier for Sir Henry Irving, but you see—*he takes dope!*'"

And there you are. I believe with Sam Harris that most folks get in this world just about what they deserve to get, and I agree with him that this story proves it.

By JAMES MONT



THE BEACH WEDDING—IF YOU

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G O M E R R F L A G G



REALLY WOULD BE IN THE SWIM



This is Nora, whom you will meet in the old garden of Orme: the girl the charming blackguard, Brant Orme, married—and his brother David, the dreamer, loved.

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By Gouverneur
Morris

The House of ORME

*A Novel of a
Man Who Loved
His Brother's
Wife*

Illustrations by James E. Allen

A ROAD crosses Orme County, South Carolina, on a long diagonal and connects an upland region suited to the growing of cotton with the swampy forest and rice-fields which surround the tide-water city of Balestier. Formerly, following those deluges of rain which may be looked for in December and January, this road became a sea of deep, sucking, gulping red mud impassable to wheeled vehicles of any description. Not many years ago it was discovered that the mixture of a certain clay and gravel, abundant in the State, will set, like sharp sand and cement, into an excellent road material, and Orme County, rich in convict labor, began the work of re-surfacing its main thoroughfare.

In due time the convicts, mostly negroes, chained two and two, with their picks and their shovels and their striped suits, and their white guards—tobacco-chewing gentlemen with black slouch hats and rusty Winchester rifles—had regenerated the road from the State prison in the outskirts of Balestier to the grove of live oaks, some twelve miles inland, which marked the beginning of the ancient and dilapidated plantation belonging to the family of Orme.

At this point and immediately beyond fills were necessary, and the prison crew with its guards and bloodhounds and the county engineer made a summer camp of discarded and mildewed army tents. The Carolina summer descended upon the camp like a stunning blow, and work upon the road languished. The guards and the county engineer began to suffer with a mild form of malaria and to dose themselves with whisky and quinine. The camp developed a musty and unpleasant odor which at the end of a few weeks might have been detected in favorable conditions at a distance of half a mile.

One morning in June this odor of sweat and men and rudimentary sanitation and misery penetrated the ruined gardens which surrounded the ancient plantation house of the Ormes, entered the house itself through a broken pane of glass, and wakened the proprietor from a sultry sleep.

No ordinary sound would have wakened Hannibal Orme, because he was deaf; nor any sight whatever, because he was blind; but as often happens, his remaining faculties had been stimulated at the expense of those which had failed, and his sense of smell was exceeded only by his sense of touch.

The odor which wakened him was not a pleasant odor, but having in it perhaps a suggestion of miseries even greater than his own, it appeared to give the old man a certain unhallowed satisfaction.

The hallway in which Hannibal Orme spent the major portion of his unproductive days was wide and extended from the front of the house to the back. A fireplace which had graced it in

Colonial days had been boarded up and its functions taken over by a more practicable, though disfiguring, self-feeding sheet-iron stove. The stairway with mahogany treads and graceful fluted balusters had been boxed in, and in winter the unpainted tongue-and-groove door opening into the box was kept closed. To close it and lock it in the winter was the last work of the last person to go to bed.

As a rule there were only two persons in the house, Hannibal Orme and his son David. The older son, Brant, was seldom at home. Except as a source of revenue, home was without attractions for him. Neither was home very attractive to David, but his father required at times the care which a mother gives to a child, and from his own mother the young man had inherited an unflinching sense of duty. By that sense of duty he was tied hand and foot to the whims of a domestic tyrant because of his deafness, his blindness, the partial paralysis of his legs and the perversity of his mental processes.

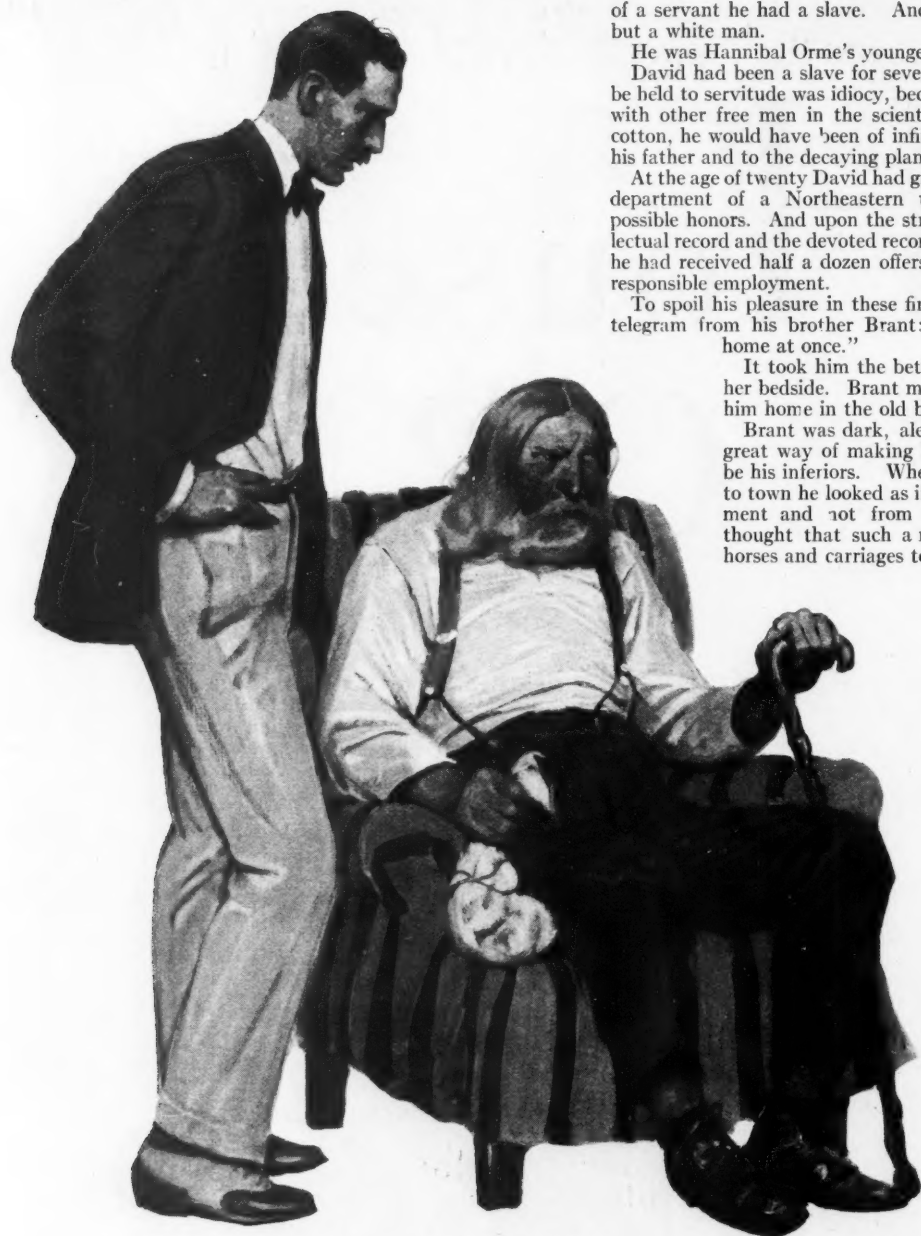


Gouverneur Morris

Of all the talents and qualities with which Hannibal Orme appeared to have been dowered at his birth, there remained only, and unimpaired, the strength of his hands and arms.

To the eye he was still a colossus, a superman. The head with its strong aquiline features and its streaming white hair and beard resembled those heads of the god Neptune which the Greek and Roman artists used to carve. He had the neck of a bull and shoulders to match it. The hands at the ends of his extraordinarily long and thick arms were enormous and very beautiful. Age had in no way blemished or distorted them.

Upon being wakened by the odor of the convict camp, his hands tightened. One of them tightened upon the carved handle of a heavy walking-stick and the other upon the neck of a small canvas sack. These properties were never out of his reach. Without the stick he could not walk; without the sack he would have been a beggar.



C. Brant Orme, the wastrel, and Hannibal Orme, the blind and deaf Hercules.

Years ago there had been a disastrous run on the bank in Balestier. In the crash Hannibal Orme's finances had been badly crippled. What remained of his fortune was in the canvas sack, in gold and silver and notes. The sack went to bed with him at night and rose with him in the morning. Nearly always he carried it in his left hand, the huge fingers wrapped lovingly and suspiciously about the long twisted neck.

HANNIBAL ORME alone knew how much money there was in the sack. That sixth sense which appeared to reside in the tips of his fingers enabled him to detect the difference between one banknote and another. Sometimes in the pitch-black dead of night, when he could not sleep, he would sit up in his bed and count his money. Tolling it out little by little he calculated that there was enough to keep him in food and in shelter for the rest of his life. If there should be any left over it would go to Brant. And if there wasn't any, it didn't much matter.

There was no servant at Orme. Hannibal Orme did not approve of servants. He believed in slaves and slavery. So instead

of a servant he had a slave. And this slave was not a negro, but a white man.

He was Hannibal Orme's younger son David.

David had been a slave for seven years. And that he should be held to servitude was idiocy, because as a free man competing with other free men in the scientific breeding and growing of cotton, he would have been of infinitely more real assistance to his father and to the decaying plantation.

At the age of twenty David had graduated from the agricultural department of a Northeastern university with the highest possible honors. And upon the strength of his moral and intellectual record and the devoted recommendations of his professors, he had received half a dozen offers of interesting, lucrative and responsible employment.

To spoil his pleasure in these first earnings of success came a telegram from his brother Brant: "Mother very sick. Come home at once."

It took him the better part of two days to reach her bedside. Brant met him in Balestier and drove him home in the old buggy.

Brant was dark, alert and beautiful. He had a great way of making his equals feel themselves to be his inferiors. When he drove the old buggy up to town he looked as if he were doing it for amusement and not from necessity. You would have thought that such a man must have plenty of fine horses and carriages to choose from.

"Mother was pretty low when I left the house," said Brant. "I hope you'll be in time to receive her blessing." He spoke with a Southern accent and drawl, but these were so delicate and slight that they cannot be represented in print. "Father's a changed man," he went on. "Worry and high blood-pressure."

"Worry about his eyes?"

"And his ears, and his financial losses."

"I haven't heard anything about them."

"You will. You will hear exactly how much your education has cost him and exactly how sorry he is that he was ever induced to send you to college in the first place. That's what you'll hear; but father won't hear anything."

"The last time we talked," said David, "I had to shout."

"He has possessed himself of an old-fashioned

ear-trumpet," said Brant. "He thinks that he can hear with it; but he can't. It resembles an illicit still."

"Is he well otherwise?"

"I reckon," Brant drawled, "that when a man's deaf and blind and broke there isn't any otherwise. He's got a drag in his legs, too. The doctor thinks he must have had a little stroke in his sleep, and never knew it."

Brant rambled on. He gave a long history of their mother's short illness. She had suffered "considerable." Since the failure of the Balestier bank there had been no servants at Orme. Mrs. Orme had done all the work.

"But," David interrupted, "the money for my college expenses has come in right along."

"That was the servants' hire, and a little money that mother had of her own."

David began to feel as if he had killed his mother. "Why didn't some one tell me!" he exclaimed.

"Mother forbade it."

"What you have told me," said David, "is going to be hard to live with. She did *all* the work?"

"The beds, the wash, the cooking and the jumping—when father spoke."

"What were you doing?"

"I could only be here off and on," said Brant with an expression of importance. "Of course I've helped when I've been around."

"Who looks after things now?"

"Father had to hire a kind of woman. I forced him to. She attends mother and gives us pick-up meals. But it's a relief to have you back. You were always handy round a house. It was left out of me."

"Can't this old horse do any better?"

"Calico? No, she can't do any better."

The road was terrible, and there were few stretches where the old mare could have extended herself even if she had had the spirit.

"My idea," said Brant, "is that—afterward—father and I think that it will be best for you to look out for the plantation. You've been educated for that, and it's the kind of life that suits you. It's run down, but it used to grow good cotton, and you've been schooled to make it grow good cotton again. As for me, I'm to take a little capital and go into business. Father wants me to buy a partnership in a cotton brokerage—Sims and Sims. All it needs is push and young blood."

David reflected that it might take other qualities as well, such as stamina and common honesty, but refrained from speaking his mind. He was too miserable about his mother and the sacrifices she had made for him to engage in recriminations.

"It's a great chance for a young man," said Brant, "to put the old fields in order, and grow two bales of cotton where only one ever grew before."

"It can't be done without money," said David.

"Father's calculated to put up a little capital for you too, Davie; if you ever get mad at me remember that I talked him into it. Yes, sir, he's going to give us both a start out of what's left of the family fortune."

David reflected that Brant had had more than one such start already, but said nothing. Brant, however, seemed to know what was passing in his brother's mind.

"When I started out for myself," he said, "I wasn't much more than a boy, Davie. I never had your advantages." Brant might have had such advantages, but unfortunately during his freshman year at the University of Virginia he had been expelled for gambling. He went on: "Father gave me a little stake and I went West. With my little stake I did what many a great millionaire has done with his first little stake, yes, and with his second and his third. I lost it. Father started me again—he could afford to then—and I went broke again. That's two times. Well, now I've been working, clerking for Sims and Sims for over a year, and if they didn't think I was some good they wouldn't have urged father to buy me an interest in the firm, would they? There's no way to learn sense except by experiments in foolishness. I've made mine, and now I intend to go a long way and roll in money."

It took the brothers nearly three hours to cover the twelve miles of tormented road between the outskirts of Balestier and the plantation. Most of those twelve miles were through an unproductive country of stagnant pools and unmerchantable moss-choked timber. Within two miles of Orme, however, the road climbed upward and traversed tillable fields, superbly level, and clean forests.



*David Orme,
the dreamer and slave to his father.*

David felt his heart catch. It was two years since his eyes had dwelt on the beloved landscape. It was two years since he had seen his mother. It seemed only yesterday that he had been a little boy and she had been his playmate.

"Why," he thought, "she couldn't have been much more than a kiddie herself, when father married her."

A lump rose in his throat so that it ached.

The nearness of her stable seemed suddenly to inspire Calico to effort. She broke into a determined trot. But even if she had unfolded the wings of Pegasus and flown she would have been too late. Mrs. Orme's difficulties and sacrifices were all over.

THERE as a bright fire of fat pine in the room, and before this in a huge upholstered armchair, stained where his head had so often rested, sat Hannibal Orme. He did not seem to know that anything unusual had occurred. He merely sat and stared at the fire.

David's first troubled glance was toward the mahogany bed with its four delicately fluted posts crowned with pineapples. His mother looked as if she had died of exhaustion, and as if death had as yet done nothing to give her rest. He endured an agony of self-reproach, and a second agony of grief. She was so little and she had had such heavy work to do!

Brant meanwhile had gone at once to his father. He stood with his hand resting on the old man's shoulder. Presently the old man reached up his own gigantic hand and patted that which was attempting to give him comfort. Brant had always known how to get around his father.

David was brought to a realization of his own filial duty by a sudden and shockingly loud "David's home" from Brant. It seemed horrible to him that a voice should be so raised in that room. But presently he himself was shouting. His father insisted on having his questions answered, and shouting was the only way. But first David had to go through the ordeal of shaking hands with his father. Not even now in the full vigor of his young strength, and he was a tall, strong man, could David so brace his hand as to withstand the crushing power of his father's grip.

Like many deaf people Hannibal Orme had lost the power of modulating his voice. It was very loud and all upon

one note, which always sounded a little flat.

"Time you came home," he shouted.

"Yes, father."

"What?"

David spoke a little louder: "Yes, father."

"Why don't you answer me?"

Then David bent close to the old man's ear and shouted himself. And the old man appeared to have heard. For he nodded and then, all on the same monotonous loud flat note, said: "She was a good mother, and she was a good wife. I married her when she was fifteen years of age, but she had the mind and the character of a woman. She never spared herself, and she wore herself all out. She has gone now to her rest, and nothing will ever be the same."

He never spoke of her again.

The "kind of woman" whom Brant had forced his father to hire remained for a few days and then departed. There was no talk of hiring another servant. And it appeared that David



U. In due time the convicts had regenerated the road

was expected to do the work of the house: to make the beds, to cook the meals and to chop and carry wood for the fires. But he would not make Brant's bed. Neither would Brant. Brant would sleep in it when the time came, but that was all.

A combined butcher and grocery store on wheels served the region. Sometimes it came to Orme twice a week, sometimes once, sometimes not at all. It was necessary to place a strong dependence on canned goods. The butcher-grocer charged outrageous prices for these, and Hannibal Orme decided that his boys should drive to Balestier and lay in a large supply at wholesale rates. He was not afraid to be left alone for one day.

When Brant heard of the expedition he began to tease his father to buy him the partnership in the brokerage firm of Sims and Sims. They shouted at each other for two hours, and in the end Brant had his way. It was arranged that he should go to live at a boarding-house in Balestier and that David should return alone to the plantation and take care of their father.

David felt that this arrangement was terribly unjust to him. He had offers in his pocket naming salaries which would pay for his own keep and for a couple of servants to look after his father. Brant had had his trials at money making and had failed. Why not let him stay at home and make beds and cook meals?



from Balestier to the ancient plantation belonging to the family of Orme.

As the young men drove out of the plantation gate their spirits were in sharp contrast. David was disgruntled, almost surly, while Brant was in high fettle.

"You know," said David, "this sort of thing can't keep up indefinitely."

"What sort of thing can't?"

"Why, me doing chores and looking after father. How'm I going to get some of the fields in order and grow some cotton if I've got to make beds and cook meals?"

"I understand exactly how you feel," said Brant. "It's rotten. What you don't understand is father. He'll only take one step

at a time. Just hang on until I'm established. Then we'll both tackle him to put up for you."

"I suppose," David said, "that you'll be drawing pretty good money from the firm right from the start?"

"Sure thing," said Brant, "and the first thing I'll want to do will be to help out at home. It's too bad that father's so helpless. One of us has got to be with him. We couldn't turn him over to the care of a stranger. Awful to be blind and deaf."

"Awful," agreed David.

Fortunately youth is very sanguine, or during these first months at Orme David must have (Continued on page 273)

Beginning an Autobiography That Will Be They Called Me the Most

By Belle
Livingstone



☐ Belle Livingstone

I MUST have been born, because a Kansas newspaper man, returning home one evening, found me under a dusty sunflower which was growing alongside the wooden rails that fenced off his little frame house from the prairie.

Whether I was protesting against my uncomfortable couch, or whether my apathetic acceptance of the hard ground engaged his attention, I never heard. All I know is that he took me in and later adopted me.

The newspaper man was John Ramsay Graham, then owner and editor of the Emporia News; and he was the only father I have ever known.

As the years went on, my father's devotion to me often made me wonder if I were really not his own child. No secret was ever made of my origin, but sometimes, as I grew older, I asked myself if he had not found this very ingenious way to place me in the care of his childless wife and insure me a home.

30



☐ The house in Emporia, Kansas, where Belle Livingstone was found under a sunflower.

But I was never able to probe the mystery. My adopted father—and perhaps the woman who was always more than a mother to me—alone held the key. In later life I questioned him a hundred times, but he always clung to the sunflower story; and he kept his secret, if secret there were, down to his grave.

All I can say is that even now, after this long lapse of years, there come back to me occasionally flashes of the pictures painted by an imaginative childhood: a creaking covered wagon being urged on somewhere, nobody caring much where; always the torturing sameness of the boundless prairie, wearying the eyes of the wanderers, which they shaded from the blistering sun in the vain hope of seeing something besides the restless sea of grass; a little sister, more tired than any of the rest because she had been given a hot and squirming baby to mind, who propped me up under the meager shade of a stately sunflower and in her relief at being rid of her burden, fairly leaped through the coarse grass and weeds as she tore after the wagon, which was again on the move.

Emporia, Kansas, was then a little dot on the map where the through trains on the Santa Fé whistled and disappeared. On the farthest edge we had a tiny wooden house, with a lilac bush and a sweet-smelling syringa and two tall cottonwood trees beside it.

My father at this period not only owned the News and the Land Office, but was also the Mayor of Emporia. I do not suppose there was anything going on in which he did not have some say, even in the church, for my first recollection of him is seeing him, tall and erect, passing the collection plate on Sundays. While Mayor, he for the first time in the town's history closed every saloon in the place.

Those who read my story to the end may be led to the philosophical conclusion that it is wiser to make your own children than to adopt them ready made, particularly if the latter process involves the adoption of a child of heaven knows what wild parents into the kind of home that was ours.

My father came of Scottish ancestry on both sides, his mother's

Discussed at a Million Dinner-Tables
Dangerous Woman in Europe



Belle Livingstone in the costume in which she began her career by asking a total stranger to marry her one Christmas Eve in Saginaw, Michigan, in order that she might have her mother's consent to leave home and go on the stage.



Belle Livingstone as the Captain of the Guard in "Falka."

father having been horticulturist to King George III, while his paternal grandfather was an eminent Edinburgh physician. On emigrating to America, his parents settled in Rochester, N. Y., where he was brought up under every hardship to be experienced in a new country.

Self-educated, he rose from printer's devil to type-setter, and then went through the various stages of reporter, war correspondent and editor, until he was placed in charge of the Erie Gazette and married. Yielding to Horace Greeley's advice to young men, he went West and took his young and beautiful bride to the wilds of Kansas.

My mother first saw the light in Perth, Canada. She was the best mannered woman I have ever known, and I never heard her say an unkind word about anyone. Her benevolent view of the world and the people who infest it was perhaps too mild for

the generation who followed her, however, inasmuch as her training endowed me with the very characteristics which disqualified me for earning my living in a get-rich-quick world.

When people in Europe ask me what my young days were like, I always reply: "Turning three yards of cloth on the dining-room table, when the pattern called for four." Had my father confined his dreams only to his writing and been content to remain poor, all would have been well. He had not the slightest idea of money-getting or money-holding, and he was incapable of taking a fool's money and calling it his own.

My mother vainly tried to persuade him not to leave his writing in order to leap into some scheme to get rich overnight. He persisted in speculating with the product of years of toil, during which eyes and long nights had both been used up. Each successive failure found him back burning the midnight oil

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I have said enough, perhaps, to give an idea of the personalities which composed the home into which, as a foundling baby of six weeks or so, the most terribly unknown quantity on God's footstool, I was suddenly flung. No sooner was it decided that I should be kept than my father installed a Jersey cow and an old negro mammy, Aunty Gilmore, and I took up my appointed work of feeding, sleeping and screaming the house down.

My first adventure occurred long before I had passed the cradle stage. My usual rôle in life has been to capture husbands, but on this occasion, for the only time in my life, I underwent capture myself.

One afternoon I was lying in my cot, quietly sleeping in the shade of the house, outside one of the windows, when suddenly from nowhere appeared a group of Indians. At that time the redskins were being driven from their forests and plains by the conquering white man to what was then the Indian territory, due south, which had been allotted to them.

While some of the squaws crept up to the adjoining window, inside which my mother was quietly sewing, another of the Indians stealthily lifted me from my cot. My disappearance was not discovered until my father had returned from his office and my mother went out to bring myself and my cot indoors for the night. Her astonishment and grief were overwhelming.

An alarm was sent out immediately. Horses were hastily saddled, and neighbors went off in every direction in pursuit of the kidnappers. The search was kept up all that night and for several days afterwards, but all to no effect, and I was given up as definitely lost.

The news of my disappearance had been sent out far and wide, however, and a month later some of the State troops who were patrolling the boundary line found me tied to a papoose board, rocking gently on a branch of a tree. The Indians, as their camp-fires showed, had got wind of the approach of the troops and vanished long before.

Even now I don't know if I am really me; but in any case I have perhaps to thank the Indians for my straight back and erect bearing, which the years have not impaired.

That month of outdoor life gave me such a healthy appearance that my mother, confident there was no other baby in the world as fine, took me to Kansas City and entered me for the beauty prize. Unfortunately, while I was lying on the rug on the porch, waiting till my mother had put on her bonnet, a huge yellow caterpillar, "a hairy 'un," crawled up.

In the excitement of our departure, no one noticed that I had my newly-found fuzzy friend clasped in my chubby thumb, and tragedy ensued. During our journey in the hack, the caterpillar got in some deplorably fine work on my pink flesh and dimples.

When my mother rushed ahead to the ticket office, followed by Aunty Gilmore, with me clutched in her arms, and our rooters bringing up the rear, and showed my admission paper, yells of laughter burst forth behind her. Everyone's gaze was directed at myself, and my poor mother, to her horror, saw a mottled-skinned

baby, with lips so swollen that they stuck out beyond its nose. My chances as a competitor were hopeless, and my mother could never be convinced that one perfectly good first prize had not gone to the wrong baby.

Those fifteen years of childhood that I spent in our Kansas prairie town had influences upon my whole life which not even the startling vicissitudes of later years have ever been able to eradicate.

My mother developed my young imagination by making me think work was play—even when I was wanted to fill the wood box, feed the chickens or chase away the flies. In those days Kansas was no playground, even for the young.

In summer, the last thing before going to bed, the snakes had to be shown out of the house. I shall never forget one night, when I had followed my father round the house, seeing two eyes rising from the sofa in our little parlor.

One of my earliest recollections is of a Kansas tornado which I saw sweeping towards us across the prairie. I had only just time to snatch up my kitten before my father dragged me into our cyclone cellar, where we all huddled together under the earth, till the roar of the storm and the deluge of rain was over.

When we crawled out, our barn had disappeared; every board had been carried away. In exchange there was a black and white cow, calmly nibbling the drenched hay. No one ever claimed her, although my father advertised her in his papers, and she, like myself, was duly adopted as a permanent member of the family.

Another summer we suffered from a plague of locusts, which in less time than it takes to write, it seemed, stripped every green thing bare.

All trains were stopped because the wheels slipped rather than rolled on tracks piled high with locusts.

Except for little incidents like these, the level of entertainment and excitement in Emporia in those days was about equal to that of the English village where the hotel clerk told the stranded commercial traveler that if he wanted amusement in the evening he had better go down to the livery stable and watch them harnessing up the mule.

Although during our earlier years at Emporia I passed through no school, unless it were through their corridors, my mother saw to it that I did not turn up my nose at the smell of yellow soap, and she endowed me with much valuable learning which has served me well all through my varied (Cont. on page 222)



Photograph
Albert Davis
Collection

❧ The beautiful Georgia Caine



❧ Diamond Jim Brady

By Irvin S. Cobb

A Story of a Boy Who Needed Affection



The memory of that pretty lady who cried over him was the one precious thing in Jamie's life.

AS REGARDS

Hallam, he being Sunday editor of the New York Courier, there was no earthly doubt in his shrewd mind touching on the power of the press. He knew how it could harm and how it could help. He knew that a handful of type or a picture dropped into the make-up at just the right time and just the right place is like a pebble dropped in a stream. Long after its immediate splash is over and done with, the ripples it has created may be lapping against invisible and unsuspected shores miles away or, in the case of the newspaper, hundreds and even thousands of miles away. Bread cast upon the waters returns after many days, but a stone flung into a pool stirs up the fishes and the frogs and makes commotion.

For the gratification of a personal spleen this Mr. Hallam one Sunday made a very crafty fling. There was a lady in the case. Most people agreed that she was a very charming lady. Most people knew how charming she was, for she was on the stage.

She had beauty and she had grace and manner and she knew how to wear her clothes, and did, which counted with the women, and she had a voice to make you think of a thrush in a thicket in the springtime. So far as the favor of the audiences went, she was terribly popular. They liked everything about her—her sweetness and her singing and her simplicity and herself, which is another way of saying her magnetism.

Her professional side was professionally exploited; her press-agents saw to that. On the stage she was New York's reigning musical-comedy sweetheart and treated as such. Almost from the hour when she blew into a manager's office from somewhere out in the sticks—lacking money, lacking friends, lacking influence—and got a job not on past reputation but on present merit in a wobbly Broadway production and lifted it right up, overnight so to speak, into the top list of current hits, she'd had a thousand

and one lovers whose faces she knew only as pale dim blurs seen across the footlights and whose names she knew not at all.

But her private life was her private business and by all accounts she minded it most effectively. Off the stage she was aloof, secluded almost. In a way of speaking, it was as though she were two separate persons—by night and on matinée afternoons a public property but the rest of the time a solitary and a lonely figure.

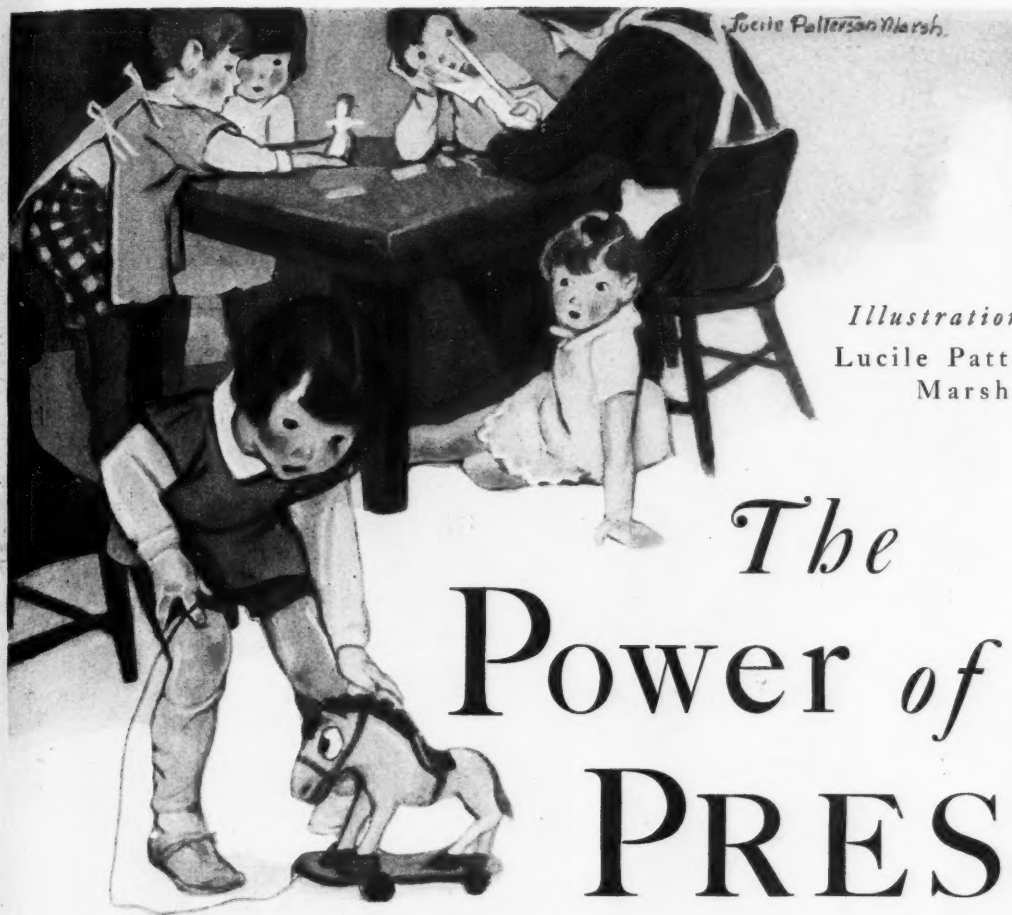
There was something pathetic in it, if you could think of such a thing in connection with a favorite and a favored actress. Some of her admirers claimed they once in a while detected a trace of pathos in her acting and in her singing. They admitted that you couldn't exactly put your finger on it but somehow or other you could feel it, hidden, tucked away. It made them admire her all the more, though. It gave appeal to her work.

This, then, was the lady in Mr. Hallam's case. He had a design against her. Having failed there he now had a grudge against her. Without going into ancient history it may be stated that Mr. Hallam had known her more or less casually before either of them achieved a metropolitan debut. Their ambitions took them in different directions and he beat her East and made the New York grade some years before she arrived, an unknown and dog-poor. They met shortly afterward, she being now newly launched as a star but he already being well up the editorial ladder and in line for further promotions.

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Illustrations by
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The Power of the PRESS

In his capacity as a successful newspaper man he had ways and means of meeting her again and yet again; in his purely private capacity as a creature of flesh and blood he endeavored to push the acquaintance. What with this and that—various courtly attentions, you'll understand, and intimations of what might be done in the matter of desirable publicity, only of course a man naturally would want his reward, and so on and so forth—Mr. Hallam pressed his gentlemanly attentions until the lady saw fit to throw him down with a force very painful to his sensibilities. He had made it quite plain to her what he wanted; now she made it equally plain that she would have none of him.

When a vanity such as Mr. Hallam's is bruised, the victim hurts all over. He aches from head to foot. Mr. Hallam ached for a long time. But, to a degree, even in those first few months when his wounds were sorest Mr. Hallam comforted himself with the hope of one of these days getting good and even.

They say all things come to him who waits. This thing came to this one who waited.

THERE was a rule of Mr. Hallam's that no picture of the lady in question should appear in the Sunday edition of the Courier. Of course it was not a published rule but when one is in authority in a newspaper shop, there are means privily of accomplishing a result without actually advertising one's prejudices in the matter. The press-agent whose business it was to see to it that about once in so often or oftener the populace beheld likenesses of his employer's prima donna may have wondered at this, but he had no way of helping himself.

One morning a daily gossip sheet that was published up-town—and, by the way, although that neither is here nor there, its publisher afterward went to prison for blackmail—came out with a story that this particular lady—and in so far at least as Mr. Hallam was concerned, we know she was quite particular—was rumored to be engaged to a certain young gentleman of notorious repute, commonly called on Broadway the Boy Correspondent. By printing such unsavory stories the gossip sheet visited punishment upon persons who persistently slighted its advertising columns; that point was developed at the trial of

its publisher. Next morning, by a strange coincidence which was not in the least bit strange to those initiates who were acquainted with the inner whys and wherefores of this shop, the same sheet carried a retraction of the reported engagement and a half-page spread for the various attractions sponsored by the young woman's manager.

On this day, also, Mr. Hallam made over a portion of his rotogravure section. He reduced the sizes of several photographic reproductions and threw out altogether a four column cut of a group of bathers at Miami, and in the center of his altered page he inserted a large picture of the lady who had been able to resist him. He was putting the finishing touches on the text to accompany the picture when his assistant came into the room for a copy of the revised layout and, looking over the shoulder of his chief, this young fellow said:

"Oh, so that's who goes in, eh?"

"So that's who goes in—for this one time only," said Mr. Hallam, speaking with a deep satisfaction.

"But look here, wasn't the yarn about her getting set to couple up with that degenerate little rotter, what's-his-name—wasn't that denied?" asked the deputy.

"What difference does that make? It was printed, wasn't it? We're not saying it's true. All I'm doing is running a line here saying that the report has been circulated. If it weren't for the libel laws, there's more we could say about this dame that wouldn't do her any real good. Take it from me, there is. I'm a charter member of the 'I Knew Her When' Club."

"But say, Mr. Hallam—"

"Look here, Snead, what are you trying to do? Give me an argument?" demanded Mr. Hallam.

"No, sir, not at all. I just—" The youngster hesitated, casting about in his mind for a subterfuge—and got one. "All I was going to say was that's a kind of an old-fashioned looking picture, isn't it?—the dress now and that floppy hat and the way her hair is done up on her head, you know?"

"Oh, you noticed that, did you?" said Mr. Hallam, and he smiled a smile which somewhat reminded his aide of a man drawing a knife. "Well, as a matter of fact, that picture's not what you'd call brand-new. Snead—not exactly. As a matter



C All of a sudden Jamie screamed, "Oh, here's the pretty

of fact, I'd say at an offhand guess that it was taken fully six or seven years back. There's a lot of damn fools around the country who think this dame is about eighteen; she fools 'em with the make-up and the dimples and the kittenish ways and all. Well, when they see this they ought to be able to figure out that she's nearer thirty. It's time somebody was giving the public the low-down on some of these comic-opera girlie-girlies that date back to the Spanish War. I'm starting the good work, that's all . . . Well, take it along and rush me in the completed page proof as soon as it's struck."

Being fully aware of how his bread was buttered, Snead had no more to say about it. He may have done some thinking, though.

Ditto Mr. Hallam. He did a lot of it and found it a pleasant occupation.

"I guess that'll give that up-stage jane quite a few pleasant hours during the long winter evenings which will shortly be upon us," he remarked to himself when the proof came back to him. "Yes, sir, I'd like to risk a little money on it." Subsequently, in privacy, he several times repeated practically the same remark.

THE Denhams had not been living very long in Chilton, which is a rather small place but calling itself a city, and they still were having more or less a hard time of it making both ends meet. Mr. Denham was a young lawyer, and he had to wait for his practise to grow. Mrs. Denham was a pretty, plump, rather untidy young woman and a natural-born mother, as her new neighbors agreed very soon after the family moved into the block. She mothered all things puny or helpless or young that crossed her path: her own child—the Denhams had only the one child, a boy of ten or thereabouts—and other people's children and stray alley cats and unattached puppy-dogs and such like.

When the talk dealt with what she liked—and she seemed to like nearly everything but especially babies—she had a trick of

speaking with a little hurried gasp, a sort of catch down in her throat, as though the words were so eager to get out that they got in one another's way. This was not an affectation with Mrs. Denham; it merely was a part of her.

One afternoon her son, whose Christian name was Theodore—but everybody, his parents included, called him Tad—came to her where she sat in her cluttered little living-room, and he was wearing a look of tremendous and troubled earnestness on his freckled round face.

"Muddikins," he said, "there's something very important I want to talk to you about."

"Well," she said, and put aside whatever it was she was doing, "if it's so important as all that I expect I'll have to listen."

"Well, maybe some people might not think it was important but I do," he said. "And I guess you will, too, when I tell you about it. Muddy, there's a boy at my school; he's in my room and sits right across the aisle from me in almost the next seat from me and he's almost about the same age as I am, only he's only eight and I'm already nearly nine. He's the one I want to talk to you about."

"Well, what about him? Isn't he a nice boy?"

"Oh, yes, Muddy, I think he's an awful nice boy—that's specially what I wanted to tell you about. But he don't have a very nice time at home with his family. He don't have a nice time there at all. He—he told me so as a secret. Only, it's not his regular family. Of course that would make a difference. He's 'dopted."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Denham, and it almost was like an exclamation of pain. "Oh, he's an adopted child, then? What's his name?"

"Orpheus Ledbetter, that's it. But that's not the real truly name that he had when he was born. He don't even know the name that he was born with. That's only just the name that this Ledbetter family that he's living with now gave to him when they went and 'dopted him. Muddy, I don't think it's

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very nice for those people to go and give him a name like Orpheus that sounds so much like orphan. Do you, Muddy?" He put one of his sunburnt hands on her knee and she covered it with both of hers and squeezed it. "He can't help it, being an orphan, can he, Muddy? And anyhow he had a lots nicer name than that to go by when he was in that Home. He was in a Home when these people got him out of it. They used to call him Jamie then."

"Jamie what?"

"That's all—just Jamie, he says. He wishes they'd call him Jamie now. He told me so. Muddy, I want to bring him home with me some day after school. Can I?"

"Of course. Bring him tomorrow. If you like him and he likes you, you can have him here to play as often as you wish."

"It's not only that. I want you to sort of make over him—you know, Muddy? He didn't say so right out, but I think he'd like for somebody like you to sort of make over him the way you do. I think he's kind of lonesome for somebody that's grown up to be making over him. He's shy, too, but I bet he wouldn't be shy long if he was round you. And I don't guess he has such a very good time with this family that he belongs to 'em now."

"You—you"—her throat muscles choked on it—"you don't think they mistreat him, do you, Taddy-boy?"

"Oh, no, Muddy. I don't think they beat him or not give him enough to eat or a nice place to sleep or anything like that. I just think maybe they don't understand how a boy feels when he's about seven or eight years old. You know, Muddy?"

"Yes, Tad," she told him. "I believe I know. Bring him tomorrow if he'll come then. I was going out but I'll be here. But don't tell him beforehand that I'm waiting to see him—you say he's shy. I expect maybe I'll know how to get acquainted with him. Anyway, I'll try."

"Gee!" said her son, and straightway with a big kiss she paid him for saying it, "but ain't you the reg'lar old peach, though!"

Say, Mud," he added, wiping his moist cheek, "that was kind of a leaky kiss, wasn't it?"

She hid her face away from him so that he couldn't see her eyes and laughed a husky, soft little laugh.

"Get out of here, you impudent young piece!" she said chokily. "Your grammar is perfectly atrocious!"

Now some persons might have set down little Mrs. Denham as being impulsive and perhaps they would be right, but even so she told her husband nothing that night of what she had in prospect here. She waited until he came home the following night and then, carrying before her eyes the picture of what that afternoon had brought forth, she began on him, as he entered, by asking a question.

"**H**AL," she said, "do you know a man in this town named Ledbetter—Mr. Pliny Ledbetter?"

"Say," he demanded with a mock gruffness, "can't they give a fellow time to get inside the front door of this house before they put him on the witness stand?"

"But, Hal, do you? I'm serious."

"Well, madam, since you insist, I do and I don't. I have seen the gentleman with the classic cognomen whom you have just named with such deep and sincere feeling. I have been introduced to him, but as yet our acquaintance has not ripened into a state of intimacy. May I in return, and speaking as a husband, ask whether you have been lured by the fascinating personality of the aforementioned Mr. Pliny Ledbetter? Or is it none of my business?"

"What sort of man is he?"

"Well, in reply to that I likewise would say yes and again no. He is the sort of man who wears a made tie and probably ankle-length underwear. He has that look about him, if you get what I mean. He belongs to the Good Government Club; I've seen his name printed among the sainted leaders. And he walks all reared back. And I think—I'm not sure on this point but I rather think—he's the kind that carry the small change in a little pocketbook with a patent thingamajig to close it by."

"I thought he was—I just knew it. Hal, did you ever see his wife?"

"My dear, to my best knowledge, I never saw his wife."

"Well, I have. I went to call on her this afternoon. And as soon as I laid eyes on her—I don't want to be cattish but it's the truth that as soon as I laid eyes on her I said to myself: 'That's the sort of woman that would have exactly the sort of husband that you've just described. They were made for each other.'"

"But when you saw her you hadn't heard him described. Explain that, please."

"I don't need to explain. I just knew."

"Spoken in a manner worthy and typical of your sex. Accept, madam, my profound and admiring congratulations."

"Hal, will you please quit that foolishness and be serious and pay some attention to me?" She glanced through an open door to where her son was humped above a book spread on a corner of the dining-room table. "No, come on out here on the porch. This cottage wasn't built for confidences. Come on out here where we can talk without being overheard." She slipped her arm in his. "Hal, one of the most touching experiences I've ever known of in my life happened right here in this little house of ours this afternoon. I'm just full of it."

"Something touching is forever happening to you. And then it's my turn to be touched," he chuckled indulgently, thinking of her frequent and sudden small charities. "That's why this family always is busted. Well, so much for that. While I may have failed in many of the domestic virtues, I flatter myself that I'm a good audience. Go ahead, honey."

So she told him what was on her mind, jumping, woman-like—and human-like—from one point to another and then back again. But such was the hurried emotional magic of her telling that as they paced the short, creaky porch to and fro she made him see the image as she had it within her and, what was more, made him quicken in sympathetic response to her mood. They were a pair well mated, were these two threadbare, unworldly-wise, happy-go-lucky Denhams. You would have divined that for yourself had you been there eavesdropping upon them in that shabby little by-street on that moonlit fall evening, and had you seen the look on his face as he listened and the look on hers as she spoke.

"And so," she was saying, "and so this afternoon Tad, bless his heart, brought him home with him after school. And Hal, I only needed one glance at him to know his (Continued on page 114)



¶ We went through the village of Abejas like wolves;

By Wilbur Hall

A Big -

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

BANDITS, cutthroats, renegades though we were, not one was infidel enough to have done what that Heyzoose did.

It was our first raid after, perforce, he had joined our band. When we had run through the village of Abejas like wolves through a fold, and all was done, the Yaqui, drunk with blood and looting, strode into the doorway of the little adobe chapel.

"Hold your hand, *ay Dios!*" Jiminez cried. "Are you so bold that you would rob our Holy Mother herself?"

That Heyzoose laughed loudly and spat on the threshold.

"Treasure is treasure, my captain!" he said in his broken Spanish. "And if your Holy Mother be an honest woman let her defend what is hers from me!"

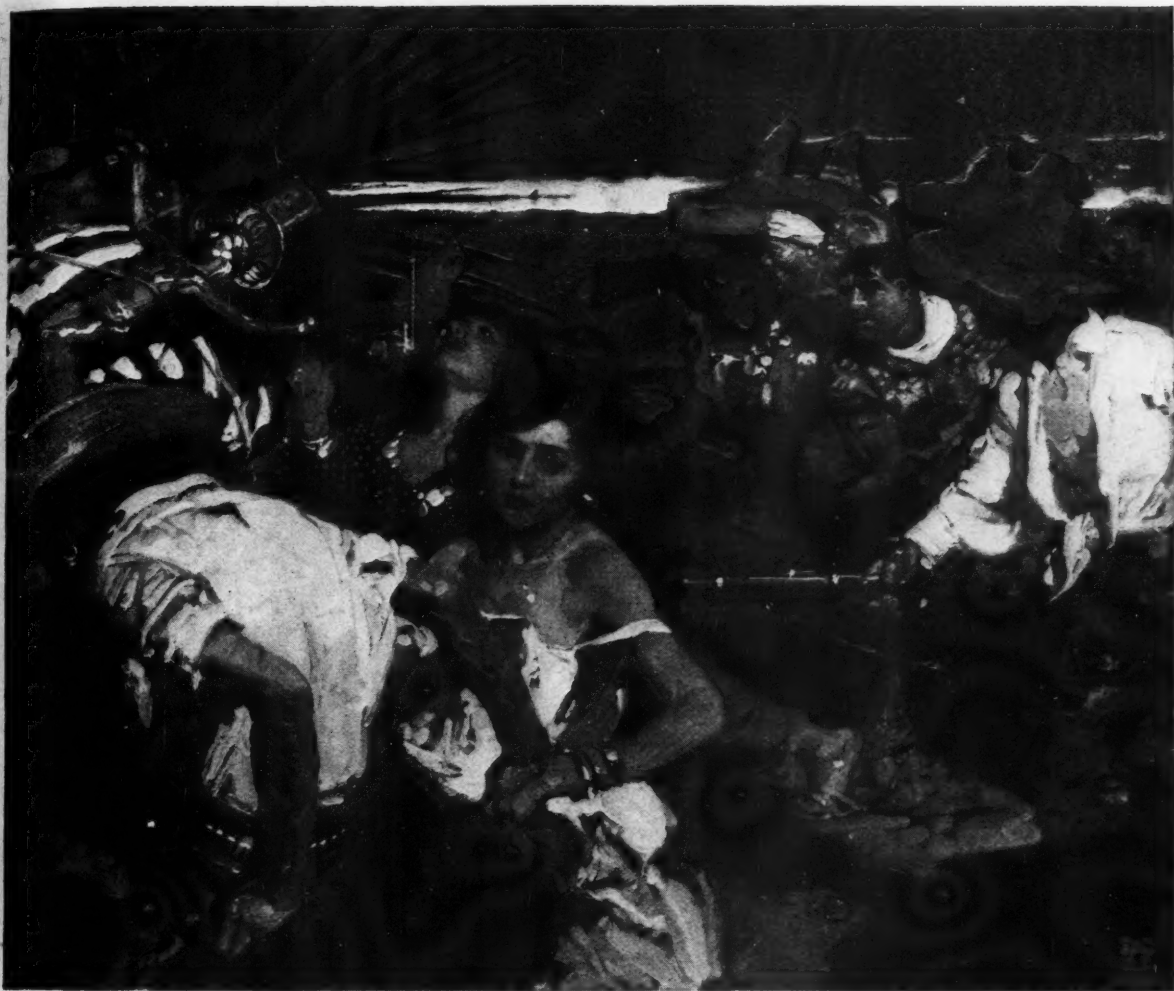
Two or three crossed themselves and more than one, I can tell you, looked about fearfully—we who feared nothing!—as Heyzoose stamped into the church. El Quito, bold because he was young, and Mendez, bold because as usual he was drunk, followed to see what would befall. My words will not be credited! Heyzoose snatched up the altar-cloth, made of it a sack, and rifled the sanctuary of everything it held. When he came forth, staggering under the booty, he lifted a great bare foot and kicked the font of holy water from the wall, so that drops of it fell on us without.

Yet he was not struck dead. This will not be believed, but I, Rafael Castro, called the Squirrel—I saw it with my own two eyes, and much more, as you shall learn!

You must understand that we were not squeamish men. Among us, under the saturnine Jiminez, were such as had ridden and fought and plundered with every bandit chief from Pancho Villa to Orozco; our one-time leaders and their companies had all passed under the shadow of the wall, or been killed in battle, or had caught the sops thrown them by the *federalistas* and given up banditry to become timid farmers. Gathered from these many origins under Tomaso Jiminez, ours was the single band left in all Mexico. For two years we had ranged the outer states from Guadalajara to Lower California, though often the pack blew hot on our heels and we fled to cover in the mountains.

But this is to tell you of that Heyzoose, caught by Jiminez in a raid on the border of Coahuila, and given choice between a bullet in the pit of the stomach or the honor of being our comrade. (Moreover it is still too soon to boast overmuch of having been with Jiminez, the Hawk of Culiacán!)

Past doubting you are aware that Heyzoose is, in Spanish, Jesus, the name of Our Lord; a name given often to our children,



but not one of us was infidel enough to have done what that Heyzoose did.

Hearted Bandit

A Story of Honor (and Love) Among Thieves

especially by the poor. But you must not suppose that the Indian mother of our recruit had known much of the Christ; certainly he himself knew nothing. He was, to be sure, too ignorant of all things except to eat and sleep and ride and fight and loot! Nothing more: that great, half wild man, towering very straight from his heels, with fierce eyes and the broad nose of the Yaquis whose blood ran in his veins. He was scornful of women, and to him gaming and the cockpit seemed play for children. As to wine, it was live water in his mouth—indifferent. What made him drunk, and what alone, was the spilling of blood.

I GIVE you my word of honor that there were no great takings from Abejas save those of that Heyzoose. And we were of two minds whether we should share his sacred booty. Some wished to give it all to the Yaqui, that he might have the treasure and the risk in one; others more practical-minded reasoned that he alone had done this impious act and would alone be punished.

Baca, the great fool, insinuated his counsel.

"Let it be remembered that the holy water fell upon us, standing without the chapel. Does that not surely give us absolution?"

But even we knew better than this, for it was sophistry!

Nevertheless there was the loot. No one refused his fair share of the spoils, and it would have been strange to see us, camping that night in a *barranca* that often sheltered us, sitting or lounging about the fire while Jiminez tossed to this man a chalice, to that a silver candlestick, to another the altar cloth heavy with embroidered threads, and took himself—since no one else would dare—a little statue of Santa Barbara, finely carven of gold.

Upon the Indian himself Jiminez bestowed a handful of coins and a crucifix of silver and rosewood; then, when all was done, he stooped—our chief—and picked up a little book. One glance within and Jiminez laughed aloud.

"*Es posible?*" he cried suddenly. "Can it be so, my Yaqui comrade? Behold, here is a book concerning your life!"

Our recruit looked up from where he sat clinking together the coins that had been given him. "*Nada hay mas falso!*" he said, unmoved. "Nothing could be more false!"

"So? Behold! You, Castro, that have so much learning, take the book and show the Yaqui that I have spoken truth."

And he tossed me the book. It was a little *Biblia*—such a small one as contains the life and acts of Our Lord, Jesus; that is,



C Heyzoose stood quietly as they binioned him under the

in our tongue, Heyzoose. Now I make you my solemn pledge that here was a lunatic humor, yet you can observe that there was no man more gullible than our new comrade. He knew nothing, save barely the five letters of his sacred name. The jest had a certain flavor for us.

"Como, Yaqui?" I cried. "Look, then! Here is the life and enterprises of one Heyzoose of Nazareth, a good man. Are you not from Nazareth, then?"

We all laughed, but not the recruit. "I am not of Nacozari," he said, in humiliation. "I am of the Yaqui country, and my

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shadow of the wall. "Sargento!" the Captain said. "You know the order. Do your work!"

mothers before me. Nacozari is in Sonora. I have been there but once."

Do you believe that heightened the bouquet of our jest? I had said Nazareth as it is written in the Book; but our stupid one had misheard me.

Nacozari, that considerable town, was within his ken. He had been there but once!

"Ah, once, then!" I said. "And so it has you here most faithfully!" Then I read the very words, pointing so that the Yaqui, peering forward, might behold them for (Continued on page 187)

I Was Almost A Murderer

Before I Learned to Control

My Temper

By Victor MacClure

SOMETIMES I think mine was the most murderous temper in the world. At least I've never encountered a worse one. There have been times when I have been on the verge of murder—actually so, for I have laid violent hands on my fellow men, and only through some sort of miracle escaped committing homicide.

It was on one of these feral outbursts that I accomplished what I believe clinched the restoration of self-control for me, and after that fate itself thrust on me a greater incentive—that of self-preservation—for now if I should go into a fit of rage all the chances are that I would murder myself.

My temper was hereditary, a legacy from a long line of singularly hot-blooded ancestors.

I remember once, in the shop of one of the London booksellers who deal in old volumes and parchments, coming across the indictment at Carlisle of one David McClure, in the year seventeen something, for the crime of hamesucken. Hamesucken is an offense bad enough, but it is not in reality as horrible as it sounds. It simply means "home-sacking," or the assault of a man within his own home. The evidence against David was that he was a man of extremely violent temper, and that, taking offense against another, he blacked his own face—as a disguise, one gathers—and after forcibly entering the house of the offender, he proceeded to beat the man as nearly into a jelly as was physically possible.

That the David of the blackened face was of the same blood as myself I have not the slightest doubt. We are a beetle-browed and black-avised crew, and there are no born cripples among us. As a fact, nature has endowed the family with uncommon strength and I inherited both that and the family temper.

I think, however, that as a very young boy I was reasonably placid. I was round and fat, not very steady on my pins, with no great inclination for nor much skill in outdoor games.

In a family of boys always on the run, I must have appeared a good deal of a "softy." I lived in a world of my own imaginings, and the things I talked about made the others howl with derision. Unfortunately for me, my rotundity did not fit in with the romantic aspirations I had developed from much reading, and gradually I became the butt of my brothers—when they had nothing better to occupy their minds. My nose, which is now fairly shapely, was then an uptilted button, so I became "Pug-nose" or "Bulldog" to the younger members of the family. It had been discovered that my anger under a fire of ridicule was an amusing spectacle. There were days when my life was a misery. Gradually under the persecution my dormant bad temper awoke.

Even now it is with a sick feeling that I remember the murderous attack I made with a hoe on three of my brothers. I know I wanted to kill—and I would have killed, too, if I had been active enough to follow the monkey-like maneuvers of my brothers in their flight. I know this, that for many days my brothers afforded me a wide berth. But I also know that after their escape I spent a long hour in the wood-shed physically sick with rage and grief. I was so sick that I could hardly see.

From that time the ill blood was quick in me. A chance gibe from an older brother led me to pick up the first thing that came handy as a missile. This happened to be a large pair of scissors, and a mere hair's breadth separated my brother from a gouged eye. I can still see the gash on his cheek-bone. Not even the merciless tanning I received from my father stopped the sick rage that possessed me.

Day after day as I grew older my temper became more unchancy. The feeblest gibe would enrage me, where the normal

youngster would have put out his tongue. If anyone munched audibly it was enough to set me aflame. The slightest sniff from a neighbor with a cold would irritate me beyond endurance. A cough would do it. I have been on the verge of sticking a table-knife into some one who sucked his teeth. Perhaps it was lucky for me that I was not instinctively a fighter, or my irritability might have led me to disaster.

I sometimes think that my irritability and evil temper was the root cause of a certain aimlessness of purpose that has characterized much of my life. It is only the man of perfect self-control who is firm of purpose, who can fix his mind on the goal he means to attain, who can plug steadily ahead toward the object he has in view without being turned aside by petty irritations and small hindrances. Whether I am wrong or right in this belief as a general principle, of this I am certain: that for myself my lack of self-control has been the means of dissipating my energies in all sorts of odd directions. I could not be long at any one job. Small difficulties would irritate me, and in being taught I was invariably impatient with my teachers.

THUS it arrives that in a comparatively short life—I am still well under forty—I have been a seaman, an architect, an elocutionist, an actor, a scene-painter, playwright, novelist, journalist, lecturer, black-and-white artist, and in a minor way a host of other things too numerous to mention. Then the war absorbed four years of my life.

I am not complaining about a hard fate. I have had one great good time, and as it turns out the diversified activities that have been mine are at the present moment of great use to me as a writer. But this lucky circumstance does not affect my main argument: that my ill-temper has been no help to me in life—rather the contrary.

If as a mere boy you are put among grown men to live and work—to live in the irritating closeness of a ship's fo'c'sle—it will not do to lose your temper over a small gibe, and plank a plateful of hot broth on the giber's head. I did that—and paid for it sweetly.

It will not do, when facing an audience of about fifteen hundred people, to lose your temper because some silly boy in the midst of a receptive majority chooses to guffaw at the thrilling moment of your recital. I did that once and spoiled my show.

It will not do, because you do not see eye to eye with your boss in the matter of design, to tear up the work of several days. I did that once with the plans in an architectural competition—with the date for reception close at hand—and had to work night and day to repair the damage.

It will not do, because a brother actor at rehearsal seems to be taking up more of the stage than is his share, to lose your temper, and because he resents it, knock him into the orchestra. I did that once, and almost lost the job that was between me and starvation.

I could keep on giving the reader, from my own varied career, instance after instance where "it will not do" to boil with rage and act like a madman. But these will perhaps suffice.

I cannot think of any particular thing that first set me to the task of being rid of my irritability. Life, maybe, was gradually knocking the hard corners off me. Toward the age of manhood I began dimly to perceive that my ill temper was warping my judgment, that it was a weakness which put me at the mercy of men who, with not half my own ability, were my masters because they had themselves under control. However it may be, I began to take exercises in self-control.

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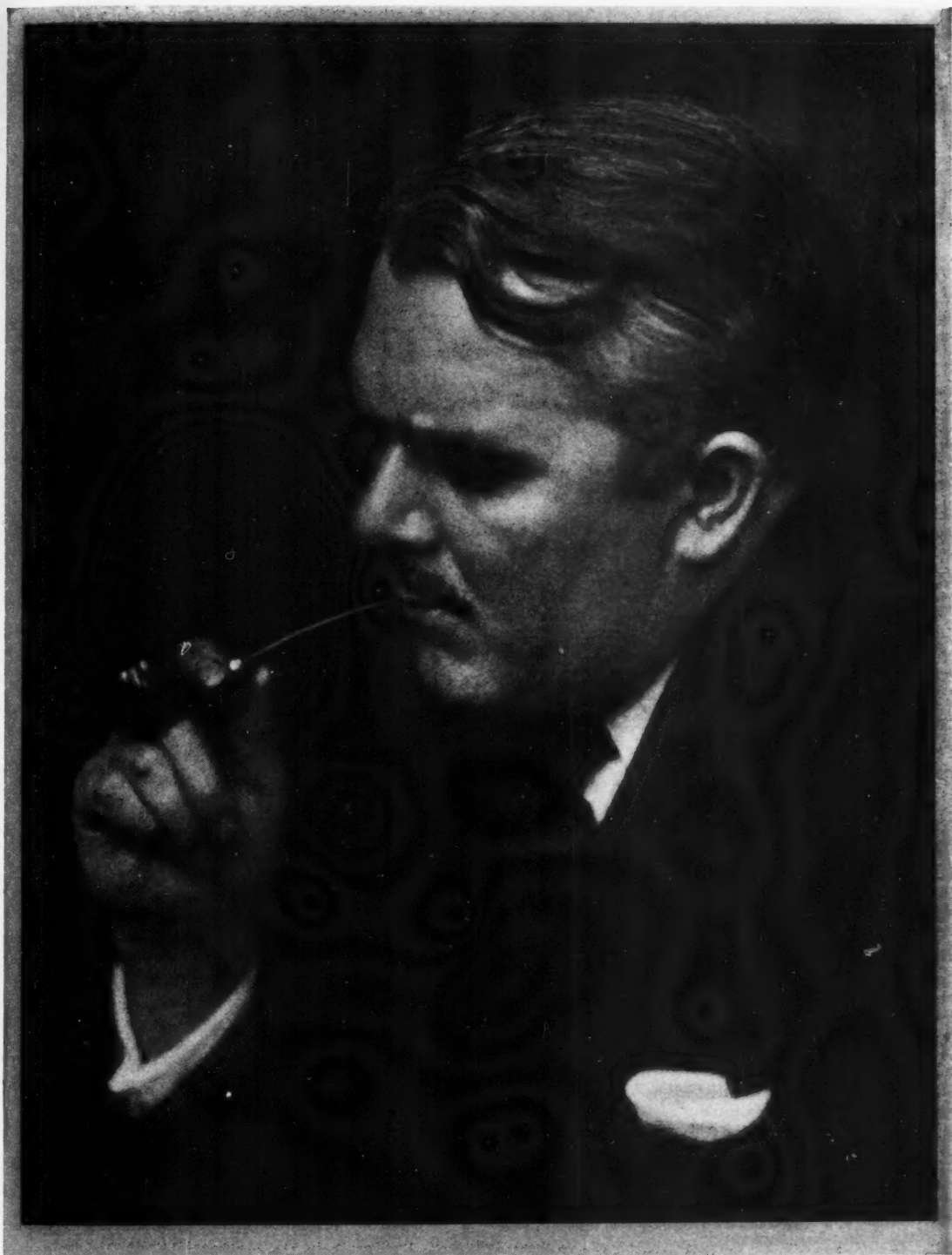
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Victor MacClure, *seaman, architect, actor, writer, artist*

I selected men of my acquaintance who had habits that were wont to annoy me, and I courted their company. I would secretly induce them to gibe at me, and then I would try to smile and give back as much as I received. It did not always work. Often and often the black rage would surge up within me. But by the time I had got my full growth I seldom quarreled.

Apart, however, from mere irritation, the thing I dreaded most was an outburst of that greater rage which always left me sick and spent, and which, now that my body had hardened, I sensed was dangerous in me. Once every now and then—at intervals of increasing rarity—this greater rage would take possession of me, and I counted my self lucky if I could get away from

the object of my anger in time to have it out with myself in actual sickness. When I could not get away in time, it meant a degrading brawl with dire results for either myself or the other fellow. I don't know how sometimes I escaped the police court.

It is a curious fact that even while I was dreading my outbursts of rage I knew good temper to be more effective than bad. I remember once when painting a set for Mr. Granville Barker at the Kingsway Theater in London I had to cut a most elaborate stencil. This took me over a day to design and cut. When the thing was finished, I varnished it to resist the distemper color, and pinned it up to dry on the half-gate oi (Continued on page 134)



By

Ring Lardner

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

“Keep him quiet. Don’t talk to him if you can help it,” said

Zone of

“W

ELL,” said the Doctor briskly, “how do you feel?”
“Oh, I guess I’m all right,” replied the man in bed. “I’m still kind of drowsy, that’s all.”

“You were under the anesthetic an hour and a half. It’s no wonder you aren’t wide awake yet. But you’ll be better after a good night’s rest, and I’ve left something with Miss Lyons that’ll make you sleep. I’m going along now. Miss Lyons will take good care of you.”

“I’m off at seven o’clock,” said Miss Lyons. “I’m going to a show with my G.F. But Miss Halsey’s all right. She’s the night floor nurse. Anything you want, she’ll get it for you. What can I give him to eat, Doctor?”

“Nothing at all; not till after I’ve been here tomorrow. He’ll be better off without anything. Just see that he’s kept quiet. Don’t let him talk, and don’t talk to him; that is, if you can help it.”

“Help it!” said Miss Lyons. “Say, I can be old lady Sphinx herself when I want to! Sometimes I sit for hours—not alone, neither—and never say a word. Just think and think. And dream.”

“I had a G.F. in Baltimore, where I took my training; she used to call me Dummy. Not because I’m dumb like some people—you know—but because I’d sit there and not say nothing. She’d say, ‘A penny for your thoughts, Eleanor.’ That’s my first name—Eleanor.”

“Well, I must run along. I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Good-by, Doctor,” said the man in bed, as he went out.

“Good-by, Doctor Cox,” said Miss Lyons as the door closed. “He seems like an awful nice fella,” said Miss Lyons. “And a good doctor, too. This is the first time I’ve been on a case with him. He gives a girl credit for having some sense. Most of these doctors treat us like they thought we were Mormons or something. Like Doctor Holland. I was on a case with him last week. He treated me like I was a Mormon or something. Finally I told him, I said, ‘I’m not as dumb as I look.’ She died Friday night.”

“Who?” asked the man in bed.
“The woman; the case I was on,” said Miss Lyons.

“And what did the doctor say when you told him you weren’t as dumb as you look?”
“I don’t remember,” said Miss Lyons. “He said, ‘I hope not,’ or something. What could he say? Gee! It’s quarter to seven. I hadn’t no idear it was so late. I must get busy and fix you up for the night. And I’ll tell Miss Halsey to take good care of you. We’re going to see ‘What Price Glory?’ I’m going with my G.F. Her B.F. gave her the tickets and he’s going to meet us after the show and take us to supper.”

“Marian—that’s my G.F.—she’s crazy wild about him. And he’s crazy about her, to hear her tell it. But I said to her this noon—she called me up on the phone—I said to her, ‘If he’s so crazy about you, why don’t he propose?’ He’s got plenty of money and no strings tied to him, and as far as I can see there’s no reason why he shouldn’t marry you if he wants you as bad as you say he does.” So she said maybe he was going to ask



The B.F.



the Doctor. "I can be the old lady Sphinx herself when I want to!" said Miss Lyons.

QUIET

*A Report of a
Few Restful Days
in the Hospital*

her tonight. I told her, 'Don't be silly! Would he drag me along if he was going to ask you!'

"That about him having plenty of money, though, that's a joke. He told her he had and she believes him. I haven't met him yet, but he looks in his picture like he's lucky if he's getting twenty-five dollars a week. She thinks he must be rich because he's in Wall Street. I told her, I said, 'That being in Wall Street don't mean nothing. What does he do there? is the question. You know they have to have janitors in those buildings just the same like anywhere else.' But she thinks he's God or somebody."

"She keeps asking me if I don't think he's the best looking thing I ever saw. I tell her yes, sure, but between you and I, I don't believe anybody'd ever mistake him for Richard Barthelmess."

"Oh, say! I saw him the other day, coming out of the Algonquin! He's the best looking thing! Even better looking than on the screen. Roy Stewart."

"What about Roy Stewart?" asked the man in bed.

"Oh, he's the fella I was telling you about," said Miss Lyons. "He's my G.F.'s B.F."

"Maybe I'm a D.F. not to know, but would you tell me what a B.F. and G.F. are?"

"Well, you are dumb, aren't you!" said Miss Lyons. "A G.F., that's a girl friend, and a B.F. is a boy friend. I thought everybody knew that."

"I'm going out now and find Miss Halsey and tell her to be nice to you. But maybe I better not."

"Why not?" asked the man in bed.

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking of something funny that happened last time I was on a case in this hospital. It was the day the man had been operated on and he was the best looking somebody you ever saw. So when I went off duty I told Miss Halsey to be nice to him, like I was going to tell her about you. And when I came back in the morning, he was dead. Isn't that funny?"

"Very!"

"Well," said Miss Lyons, "did you have a good night? You look a lot better, anyway. How'd you like Miss Halsey? Did you notice her ankles? She's got pretty near the smallest ankles I ever saw. Cute. I remember one day Tyler—that's one of the internes—he said if he could just see our ankles, mine and Miss Halsey's, he wouldn't know which was which. Of course we don't look anything alike other ways. She's pretty close to thirty and—well, nobody'd ever take her for Mac Marsh. Helen."

"Who's Helen?" asked the man in bed.

"Helen Halsey. Helen; that's her first name. She was engaged to a man in Boston. He was going to Tufts College. He was going to be a doctor. But he died. She still carries his picture with her. I tell her she's silly to

mope about a man that's been dead four years. And besides a girl's a fool to marry a doctor. They've got too many alibis.

"When I marry somebody, he's got to be a somebody that has regular office hours like he's in Wall Street or somewhere. Then when he don't come home, he'll have to think up something better than being 'on a case.' I used to use that on my sister when we were living together. When I happened to be out late, I'd tell her I was on a case. She never knew the difference. Poor sis!



C. The G.F.

She married a terrible oil can! But she didn't have the looks to get a real somebody. I'm making this for her. It's a bridge table cover for her birthday. She'll be twenty-nine. Don't that seem old?"

"Maybe to you; not to me," said the man in bed.

"You're about forty, aren't you?" said Miss Lyons.

"Just about."

"And how old would you say I am?"

"Twenty-three."

"I'm twenty-five," said Miss Lyons. "Twenty-five and forty. That's fifteen years' difference. But I know a married couple that the husband is forty-five and she's only twenty-four, and they get along fine."

"I'm married myself," said the man in bed.

"You would be!" said Miss Lyons. "The last four cases I've been on was all married men. But at that, I'd rather have any kind of a man than a woman. I hate women! I mean sick ones. They treat a nurse like a dog, especially a pretty nurse. What's that you're reading?"

"Vanity Fair," replied the man in bed.

"Vanity Fair? I thought that was a magazine."

"Well, there's a magazine and a book. This is the book."

"Is it about a girl?"

"Yes."

"I haven't read it yet. I've been busy making this thing for my sister's birthday. She'll be twenty-nine. It's a bridge table cover. When you get that old, about all there is left is bridge or cross-word puzzles. Are you a puzzle fan? I did them religiously for a while, but I got sick of them. They put in such crazy words. Like one day they had a word with only three letters and it said 'A e-longated fish' and the first letter had to be an e. And only three letters. That *couldn't* be right! So I said if they put things wrong like that, what's the use? Life's too short. And we only live once. When you're dead, you stay a long time dead."

"That's what a B.F. of mine used to say. He was a caution! But he was crazy about me. I might of married him only for a G.F. telling him lies about me. And called herself my friend! Charley Pierce."

"Who's Charley Pierce?"

"That was my B.F. that the other girl lied to him about me. I told him, I said, 'Well, if you believe all them stories about me,

maybe we better part once and for all. I don't want to be tied up to a somebody that believes all the dirt they hear about me.' So he said he didn't really believe it and if I would take him back he wouldn't quarrel with me no more. But I said I thought it was best for us to part. I got their announcement two years ago, while I was still in training in Baltimore."

"Did he marry the girl that lied to him about you?"

"Yes, the poor fish! And I bet he's satisfied! They're a match for each other! He was all right, though, at that, till he fell for her. He used to be so thoughtful of me, like I was his sister or something."

"I like a man to respect me. Most fellas wants to kiss you before they know your name."

"Golly! I'm sleepy this morning! And got a right to be, too. Do you know what time I got home last night, or this morning, rather? Well, it was half past three. What would mama say if she could see her little girl now! But we did have a good time. First we went to the show—'What Price Glory?'—I and my G.F.—and afterwards her B.F. met us and took us in a taxi down to Barney Gallant's. Peewee Byers has got the orchestra there now. Used to be with Whiteman's. Gee! How he can dance! I mean Roy."

"Your G.F.'s B.F.?"

"Yes, but I don't believe he's as crazy about her as she thinks he is. Anyway—but this is a secret—he took down the phone number of the hospital while Marian was out powdering her nose, and he said he'd give a ring about noon. Gee! I'm sleepy! Roy Stewart!"

"WELL," said Miss Lyons, "how's my patient? I'm twenty minutes late, but honest, it's a wonder I got up at all! Two nights in succession is too much for this child!"

"Barney Gallant's again?" asked the man in bed.

"No, but it was dancing, and pretty near as late. It'll be different tonight. I'm going to bed just the minute I get home. But I did have a dandy time. And I'm just crazy about a certain somebody."

"Roy Stewart?"

"How'd you guess it? But honest, he's wonderful! And so different than most of the fellas I've met. He says the craziest things, just keeps you in hysterics. We were talking about books



"Bugs Baer's whole talk was about some fat woman, and I couldn't laugh on account of she being in the room with me and so sensitive about being fat."

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"Roy Stewart's a perfect gentleman. He just kissed me once, and that was when we said good night."

and reading, and he asked me if I liked poetry—only he called it 'poultry'—and I said I was wild about it and Edgar M. Guest was just about my favorite, and then I asked him if he liked Kipling and what do you think he said? He said he didn't know; he'd never kipled.

"He's a scream! We just sat there in the house till half past eleven and didn't do nothing but just talk and the time went like we was at a show. He's better than a show. But finally I noticed how late it was and I asked him didn't he think he better be going and he said he'd go if I'd go with him, so I asked him where could we go at that hour of night, and he said he knew a road-house just a little ways away, and I didn't want to go, but he said we wouldn't stay for only just one dance, so I went with him. To the Jericho Inn.

"I don't know what the woman thought of me where I stay, going out that time of night. But he is such a wonderful dancer and such a perfect gentleman! Of course we had more than one dance and it was after two o'clock before I knew it. We had some gin, too, but he just kissed me once and that was when we said good night."

"What about your G.F., Marian? Does she know?"

"About Roy and I? No. I always say that what a person don't know don't hurt them. Besides, there's nothing for her to know—yet. But listen: If there was a chance in the world for her; if I thought he cared anything about her, I'd be the last one in the world to accept his intentions. I hope I'm not that kind! But as far as anything serious between them is concerned, well, it's cold. I happen to know that! She's not the girl for him.

"In the first place, while she's pretty in a way, her complexion's bad and her hair's scraggy and her figure, well, it's like some woman in the funny pictures. And she's not peppy enough for Roy. She'd rather stay home than do anything. Stay home! It'll be time enough for that when you can't get anybody to take you out.

"She'd never make a wife for him. He'll be a rich man in another year; that is, if things go right for him in Wall Street like he expects. And a man as rich as he'll be wants a wife that can live up to it and entertain and step out once in a while. He don't want a wife that's a drag on him. And he's too good-looking for Marian. A fella as good-looking as him needs a pretty wife or the first thing you know some girl that is pretty will steal him off of you. But it's silly to talk about them marrying each other. He'd have to ask her first, and he's not going to. I know! So I don't feel at all like I'm trespassing.

"Anyway, you know the old saying, everything goes in love. And I—— But I'm keeping you from reading your book. Oh, yes; I almost forgot a T.L. that Miss Halsey said about you. Do you know what a T.L. is?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you give me one and I'll give you this one."

"But I haven't talked to anybody but the Doctor. I can give you one from myself. He asked me how I liked you and I said all right."

"Well, that's better than nothing. Here's what Miss Halsey said: She said if you were shaved and fixed up, you wouldn't be bad. And now I'm going out and see if there's any mail for me. Most of my mail goes to where I live, but some of it comes here sometimes. What I'm looking for is a letter from the state board telling me if I passed my state examination. They ask you the craziest questions. Like 'Is ice a disinfectant?' Who cares! Nobody's going to waste ice to kill germs when there's so much of it needed in high-balls. Do you like high-balls? Roy says it spoils whisky to mix it with water. He takes it straight. He's a terror! But maybe you want to read."

"Good morning," said Miss Lyons. "Did you sleep good?"

"Not so good," said the man in bed. "I——"

"I bet you got more sleep than I did," said Miss Lyons. "He's the most persistent somebody I ever knew! I asked him last night, I said, 'Don't you never get tired of dancing?' So he said, well, he did get tired of dancing with some people, but there was others who he never got tired of dancing with them. So I said, 'Yes, Mr. Jollier, but I wasn't born yesterday and I know apple sauce when I hear it and I bet you've told that to fifty girls.' I guess he really did mean it, though.

"Of course most anybody'd rather dance with slender girls than stout girls. I remember a B.F. I had one time in Washington. He said dancing with me was just like dancing with nothing. That sounds like he was insulting me, but it was really a compliment. He meant it wasn't any effort to dance with me like with some girls. You take Marian, for instance, and while I'm crazy about her, still that don't make her a good dancer and dancing with her must be a good deal like moving the piano or something.

"I'd die if I was fat! People are always making jokes about fat people. And there's the old saying, 'Nobody loves a fat man.' And it's even worse with a girl. Besides people making jokes about them and don't want to dance with them and so forth,

besides that they're always trying to reduce and can't eat what they want to. I bet, though, if I was fat, I'd eat everything in sight. Though I guess not, either. Because I hardly eat anything as it is. But they do make jokes about them.

"I'll never forget one day last winter, I was on a case in Great Neck and the man's wife was the fattest thing! So they had a radio in the house and one day she saw in the paper where Bugs Baer was going to talk on the radio and it would probably be awfully funny because he writes so crazy. Do you ever read his articles? But this woman, she was awfully sensitive about being fat and I nearly died sitting there with her listening to Bugs Baer, because his whole talk was all about some fat woman and he said the craziest things, but I couldn't laugh on account of she being there in the room with me. One thing he said was that the woman, this woman he was talking about, he said she was so fat that she wore a wrist watch on her thumb. Henry J. Belden."

"Who is Henry J. Belden? Is that the name of Bugs Baer's fat lady?"

"No, you crazy!" said Miss Lyons. "Mr. Belden was the case I was on in Great Neck. He died."

"It seems to me a good many of your cases die."

"Isn't it a scream!" said Miss Lyons. "But it's true; that is, it's been true lately. The last five cases I've been on has all died. Of course it's just luck, but the girls have been kidding me about it and calling me a jinx, and when Miss Halsey saw me here the evening of the day you was operated, she said, 'God help him!' That's the night floor nurse's name. But you're going to be mean and live through it and spoil my record, aren't you? I'm just kidding. Of course I want you to get all right."

"But it is queer, the way things have happened, and it's made me feel kind of creepy. And besides, I'm not like some of the girls and don't care. I get awfully fond of some of my cases and I hate to see them die, especially if they're men and not very sick and treat you half-way decent and don't yell for you the minute you go out of the room. There's only one case I was ever on where I didn't mind her dying and that was a woman. She had nephritis. Mrs. Judson."

"Do you want some gum? I chew it just when I'm nervous. And I always get nervous when I don't have enough sleep. You can bet I'll stay home tonight, B.F. or no B.F. But anyway he's got an engagement tonight, some directors' meeting or something. He's the busiest somebody in the world. And I told him last night, I said, 'I should think you'd need sleep, too, even more than I do because you have to have all your wits about you in your business or those big bankers would take advantage and rob you. You can't afford to be sleepy,' I told him."

"So he said, 'No, but of course it's all right for you, because if you go to sleep on your job, there's no danger of you doing any damage except maybe give one of your patients a bichloride of mercury tablet instead of an alcohol rub.' He's terrible! But you can't help from laughing."

"There was four of us in the party last night. He brought along his B.F. and another girl. She was just blah, but the B.F. wasn't so bad, only he insisted on me helping him drink a half a bottle of Scotch, and on top of gin, too. I guess I was the life of the party; that is, at first. Afterwards I got sick and it wasn't so good."

"But at first I was certainly going strong. And I guess I made quite a hit with Roy's B.F. He knows Marian, too, but he won't say anything, and if he does, I don't care. If she don't want to lose her beaus, she ought to know better than to introduce them to all the pretty girls in the world. I don't mean that I'm any Norma Talmadge, but at least—well—but I sure was sick when I was sick!"

"I must give Marian a ring this noon. I haven't talked to her since the night she introduced me to him. I've been kind of scared. But I've got to find out what she knows. Or if she's

sore at me. Though I don't see how she can be, do you? But maybe you want to read."

"I called Marian up, but I didn't get her. She's out of town, but she'll be back tonight. She's been out on a case. Hudson, New York. That's where she went. The message was waiting for her when she got home the other night, the night she introduced me to Roy."

"Good morning," said Miss Lyons.

"Good morning," said the man in bed. "Did you sleep enough?"

"Yes," said Miss Lyons. "I mean no, not enough."

"Your eyes look bad. They almost look as if you'd been crying."

"Who? Me? It'd take more than—I mean, I'm not a baby! But go on and read your book."

"Well, good morning," said Miss Lyons. "And how's my patient? And this is the last morning I can call you that, isn't it? I think you're mean to get well so quick and leave me out of a job. I'm just kidding. I'm glad you're all right again, and I can use a little rest myself."

"Another big night?" asked the man in bed.

"Pretty big," said Miss Lyons. "And another one coming. But tomorrow I won't ever get up. Honest, I danced so much last night that I thought my feet would drop off. But he certainly is a dancing fool! And the nicest somebody to talk to that I've met since I came to this town. Not a smart Alex and not always trying to be funny like some people, but just nice. He understands. He seems to know just what you're thinking. George Morse."

"George Morse!" exclaimed the man in bed.

"Why yes," said Miss Lyons. "Do you know him?"

"No. But I thought you were talking about this Stewart, this Roy."

"Oh, him!" said Miss Lyons. "I should say not! He's private property; other people's property, not mine. He's engaged to my G.F., Marian. It happened day before yesterday, after she got home from Hudson. She was on a case up there. She told me about it night before last. I told her congratulations. Because I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world! But heavens! what a mess she's going to be in, married to that dumb-bell. But of course some people can't be choosy. And I doubt if they ever get married unless some friend loans him the price of a license."

"He's got her believing he's in Wall Street, but I bet if he ever goes there at all, it's to sweep it. He's one of these kind of fellas that's got a great line for a little while, but you don't want to live with a clown. And I'd hate to marry a man that all he thinks about is to step out every night and dance and drink."

"I had a notion to tell her what I really thought. But that'd only of made her sore, or she'd of thought I was jealous or something. As if I couldn't of had him myself! Though even if he wasn't so awful, if I'd liked him instead of loathed him, I wouldn't of taken him from her on account of she being my G.F. And especially while she was out of town."

"He's the kind of a fella that'd marry a nurse in the hopes that some day he'd be an invalid. You know, that kind."

"But say—did you ever hear of J. P. Morgan and Company? That's where my B. F. works, and he don't claim to own it neither. George Morse."

"Haven't you finished that book yet?"



☛The Day Nurse



☛The Night Nurse



This Is What 12,000 **Me** *About You* Divorce Cases Taught

By Judge JOSEPH SABATH

FOR five years I've presided over a Court of Broken Hearts. In that brief period twelve thousand marriage-weary men and women have come to me with their troubles. Day after day I've listened to tales of shattered romance, of broken vows, of dreams that did not come true.

I've seen human nature stripped of all pretense. I've seen more tears coming from the eyes of men and women than it is good for any man to look upon. I know there is such a thing as a broken heart and I also know a broken heart can be mended.

I would be something less than a jurist if out of this experience I failed to learn something about human nature—about you. Some of these things are not very flattering, some are amusing and some are solid truths which may save many of you mental anguish and heartbreak.

Not the least of human frailties is a disinclination to be told our own faults. We like to think that it is not ourselves but the other fellow who is out of step. It is this attitude of the average person that causes so many auspiciously launched marriages to land in the divorce court. And, happy paradox! it is this same mental attitude which makes it possible for me to reconcile one out of every ten couples who come into my court with marital blood in their eyes. It is easy to convince most people that they

are not really angels, that they have one or two little faults which if corrected will make them sufferable.

Take, for instance, the Joneses. That isn't their real name but it will do. They came into my court a few days ago, the woman in tears, the man cold and defiant.

"I can't live with him another day, Judge," she told me. "He is cruel and heartless and—and—everything."

"What did he do?" I asked. "Did he strike you?"

"Oh, no, Judge. It isn't anything like that. He just doesn't love me!"

"I do love her, Judge," the young man declared, "but I refuse to make a public demonstration of it every hour of the day."

I asked them to step into my chambers. "Now," I said to the wife, "tell me all about it."

"We've been married five months," she began, "and for four were awfully happy. Then Harry got into a new business and he seemed to forget the little things that a woman loves, such as hugs and kisses. He would kiss me in the morning when he was leaving and once or twice at night when he came home, but he never made a fuss over me before our friends. I could see that I was losing him. When I accused him of not loving me any more he asked me if I wanted him to (Continued on page 168)"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Heart of

Illustrations by

Marshall Frantz

The Story So Far:

LONG ago the old Espinosa rancho, facing the rocky sea-coast, had been one of the greatest in California; now there lived in it only Señora Espinosa, the New England widow of the last Spanish owner, and her daughter Juanita. Juanita loved her quiet, picturesque life there, but it was lonely—until the day she met and talked with a stranger on the sea-shore, and everything changed. He was young Kent Ferguson, Eastern newspaper man, now employed in San Mateo, and he and Juanita liked each other, and had a delightful chat; so delightful that she dreamed of him all that evening. But late at night she was shocked and frightened to see his face peering in the window at her and the Señora, when she thought he had gone hours before.

Nor was this the only mystery of the night; for the rancho had had a woman visitor that day—rarest of occurrences—and Juanita had seen her mother earnestly talking to the stranger at dawn next morning, though her face was veiled. Then the visitor had gone off in an automobile—to be followed by Kent Ferguson on a coughing motor-cycle! And, strangest of all, the Señora had refused to tell Juanita anything about the visitor . . . But a few days later the Señora had taken to her bed, ill; mortally ill.

And on her deathbed she confessed that she was not Juanita's mother. Juanita had been brought to the rancho as a little baby. Juanita must find a certain Sidney Fitzroy, whose name she must tell to no one. The strange woman who had come to the rancho knew; and Juanita must tell her and she would understand . . . So Juanita, heartbroken, was thrown on the world. Even the rancho was left to rich Espinosa relatives.

A few days later Kent Ferguson came again. He was touched at her story, and wanted to help her solve the mystery, but she would not tell him Fitzroy's name. Kent then suggested that she take a position as private secretary with Mrs. Chatterton, his employer's wife—a clever woman, he said with peculiar warmth, and beautiful—who needed a secretary who knew Spanish. But she was to say nothing of Kent's recommendation.

The upshot of it was that, Mrs. Chatterton being away, Juanita was employed provisionally by Miss Russell, the present secretary, who was about to go to China as a missionary's wife.

Now Juanita began a totally new life in the palatial Chatterton home. She played cribbage with gallant old Mr. Chatterton; met handsome young Billy, the son, who was immensely impressed with her charms; went to tea once with Kent; learned

her new duties and something of the character of Jane Chatterton, whom everyone worshiped and feared, and who was engaged in making her determined way to the top of the social ladder. It was all very strange and exciting to Juanita.

Then came the great day of the mistress's home-coming. That evening Mrs. Chatterton asked Miss Russell and Juanita to come to her room.

She turned to the new secretary, inquired her name and her mother's name, Maria Espinosa.

At that, suddenly she stared at Juanita. "Will you go, please!" she said harshly. And alone with Miss Russell: "Who is that girl?" she asked. Then incoherently: "That girl reminds me—it's simply that I'm so desperately nervous—but for a moment—she looked—"

“**W**

The Story Continues:

HAT happened to my mother last night?" Billy Chatterton, lounging into Miss Russell's busy study the next morning, asked idly. "She was having fits in there; she was fainting and crying and everything! I never saw her act that way. My father went up, and they had the doctor over—"

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A Novel of Sunny California JUANITA



C "We lived alone on an old rancho in Monterey," said Juanita. "I see," Mrs. Chatterton mused.

"What happened," Miss Russell said, "was that she was tired to death, and we all proceeded to tire her more. The doctor said that it was a sort of nervous hysteria—"

"Nervous hysteria doesn't sound any more like her than senile dementia," Billy offered doubtfully as she paused. "Don't look so anxious, Miss Espinosa," he added, smiling at Juanita's round, seriously staring eyes. "You didn't do it! What's this you are doing so busily on Christmas Eve?"

Juanita returned to her work with a little start.

"This is the most important list we have," she assured him, displaying neatly filled columns in a blank book. "These are the people your mother asks to dinners, and the ones

without the stars are just for teas or receptions or big things."

"I see; hot sketch," Billy murmured approvingly. "But what are the ones with X in front of the name?"

"That X means 'Mr. and Mrs.' You know how to address them—husbands and wives," she said, laughing a little because he was laughing at her.

"I get you. But there's one—there's another, with the number mark—what's that? *Mrs. R. Webster Key"—he pointed. "What does that mean?—*Mr. Robert W. Key."

"That's 'divorced.' You have to be terribly careful about them," Juanita explained. "One name, you see, and two addresses—and sometimes they won't go the same places."

"Well!" Billy commented, pleased. "It's quite a liberal education, isn't it? It must make you want to get into society. Let me help." He drew out a chair, established himself opposite Juanita at the flat-top desk. He snatched up a second blank book. "Sent," he read. "To Mrs. Murray in hospital, with new baby—roses, large basket, small basket baby roses. To Eliza Satterlee, engagement—string of crystals." What's all this, for instance?" Billy asked.

"We have to keep lists of all the presents your mother gives or receives," Miss Russell explained. "While she's been away, her friends have been dying and having babies and marrying. And your mother never makes a wedding or Christmas present without looking in this book to see what she sent last year, or what they sent her. We very nearly sent the Hamilton girl silver service for her engagement, and for her wedding—and then actually spoke of them for Christmas. That would have been a nice thing to do!"

"She could have taken in boarders, with three dozen," Billy murmured, with a glance at Juanita. And by this time Juanita was so taken in herself by his firm, rosy skin, and his blue eyes, and the crispness of his fluted, yellowish brown hair, and the glint of his white teeth, that she laughed at everything he said, indiscriminately.

He had been playing golf this morning; it was after twelve o'clock now.

He talked to Juanita a little about books. She was shyly interested, made mental notes of their names: "A Few Figs from Thistles" and "Six Characters in Search of an Author." When Anne Russell glanced at them uneasily, however, he always became busy at once—listing, noting quite helpfully.

"My mother gives the Templeton girl a jade bowl for Christmas," he discovered, "and an old French screen when she gets married. And what does Lucy Templeton come through with—flowers. I call it cheesy. Mother was gypped!" Billy protested.

"Your mother stayed a week on the Templeton yacht at Monterey," Anne Russell explained. "And if you look there, you'll see that Mrs. Templeton's sister, Mrs. Brainerd, brought your mother a wonderful shawl from Valladolid."

"Ah, well, that's more like it," Billy agreed, appeased. "If mother got a week's free board and a shawl, with the flowers thrown in, then that's all velvet."

"REALLY," Anne Russell began patiently but firmly, "I expect your mother to send for me, and possibly Miss Espinosa, any minute—if she's rested enough—and I cannot—I cannot have you fooling away our time! Suppose you go see if your mother wants me before luncheon."

"Miss Russell, you're so resourceful!" Billy said admiringly. "Leave it to you to find busy work for little idle hands. All right, all right, quit shovin'," he protested as Anne Russell opened the door and placed a firm hand on his shoulder. "Mother's Spanish teacher comes this morning, so probably she'll want Miss Espinosa," he called back, retreating. "I may have to study Spanish. I've got to specialize in some Latin language—"

His joyous accents died away as a door closed in the hall, and Juanita worked on busily, with an odd happiness in her heart.

"He's a wonder," Anne Russell commented on Billy as the girls went down to their own little dining-room for their luncheon. "He's the most popular fellow in college, they say."

Juanita assented. He must be tremendously popular, naturally. But she did not like the last remark. It troubled her happy mood, made the gray, quiet day seem actually dull.

Anne Russell was summoned to Mrs. Chatterton's room at about three o'clock. She came back an hour later somewhat grave; Juanita felt vaguely that something unpleasant had happened, that something was amiss.

"Did she ask about me, about my Spanish?" she asked.

"Y—yes. It seems that there is some question about their going abroad again, and she spoke of having some one else in mind," Anne answered in a troubled tone.

Juanita felt apprehensive and oddly humiliated. Hadn't Mrs. Chatterton liked her, after all? "Did she speak of me at all, Miss Russell?" she asked anxiously.

"Well, yes, in a way. I think she thinks you are pretty young. But what she seemed doubtful about was whether her own plans

mightn't change. A characteristic of rich people is," Anne added philosophically, "that their plans change all the time."

Juanita felt bitterly discouraged. There were other jobs, there was other work in the world, but she could not think of them today. Quite arbitrarily and autocratically, all her dreams were laid in dust. Without really knowing anything about what she could do, Mrs. Chatterton was going to discharge her! On Christmas Eve, too—and her mother was dead—she was all alone.

She was making out a most pitiful case for herself, standing at a window in the early afternoon twilight, looking down upon the side garden and a strip of the house where the lamplight shone warmly through rich curtains and upon holly wreaths, when she was summoned to the big library. This was so unexpected that Juanita interrogated the maid who brought the message sharply. Who wanted her? Mr. Chatterton, if you please.

"Mr. Chatterton?" Juanita murmured.

"Cribbage, maybe," Anne, delighted that her rather drooping little companion should be employed in any way, answered interestedly.

"Oh?" Juanita was gratified by any summons. Only not to be dismissed without a chance! She went down the wide curving stairway, to find her old opponent all ready for her in the library.

BILLY was out, he explained, and Mrs. Chatterton was naturally still feeling the fatigue of her trip. Juanita said nothing. She shuffled, cut, got the deal, pegged gravely. The room was beautiful—gray Christmas Eve outside, firelight and lamplight inside, luxurious smells, rich, soft colors, shining surfaces. She thought, sedulously counting fifteen-six and a double run, that she liked the atmosphere of rich houses.

"There is just one card in that pack—and if I could turn it—" Carwood Chatterton said in measured tones. "By Jove, there it is—the five of hearts!" he added triumphantly. Looking beyond Juanita, he immediately laid his cards face downward on the table and made an elaborate stiff gesture of leaving his chair. "Feeling better? Feeling rested?" he asked.

"Don't move," said a rich, exquisite voice behind her, and Juanita's heart jumped with something like panic. Immediately Mrs. Chatterton passed her, and with a gesture that kept her old husband in his chair, sank into another opposite him and, resting her beautiful head against the high back, spread her two arms on the chair arms and gazed at the fire. "Don't disturb your game," she said in an indifferent, kindly tone.

Carwood Chatterton was a slow player; every discard, every play was made with deep relish. In his periods of thought, as he frowned at his cards and drew one fine, aristocratic hand slowly back and forth on the green table-top, Juanita had time to study the beautiful picture presented by her new mistress. Jane Chatterton half lay, half sat in her high-backed chair, her face in shadow, the orange glow of the great lamp behind her throwing a mahogany light upon the exquisitely ordered scallops and curves of her rich dark hair. She wore a loose robe of some soft veiling, like a velvet chiffon or a crêpe, a gown that blended from peacock-blue to peacock-green. It was belted with brilliants, and the flying sleeve, like that of a medieval abbess, was caught at the thin wrist with a string of them.

She was not a tall woman, although perhaps a little above the average in height, and possessing a beautiful figure. Her skin had the fresh healthy radiance of a brunette, cheeks touched with carmine, full scarlet lips and bright, clear, beautiful brown eyes. Yes, Juanita mused, watching her, there was no question of her beauty.

She wore on her slender right hand today a great sapphire ring, a rounded stone, framed in diamonds. Once or twice Juanita saw her stretch this fine hand toward the fire as if she liked the play of light on the jewels.

Forty at least, Juanita thought, adding Billy's twenty-one years to her probable age at an early marriage. She admitted forty; Anne Russell spoke of her as forty.

Every point of her extraordinary natural beauty had been guarded like a jewel. Health, intelligence, keenness did the rest. Juanita at this second glimpse of her was quite ready to subscribe to the general opinion: she was unique. There was a discernible force, a resolution, a courage and determination about her, even as she sat here idly. She seemed to alter the atmosphere of the whole house; it had a heart now, a center toward which everything that happened had immediate reference.

"Feeling better?" the old man said in an interval between hands.

She stirred, raised her eyes, smiled. "Oh, quite myself—and very much ashamed!" said the haunting voice that made all other voices, Juanita decided, sound so hasty, reedy, raw.



¶ Mrs. Chatterton seemed to alter the atmosphere of the whole house; it had a heart now, a center toward which everything that happened had immediate reference.

"You look better now than you did when I went in to see you this morning . . . You lead," he said to Juanita.

"I wonder," Mrs. Chatterton said presently, coming to look over Juanita's shoulder, with her air of kindly negligence, "I

wonder if I could learn that game. It's always been such a mystery to me. How did you happen to learn it, Miss Espinosa?"

Juanita, she did not know why, was trembling. Suddenly all the world seemed to her to be narrowed into this one room,



“Haven’t you,” Kent asked, “a reason for not sending that girl away?”

all the purposes of her life reduced to this one, of pleasing Mrs. Chatterton.

“My mother played it,” she said. Her voice failed her, and she had to clear her throat and repeat the little phrase. “My mother was a sort of invalid—we lived alone on an old rancho down in Monterey County. We played almost every night.”

“I see,” the other woman said. She had returned to her chair; her face was turned away and shielded besides by the slender fingers upon which she rested her cheek. “You told me,” she murmured in a gentle tone, as she stared into the fire, “that you had lost her.”

Juanita did not dare reply. She could not trust herself to say anything of the Señora; she dared make no bid for Mrs. Chatterton’s further interest. She played her cards, and after a second the other woman once more gave her a keen glance and turned back to the fire.

For half an hour the cribbage game proceeded, and Jane Chatterton, dreaming, hardly moved or spoke. Then the old man, delighted with a hard-won game, expressed himself as obliged to go up-stairs and change to evening wear, rang for a man and sent away cards and table. Juanita was oddly

frightened, oddly glad to have the silent woman by the fire suddenly address her.

“Miss Espinosa, will you stay for a few moments? I want to speak to you.”

“Certainly.”

Now it was coming, Juanita thought, with a dry mouth and heavy heart. Now she would be dismissed.

“Sit down,” the older woman directed her when they were alone. Her careless nod indicated a chair on the other side of the fireplace, a chair so big that Juanita’s feet were quite lifted from the ground when she sat in it, and she felt like a little girl up for a scolding.

“Miss Espinosa,” Mrs. Chatterton said thoughtfully, unhurriedly, after a meditative glance at Juanita and a return of her attention to the fire, “my excellent little secretary Miss Russell has rather overstepped her authority while I’ve been away, and has placed me in an awkward position. I didn’t know you were down here today, so kindly amusing Mr. Chatterton, but I meant to send for you, to ask you to come in and see me

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Mrs. Chatterton felt a sudden vertigo. How much—how little did this mean?

when it was convenient, so that perhaps this opportunity"—she raised her eyes and smiled—"will do as well as that?" she concluded, on a friendly and interrogative note.

Juanita perceived that graciousness was one of her many charming affectations. She really was, perhaps, a considerate and kindly woman, but many considerate and kindly women could not make so pretty a business of it as she did.

"If I had been here," she said, slowly and mildly, "a word to Anne would have cleared the whole thing. I wasn't here. And now, since I can't reproach Anne, I think perhaps you and I will have to enter into a little conspiracy to save her feelings?"

She ended on her characteristic interrogation; that deferential little air of questioning that placed the responsibility so pleasantly with the listener.

Juanita, to her own consternation, discovered herself to be on the brink of tears. She gulped, nodded, smiled through dazzled eyes.

"I do need Spanish, and of course I shall need a secretary," Mrs. Chatterton was saying. "But—most unfortunately—I found when I was in Washington just the very girl I have been

maneuvering for, for more than a year. Miss Peters. She's had nine years of experience there. It was just before I left. Stupidly, I didn't telegraph Anne as I should have done."

"Why, that's all right," Juanita faltered bravely.

"Of course it is," Mrs. Chatterton echoed, approving her courage. "These things straighten themselves out always. Only I'm sorry, for with all due respect to Miss—Miss Peters—I don't think much of her Spanish. However, this is my idea now. We'll let things go on as they are for a day or two, until Anne sails. That is on the twenty-sixth?"

"Not until the twenty-ninth now. There's been a delay," Juanita supplied. She was surprised at the flicker of concern that went like the presage of a storm across the other woman's clear brown eyes.

"Not until the twenty-ninth? Ah, I see." And she fell silent, pondering. "Well!" she said presently, in a brisk tone, "that's that, then. The twenty-ninth. Now you'll be surprised to hear, Miss Espinosa," she continued, "that this morning I telephoned to a very good friend of mine, Mrs. Harrison, about you."

"About me?"

"About you. Mrs. Harrison is manager (Continued on page 150)

The Confessions PRIZE

By ROY L.

*Who Has Won More
in Prize*



◻ Roy L.
McCardell

I AM the heavyweight all-around champion prize winner of the United States. Everybody says so and I'll admit it.

So far as I can learn I have won more prize contests by many times over than anyone else in the world. So I can claim the world's championship too.

Some persons have won one prize and a few have won several, but in my time as a contestant I have won twenty contests of a cash or other value of from one hundred to ten thousand dollars.

In the first ten years of my prize winning career, when the values were low, I won so many small cash prizes of from twenty-five to fifty dollars that I do not remember them all. To instance, when I was on the staff of the Sunday World from 1905 to 1915, cash prizes of from twenty to fifty dollars were being offered constantly for feature and circulation suggestions. I was on the winning list—first, second or third money—so many times that I have lost count. Incidentally, William Johnston, who writes for this magazine his philosophies of an obese observer, was my only formidable competitor for the Sunday World ideas prizes—he was always in the money too, but since then he's reformed. Now, as suggestion editor of the World, he passes on prize efforts and does not compete.

In big prizes, however, I can figure I have won some thirty thousand dollars in cash or kind. When I say kind, I mean valuable articles—merchandise. I have won two prize automobiles.

Yet, no matter how many and various are my pernicious activities—prize winner, magazine contributor, moving picture author, novelist, suggester of better business ideas, member of the Gas House Gang of after-dinner

speakers and so on—I am still by choice and practise a newspaper man.

It was just plumb necessary that I win my first prize and I invented the way to win it—and all the others I have since won.

I had come to New York from Birmingham, Alabama, at the invitation of Arthur Brisbane, the boy editor of the Evening Sun, and I was just emerging from my teens.

I was assigned by Mr. Brisbane to write the short and complicated annals of the poor and unfortunate culminating in the Tombs Police Court, when such Irish philosophers among the minor judiciary as little Judge Duffy, Judge Battery Dan Finn and Paddy Divver ornamented its bench.

At about this time I also achieved my first newspaper fame as an alleged humorist by writing burlesque Laura Jean Libby love stories and pasquinades on dime novels; of these last "Ironbound Ed, the Elevator Boy, or, From the Bottom to the Top," is still referred to with appreciation by the old-timers.

In those days Arthur Brisbane was endeavoring to do with the Evening Sun what he has since succeeded in doing with the Hearst newspapers—make them popular expositions of progress and education and sources of entertainment as well as epitomes of the news.

Many of his efforts were revolutionary innovations in the staid journalism of the day. The conservative controllers of the Evening Sun were not in favor of them.

Mr. William Laffan, the publisher, representing the J. P. Morgan control of the Sun, was a scholar and a collector of rare ceramics. But he believed a newspaper should be a newspaper only. And so Mr. Laffan pronounced the new and novel Evening Sun features, as originated and abetted by Mr. Brisbane, "bogus literature," and the brilliant Brisbane and all his young disciples were given the air.

That was the way in that elder day.

Arthur Brisbane had no trouble getting a better connection with the late Joseph Pulitzer on the World, but he was not able to bring in his old hired hands. He was on a pay-roll, but I, for one, was on the street. While I hustled for a job, and did not get one on any newspaper for some months, my finances ran low.



◻ Because I needed that first \$25 so badly, I invented the method that has enabled me to win so many prize contests since.

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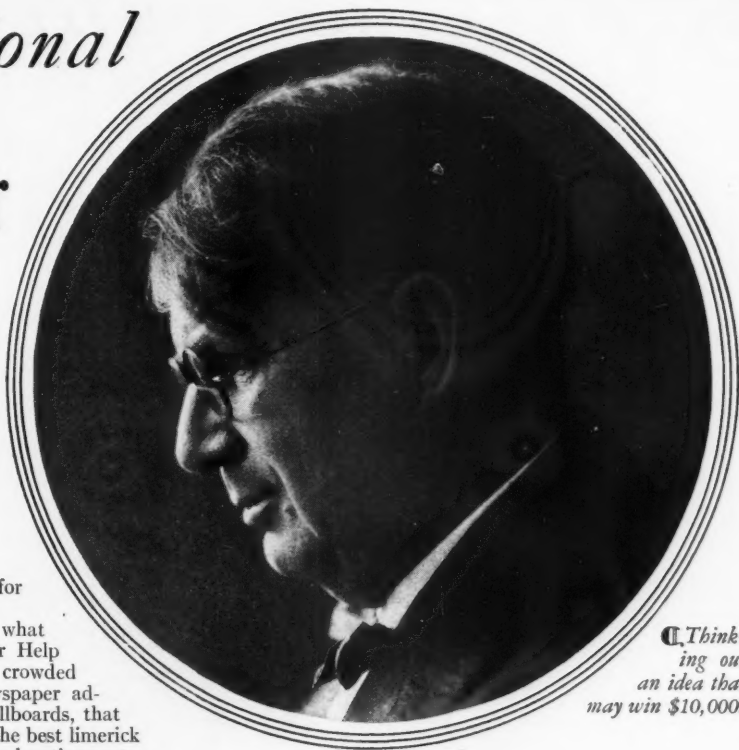
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Winner

McCARDELL

Than \$30,000

Contests



Thinking out an idea that may win \$10,000.

But was I down-hearted? I should say not, for I was young.

At this time the newspapers were developing what are now known as classified ads; that is, their Help and Situations Wanted columns. Many can be crowded into a page and it is profitable. One big newspaper advertised in its columns, on its wagons and billboards, that it would pay a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best limerick vaunting the advantages of its Work Wanted advertisements, based on the slogan "Our Work Wanted Ads Work Wonders."

Oh, how I needed that twenty-five dollars!

I went after it with this effort:

THE KEY TO THE SITUATION

A sad, impecunious youth
Said "I need a position, forsooth!"
And great was his glee
When he found he'd the key,
And the tag to the same told the truth!

First I had thought of the title to the limerick, but if you read the rhyme you can note it specifically needed illustration. I had the illustration in mind from the first. I paid a newspaper artist my last two dollars to illustrate this effort of mine, just as I had it in mind.

So, on good paper, he drew me a key, labeled "A Good Job," and attached to the key was a tag on which was inscribed "Our Work Wanted Ads Work Wonders!"

Beneath this picture of a key and tag I had the artist neatly letter in my limerick.

A week later the advertising manager conducting the contest sent for me and handed me the check for twenty-five dollars.

"You win the prize," he said, "because you have turned in to us something we can use. Enlarged, it makes just the advertisement I've been looking for."

And as such I was to see it pictured in the columns of the paper for many weeks as the prize winner, and also used for a year on the paper's delivery wagons and other posters and billboards.

That twenty-five dollars was as big to me then as a thousand dollars would be now. But the words of the advertising manager when he handed me the prize

check was the key to another situation—the key to my winning almost every prize I have since won.

Since then I try to do wittingly what I did then unwittingly—to submit something that can be used to advantage by the prize offerers—something worth the prize money paid, and more.

From then on I made a most careful preliminary study of every prize contest worth while to win. What was most wanted? What would be of the most value to the payer of the prize?

I knew now that the appearance of anything contributed to a contest counts as much, sometimes even more, than the idea itself. Proper presentation psychologically impresses the judges that here is some one who has taken pains, who has tried to earn the prize, not simply to win it.

So, first, I endeavored to give value in my work far more than the value of the prize; and second, I always gave my contribution an impressive appearance.

This is why I have won. Nine hundred and ninety-nine contestants out of a thousand look only to luck. They regard a prize contest as a gamble in which they are staking little.

But you can't get something for nothing, not even in prize contests.

I have never won a contest, except in the case of small prizes of from twenty-five to fifty dollars, but what I have expended from fifty to three hundred dollars upon it.

In one \$2,000 contest I won for advertising slogans to be used on a great electric sign—the famous Herald Square Chariot Race—I paid an artist two hundred dollars to help me. First he made me a facsimile of the sign. I had a cut made and printed it. The artist hand-colored and lettered in sixty-four (Cont. on page 167)



You can't get something for nothing. I have never won a large prize contest without spending from \$50 to \$300 on it.

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLER



Knox's eyes noted Mrs. Harden's amazing grace. "Aren't you doing rather heavy work for a woman?"

A YEAR ago yesterday it was that Fred Babcock at last found a customer for the old Beckett homestead; I know from the files of our Vermont daily paper stacked here behind me on the green box safe. I recall the local real estate man's exultation when he came in to report the deal as an item for the Telegraph.

"Seven years I've tried to dispose of that property," said he to Sam Hod, my partner, "and through every one of them—spring, summer, autumn or winter—I'll wager I've driven out to Beckett Hill to show it on an average of five times a month. Now, thank the good Lord, it's gone! And I got my price—"

"Yes, but who's bought it? That's what the town wants to know," the grizzled old editor contended.

Ordinarily Fred is not given to exultation. He is a big, somber-faced fellow, conservative to a fault, who treads through life on rubber heels. "Man by the name of John Knox," he responded. "Comes from some place down around New York; anyhow, he gave me a draft on a New York bank. For the whole eleven thousand! Didn't want to bother with no mortgage, he said. Just made the one payment and got his deed. Funny thing, too, bought it the first time he looked at it. Came into my place just after I'd opened up this morning and said: 'Hear you've got an old hill farm for sale somewhere northeast of the village; could I see it?'"

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"When we got it straight that it was the Beckett place he meant, I said of course he could see it—because somehow he looked like real ready money. I drove him out in my car and we got there at half past nine. He pried around for forty minutes and then said suddenly:

"I'll take this place—how much is it?" just like that. When I told him eleven thousand, he never batted an eye. 'All right,' says he. 'I suppose the title's o. k. and the deed can be passed at once.' Believe me, I never put over a sale with such little fuss in my life."

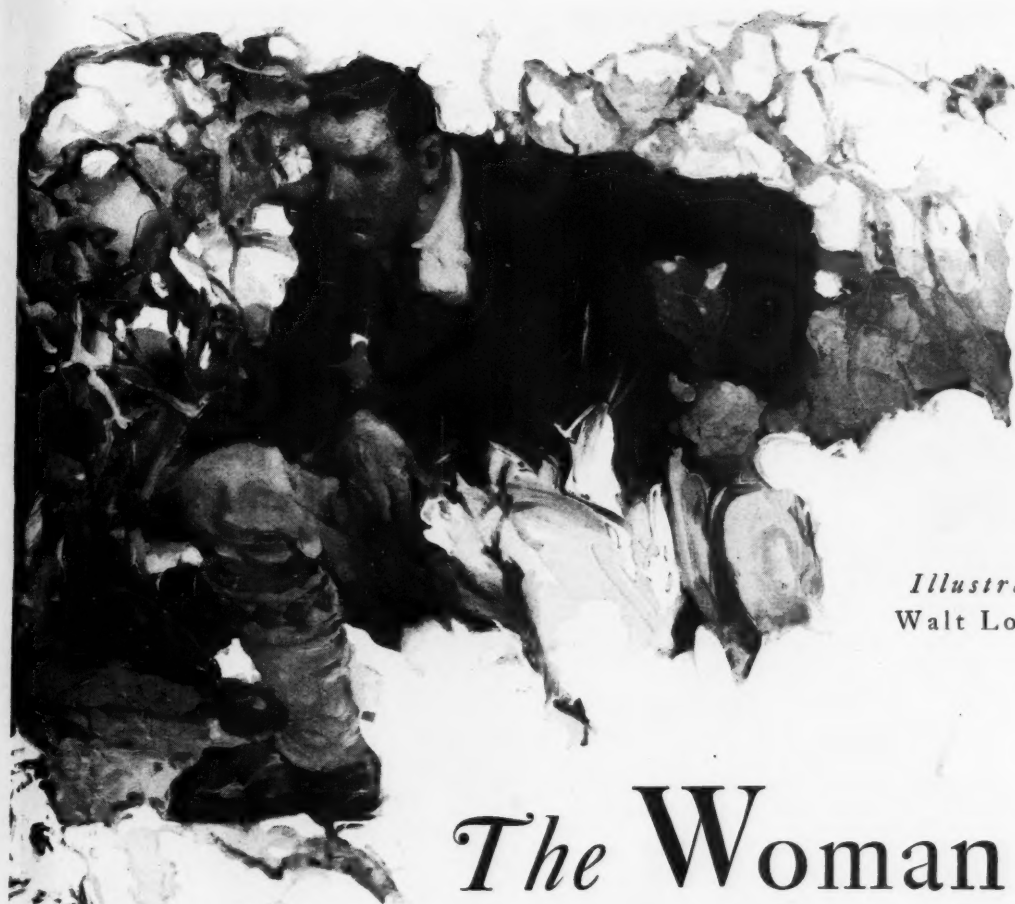
"Does sound queer," agreed Sam. "Eleven thousand in one lump seems a pretty stiff price to give up for a property on a forty minute inspection. What sort of a person is this Knox?"

"Big chap. Sort of youngish. And yet he's got a sad face that makes him look old ahead of his time—"

"Married?"

"Can't say as to that. Didn't mention anything about a wife, anyhow. For that matter, told me next to nothing about himself at all. Struck me as being a reticent sort of fellow for perfectly legitimate reasons—like as though he'd had a lot of personal trouble and it sort of weighed him down. Dressed in corduroy Norfolk and knickers, he was, and a big slouch hat like construction engineers wear in the movin' pictures. Stalked around the

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Illustrations by
Walt Louderback

The Woman Who Married The *Wrong Man*

property puffing on a big meerschaum pipe and acknowledging my replies to his questions with little thoughtful grunts. On the whole, the sort of a man that other men—and dogs—take to, first pop. Took to him myself. Couldn't help it. And I cleaned up twenty-five hundred dollars commission like picking it up in the street."

"What's he buyin' for—summer home?"

"I asked him that. 'No,' says he. 'I expect to live here the year around.' And he wants to know a lot about how warm the house was in winter and how cold it got, off there in the hills."

"John Knox, eh? Sort of a staunch and sturdy name. There was quite a celebrated preacher by that name once that didn't leave the world none the worse off when he come to go out of it. Where is the chap now—*your* John Knox, I mean?"

"Over to the Whitney House, I guess. Told me he would take the one o'clock train down the valley for New York to get his stuff. Furniture, I suppose he meant. Well, whatever he turns out to be, I'll lay you a bet there's a story goes with him."

"He'll be sort of lonely off there on Beckett Hill. Let's see, nearest neighbor is Pete Harden, isn't he?—that is, if Pete's livin' there yet."

"Yes, Pete's living there yet, although he's given up farming it and got a job running the lighting station over on the river."

"Well, tip us off when this Knox gets back. I drive over to Foxboro pretty frequent. I'll take the Beckett Hill road next time and try to scrape an acquaintance."

SUCH was our first information regarding John Knox and his imminent advent among us as a resident. About eight days later Fred happened into the office again to insert a For Sale ad and remarked as he paid his bill:

"Oh, by the way, that man Knox I told you about has taken possession of his new property. Hired Jeff Somers to lug his baggage out to the Hill yesterday afternoon. Didn't bring a stick of furniture with him, so far as I could see. Jeff told me that Knox told him he'd pick up what he wanted at Blake Whipple's store right here in Paris. But, by gosh, you should see the dogs he's got! They're humdingers!"

"Dogs!"

"Told you he was the sort of chap who'd take to dogs—same as dogs would take to him. Brought up three or four blooded Airedales in crates."

"What's this Knox expect to do—start a kennel?"

"Shouldn't wonder. Not a bad place for a kennel—the Beckett property. Dogs sure can howl off there without



CWith a startled curse Rebecca's husband whirled about. John Knox saw red. "Take that gun out of my face or I'll bend it double!"

disturbing nobody. But Lord help the tramp who thinks that just because the house is out from the village a piece, he can help himself to what he likes. Two of them Airedales is big enough to tear a man to hamburger."

"Sounds interestin'. I'll run out that way Sunday afternoon and introduce myself."

It so happened that I accompanied Sam that ensuing Sabbath—a clean-washed, sun-flooded afternoon in May. Sam turned his car up the old back road, and we bumped and rattled over loose

60

stones and water-bars up the long grade overlooking the Green River valley for a score of miles. So narrow in places was the abandoned highway that the blackberry fronds brushed the car's enameled sides and scratched them ruinously; we had a tight time turning out for Pete Harden's flivver when we met John Knox's only neighbor coming down alone for a Sunday evening in Paris—a poker game somewhere probably.

"Strange you never see Pete takin' his wife along with him in that threshin' machine he calls an automobile," Sam Hod

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remarked when our mud-guards had scraped and the man had rattled on down the hill with the battered chassis brushing the two rows of weeds and rank grass. "Not much of a feller to have for a neighbor. What ails him, anyhow?"

"Soured on life, I've heard, because of the failures he's met in most everything he's tried. Lost most of the money his dad left him on some business down to Springfield and moved his family up here to keep out of jail."

"How much of a family has he got? Hasn't been married such a terribly long while, if I recall correctly."

"Got a boy, I think; little shaver in rompers. Then there's a girl in her teens—some distant relation whose parents are dead. Only last week Nick Sweet was telling me about them. Five or six years anyhow, Pete must be married. Long enough for his wife to sicken of her bargain."

"Married a Springfield girl, didn't he?"

"Somewhere down that way. Keeps pretty much out of sight apparently. I've only seen her a few times myself. Maybe she's got no alternative."

"Whatter you mean, no alternative?"

"Pete's hardly the sort of husband to array his spouse in purple and fine linen."

WE PASSED the Harden place. Half-way up the long incline, on the right-hand side of the road, stood a gaunt, two-story house surrounded by a white rail fence. The structure had hard, unblinking windows and where the shutters were closed we noted they were frowsy with cobwebs, old cocoons and last year's leaves. Lilacs grew ragged and unkempt at its corners and the grass was apparently mowed but once a season—with a scythe. Facing this house, on the other side of the back road, was a big red barn and a silo, weather-blistered like all of the smaller out-buildings and badly in need of paint. Valuable farm implements were left around indolently to rust in sun and rain, the fences were broken in places, the stock looked bedraggled and discouraged. There was something insufferable, even tragic, about the property, its rocky hillside harshness mitigated only by two rows of lofty, sedate maples growing along the front, trunks hid in thickets of briars. They were stupendous maples—protective, ruminant old trees—reminders of what the place had been in its prime, inhabited in the summer by colonies of robins.

Sam's car continued in low speed and we ground on up the hill. "Huh!" grunted my partner. "Place is gettin' to be little more than a thicket of brambles, isn't it? Don't take a farm long to go to pot when it's left to run itself, does it?"

"By George, that Knox fellow is starting a kennel!" I cried, neglecting to respond to my companion's comment. "He's got a small building up already. Wonder if he did it himself?" We were nearing the hilltop and the picturesque old Beckett place was now clearly visible, also on our right.

"Guess he did," answered Sam. "That's him, ain't it, working a saw out there to the back?"

At length we drove the car boldly into the yard, shut off our engine and alighted. With the freemasonry of one whose business it is to know everybody in the county, Sam lighted a fresh cigar, thrust his thumbs in the armpits of his vest and sauntered sociably around to the rear. I followed.

It was a quaint, twisted, romantic old house—this structure atop Beckett Hill. Aunt Mary Beckett had given up the homestead after her only son was killed in a motor accident, and gone out to live with a daughter in Kansas. Forty-five years she and her husband had dwelt on that hilltop; most of the trees and shrubbery she had planted, and her moss-roses were still growing profusely along the east board wall.

The fragrance of freshly-cut lumber reached us with the unearthly howling of dogs at our approach and as we came around the corner of the kitchen ell a splendid specimen of middle-aged manhood took a cordy knee from the board he had sawed.

"How'd do!" greeted Sam. "Hod's my name. I run the Daily Telegraph down in the village and this here's my partner. Heard you'd moved in out here. We're takin' a ride to enjoy the spring and thought we'd stop in and get acquainted."

"I'm glad that you did, Mr. Hod. I've heard about you already. Knox is my name. I come from New York," and the new resident extended a hand muscular enough to bend a horseshoe.

I liked him even as Fred Babcock had liked him; even as most Paris people during the past year have come to like him. Thirty-five or thereabout I took him to be—over six feet tall, at least two hundred pounds in weight and hard as nails all over. His hat was lying near-by on a crate; the scented afternoon breezes,

blowing from the ends of seductive summer world, wafted fine brown hair above a high forehead. He had a woman's soft brown eyes but a man's jaw and mouth—very much a man's jaw and mouth. His admirable physique was clothed in the same rough suit which Babcock had described excenting that the coat lay near-by on some boards and his khaki shirt was open on a virile throat.

"What you aimin' to do—start in the dog business?" Sam inquired.

"In a way—yes."

"Got some pretty good stock there, ain't you?" And we looked at two immense Airedales and some furry puppies, dancing and weaving behind the strong wire of a newly completed run.

"The best I could buy. Queenie I've had for three or four years. When things worked around so I could acquire this place I determined to get her a mate who'd make me some money."

We inspected the dogs and exclaimed upon them.

"Livin' here alone?" my partner probed.

Did I detect a quick, troubled drop of the owner's eyes? "Just at present, yes," he confessed.

"Got any folks?"

"No."

"What's that? No folks? You ain't married even?"

"No." John Knox sat down on a wooden horse and broke a splinter in several pieces. Then he seemed to have no hesitancy in enlightening us: "I was to have been married but things went wrong. So I wandered up here to Vermont and picked up this house where I could live with my—dogs."

"Sort o' lonesome, ain't it?"

"I expect to keep rather busy. And there's nothing like a dog or two for company." Knox felt in the near-by coat and brought out the inseparable meerscham.

"Met your neighbors down the hill yet?"

"No. Not yet. I haven't had time. I've been pretty busy the past two days fixing up a decent place for the pups."

Like him, I thought, to look after the comfort of the dogs before he took care of himself.

"Aim to farm it here when you get the kennel all ship-shape?"

The big yellow pipe lighted, John Knox turned his eyes off across his gently rolling hilltop meadows. "Perhaps," said he. "A little bit. I'm not much of a farmer—city raised, mostly. Then again, it appears to me there's got to be quite a lot of work done putting the land in shape. The bramble bushes hereabout seem to have taken rather vigorous possession of this hill; that west mowing down toward my neighbor's is a regular thicket."

"Bill and me were remarkin' upon it as we come up the road."

"I'll try and clear them out as I find the time. It won't be so bad with so many things to do. I've wanted such a place since boyhood."

"So that's it!" reflected Sam as we drove back toward Paris. "Had a busted love affair and come off up here to forget. Well, he'd better watch his step. When the Paris girls get a good look at him, they'll contrive to swarm out here in droves."

"He must be pretty well fixed financially; Fred said he put down eleven thousand cash for the property."

"Might be his last cent for all you can tell. Just the sort of fellow to do it. But I can tell him right now, it'll be gray hell for him out here in the winter, dogs or no dogs."

"I caught sight of two of those trunks filled with books as he took us through the middle room."

"Yeah, but you know as well as I do that it ain't nature for a regular he-man sort o' feller like him to hive himself away out there alone on a farm in the hills without a woman."

"He can always go down and flirt with Pete Harden's wife," I bantered. "She's of little enough consequence to Pete, I reckon."

IT WAS a fateful statement, though I meant it lightly enough. All the same, don't run away with the idea that John Knox was the type of man to mix it with another man's woman, and that it's nothing but a cheap triangle problem that comprises his record among us. There was problem enough—and soon enough—and seeing that Pete remained more or less in the picture, it might be viewed as a triangle. But to the indictment that it has been cheap, don't ask me to rise. John Knox was a dog's man, if you get what I mean. And a thousand times the past year I've tried to imagine what sort of a girl it must have been who turned him down, forever saddening his heart—and eyes. A woman who didn't like dogs, I suppose.

There were brambles all over those farms, I say. Thickets and thickets of them. But they were worse on the Harden land, once you got over the intervening wall. The (Continued on page 140)

Love Makes Gamblers of

By ROYAL

Illustrations by

Charl



Judy,
the daughter of Lowell's richest son.

LOW and sweet and infinitely beguiling with the stridencies of lusty young voices muted by distance, the familiar old air drifted up from the campus to where Larry Weston had achieved the solitude he sought. They were singing "Lowell Forever" and though the words were indistinguishable to his ear, his mind supplied them with subconscious precision: the swan song of the seniors, sung with their caps in their hands, their inspired young faces lifted to the soft June stars.

In 1916, as a senior, his voice had blended with the rest. In 1916—but this was 1924. A glamorous June night, heady with lights and music and laughter—a night on which the grads might recapture their youth. Men of all ages, acting and feeling incredibly boyish. But Larry stood alone, hands thrust into his

pockets and a bitter smile twisting his lips. So it was that Judy Sears discovered him.

Now Judy might have remembered that they had never been formally introduced. But Judy was seldom formal anyway. She remembered and recognized him at once; for whatever else the years between had done to him, they had not robbed him of his lithe grace of figure.

Of course she knew he would neither remember nor recognize her; she had been but twelve the last, and only, time he had ever seen her. At twelve there hadn't been so very much of Judy, but what there had been had run mostly to legs and arms. She had seemed incredibly well supplied with them then—and quite conscious of the fact herself.

This had been Larry's first impression of her. It would have remained his only one had not Dicky Smith poked him and, indicating the limousine of power and price in which she sat—it shone with much brass work as was the fashion in 1916—said: "See that chariot of gold over there—the one with the kid in it? That belongs to Johnny Sears. Think we'll ever come back to class day in anything like that?"

They—Larry and Dicky Smith—had been seniors then. Big men in a small college. The sort of college that never achieves national prestige until suddenly a little group of athletic stars causes it to flash brilliantly in the football firmament. They had had such a group that year.

The eleven on which Larry had played right half had beaten Harvard six to nothing. That had been only the beginning. It was no flash in the pan. Editors of the sporting pages began to anticipate scores such as this:

Lowell 31—Amherst 0
Lowell 46—Wesleyan 3
Lowell 13—Dartmouth 12

Larry was first marshal of his class that year. Dicky Smith, varsity quarter and catcher and captain of the nine for which Larry had pitched, had been the second marshal.

That was their big hour. They felt it. Yet something had stirred, half anticipatory, half apprehensive, as they took in Johnny Sears's limousine. Every Lowell man knew Johnny Sears. He was not only one of Lowell's legendary athletes, but he was Lowell's only millionaire. In 1916 he had yet to see forty but he was already a member of one of the world's noted banking firms.

The kid in Johnny Sears's chariot, Larry had realized, must be Johnny's daughter. It was as such that he had accorded her a second glance. He had seen then that she not only had the extremities of a baby calf but that her nose was freckled and her mouth too big. For the rest, her hair was obviously red—and bobbed. It had occurred to him then that whatever Johnny Sears might have achieved in other directions he could not point with pride to his achievements in paternity.

But that had been in 1916. In 1924 . . . Eight years. No more than an infinitesimal moment, as a scientist computes time. But as a man reckons existence it remains a not inconsiderable span. In it much can be achieved—or not. Men who were

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BROWN

Charles D. Mitchell

outstanding in college can sink into obscurity. Ugly little girls of twelve can—if you believe all you read—become miracles of loveliness. The truth usually lies somewhere in between.

This much is certain. Of his own volition Larry would not have returned to Lowell had he not encountered Dicky Smith in New York. The latter took it for granted that Larry would want to go back for class day and he promptly suggested that he run up in his roadster with him. "You won't know the old place," he had added. "All under new management. Johnny Sears is president now, you know. He's out to get ten million for Lowell, and believe me he will. Better conceal your assets before Johnny gets you. He's got most of the alumni on the verge of bankruptcy. I've envied you way off in China——"

"I get mail even there," Larry had cut in with a transient grin.

THE grin had been reminiscent of the Larry of other days and it had made Dicky realize suddenly some subtle change the years had wrought. He had given Larry a swift, keen glance. He found him lean and lithe, bronzed and fit looking. But something seemed to have gone out of him—the old, irrepressible audacity that had carried him through Lowell, and after that the war, as it had carried D'Artagnan through the court of France.

"How did you leave the Celestial Empire?" Dicky had demanded abruptly.

"P. and O. liner—I know of no better way."

"You're about as communicative as a Chinaman. You've been away almost five years—long enough to grow a queue. How about those little Celestial Yums-Yums with almond eyes? Don't tell me that there hasn't been at least one in your life!"

"Oh, one has been very much in my life. Only her name isn't Yum-Yum and her almond eyes are embellished with horn spectacles. She was my stenographer—I believe she called herself my private secretary—and she has been observed to powder her Celestial nose and I suspected her of chewing gum."

"You're shattering all my young illusions," Dicky had protested. "I've been picturing you all these years leading the life of colorful adventure and you show up dressed—and talking—like a tired business man. Well—at Lowell we'll renew your youth."

This Larry doubted—but privately. He knew that he was not meeting Dicky half-way but he could not help it. He wore his reticence like a protective armor.

They had come back to Lowell toward twilight the day before. As Dicky had said, the place was changed. The old charm was still there, but there was a crispness to it. Lowell had been rejuvenated. Even the old elms around the campus had taken a new lease of life. Tree surgery had achieved for them what modern business methods were striving to achieve for the college itself. At a financial sacrifice that the statistically inclined could—and did—compute, Johnny Sears had returned to his alma mater to perform a service of love. Every newspaper in the country had featured the news.

These newspaper stories had caused Judy much diversion. "I don't know how all this is affecting you," she had said to her



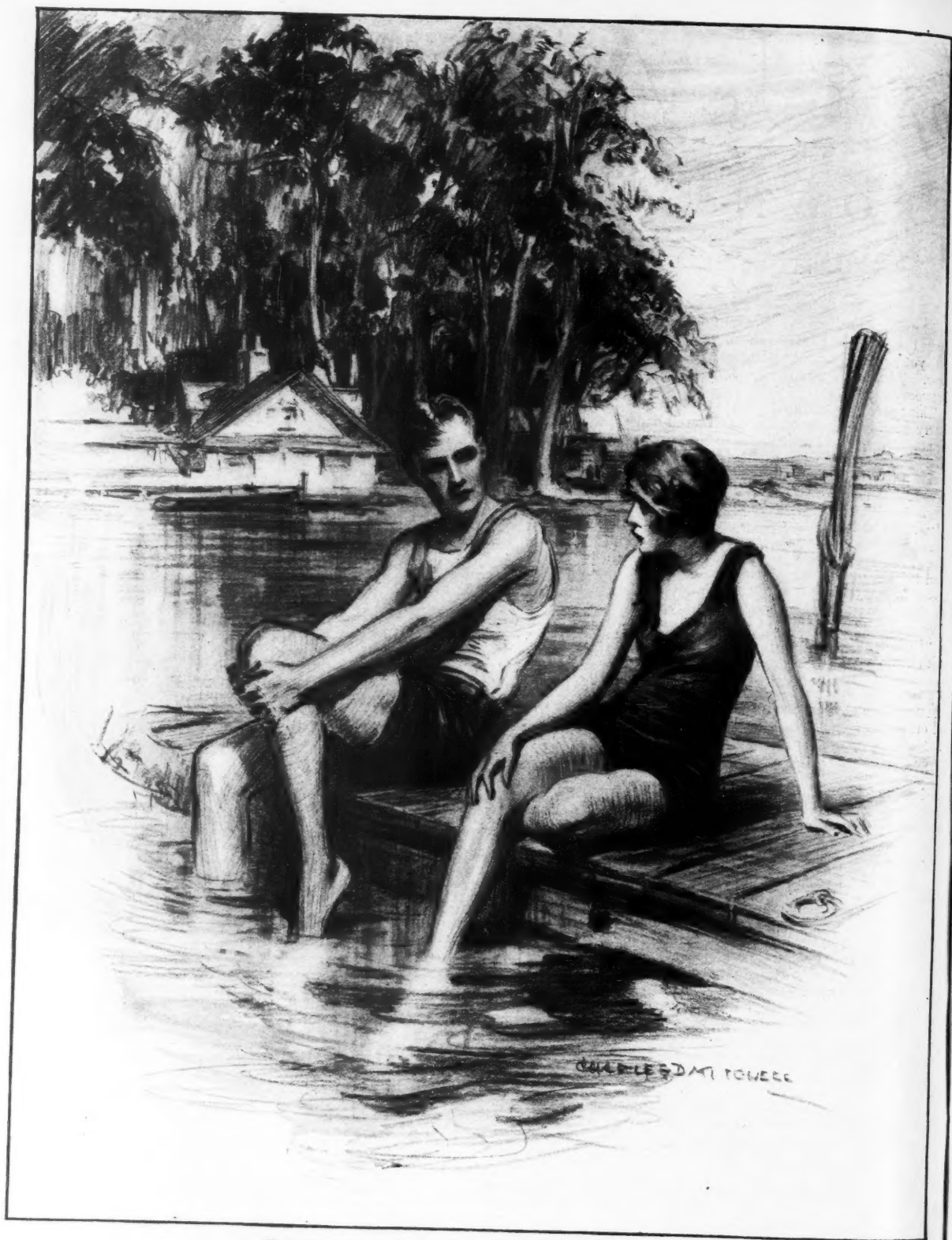
C. Larry,

who was probably Lowell's poorest.

father, "but my head is completely turned. This is the fourth time I've found myself referred to as your beautiful and talented daughter. I'd begin to believe it myself if I hadn't a mirror—and a sense of humor!"

"I suppose," he had admitted honestly, "you aren't exactly beautiful but——"

"But me no buts! I haven't pyorrhea—Doctor Clinton assured me so solemnly the other day. So I'm not one of the fatal four in five. And I don't think I have halitosis. Although the insidious thing about that is that one can never be sure. Even your best friends——"



C "Aren't you ever going to tell me anything about your adventures in China?" asked Judy. The question to Larry was like the intrusion of a serpent in Eden.

"You haven't!" he had cut in, shocked. "What an idea!"
 "Well—I'm often a bridesmaid but never a bride! Explain that if you can."
 She had given him the opportunity but instead of taking it he had kissed her.

"I know," he had begun, "that—"
 "That God and my father love me? Well, that's something."

"I know that you are an incorrigible tease—and that somebody is going to be mad about you some day."

"Who?"
 "I don't know—and you haven't met him yet. Because if you had you'd have him on his knees—"

"Gracious! I'm not only beautiful but a vamp! A rag and a bone and a hank of hair—red, and not very much of a hank!"

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And that was true. At twelve her hair had been short. It still was. "Shingled" had come into the language. She had fewer freckles and her arms and her legs had become properly apportioned segments of her anatomy. She was indeed slim and graceful, but otherwise time had achieved no miracles for her. *Elan* she had, of spirit and expression as well as of body. Beauty she knew was denied her. What she did not realize was that others might see in her what she never saw in herself. And that was charm. Her father saw it always.

"You'll see!" he had prophesied with a tug at his heart—of fear. "I wonder! But what I am worrying about now is the shock the young men at Lowell are going to get!"

THE young men at Lowell had sustained the shock nobly. As hostess in her father's home, Judy had had to steer a devious course. As Johnny Sears's daughter she was naturally part of the golden legend. And besides she was the new Prexy's daughter. The undergraduates did not know just how to treat her. Judy settled that for them. She treated them like an elder sister. They said she was a good egg. Now and then some of them became sentimental. She supposed this was inevitable. But she saw to it that they got over it as soon as possible. This she conceived as doing her part as her father was doing his.

He had thrown himself into the rehabilitation of Lowell with all the intensity and energy that had won him international repute among financiers. Lowell was on the verge of bankruptcy. It needed capital and this he set himself out to get.

Larry had seen him in action for the first time at his own class dinner earlier this evening.

"Put cotton in your ears," Dicky Smith had whispered as a cheer went up for Johnny Sears. "He's got a siren's voice."

Then Johnny Sears had begun to speak. To him what he said must have been "old stuff" as it was to many of his hearers. But he put into his plea the same intensity and power that Booth brought to his hundredth performance of Hamlet. His picture of Lowell and its needs was a canny mixture of sentiment and hard-headed business. He had swayed them powerfully. And then abruptly he had paused.

"Well?" he had demanded—just that.

And briefly Larry had recaptured his youth. "You can put me down for five thousand," he had said.

The impulsive old Larry who had flamed his way through Lowell, that. He had taken their breath away for a moment. And then they had cheered him.

The cheers had reached Judy waiting in her father's car outside. She was acting as his chauffeur, whisking him from one class dinner to another.

"Were all those cheers for you?" she had demanded when her father appeared.

"No—they were all for Larry Weston. I don't suppose you remember him—he was the captain of the eleven back in 1916."

Remember him? Judy's heart had given a sudden little jump. She could close her eyes and see Larry. As he had looked in football tugs and, on that day when she was twelve, in his cap and gown. She could even have told her father what Larry's years, weight and height had been then: "Weston L H B 23 161 5/10."

"This," her father had added, "is the first time he's been back since after the war. He went out to China, you know."

Of course he had not really believed that Judy knew that. But she did. She had seen Larry's name in the alumni directory: "Laurence Weston, Branch Manager, International Export Company, Shantung, China."

"Why were they cheering him?" she had asked.

"Because my silver-tongued—or perhaps I might even say my golden-tongued—oratory wooed five thousand out of him."

"Five thousand! Gracious—he must have taken your breath away."

"He did, rather. I—hope he has it."

"What an idea!" she had protested. "Of course he has."

The class of 1916 had not doubted it. The dinner after Johnny Sears had quieted it had become an ovation to Larry. The old gang had pummeled him boyishly—and enviously.

"Let's all go out to China!" Dicky Smith had suggested.

They had driven Larry almost to the point of confession—but not quite. Instead he had escaped them at the first opportunity and now, towards midnight, he found himself alone on the "Rez."

Once when Lowell was young the Rez had been distinctly utilitarian, a small sheet of water serving the college. Now it was

preserved as a tradition. Here annually freshmen were ducked for the good of their souls. And here usually trysting couples might be found. But now it was deserted.

From the hilltop it crowned one could look down on the campus, gaily lighted, and beyond this, in the distance and lower still, the lights of a city.

A glamorous June night, soft-starred and heady with music and laughter. A night to bring back youth—but Larry had lost his again. They had cheered him, flattered him. What would they say if they knew the truth? That he was a four-flusher? He winced. At least he was not that. His gift had been impulsive and unconsidered but he had been sincere. He had wanted to give . . .

And so Judy discovered him. "Oh!" she exclaimed, breaking in on his thoughts. "It's—why, it's Mr. Weston, isn't it?"

Larry turned. He did not know her from Adam—which was odd as she did not at all resemble the latter. This she sensed.

"I'm Judy Sears—daughter of Johnny," she told him, smiling up at him. "You've heard of him—if not of me." Then before he could speak she added: "I often come up here the last thing at night; it gives one a feeling of peace, don't you think?"

Larry nodded assent, though he had not found peace here.

"But how," she demanded, "did you manage to escape? Don't you know that you are the hero of the hour? Everybody is talking of your gift—and father is as pleased as Punch!"

"It's very little compared to what he has given," protested Larry.

"Oh," she flashed impulsively, "but the widow's mite—" There she paused abruptly. "Do forgive me," she said, "for being so seemingly tactless. It's no more a mite than you are a widow and"—she smiled—"although we are sure it's generous, we do hope it's not all!"

Larry smiled, a mere flicker of his lips. "It's no more than I ought to give," he answered evasively.

To his relief she let the matter rest there.

"I suppose this is a vacation—of sorts—for you?"

"Of sorts," he assented.

To tell her the truth—on top of his gift—was impossible. It would have left her speechless, he believed.

He did not know Judy—yet. Nor did he know that he was to know her very well before he was much older. But Judy had already so decided. Although she would have put it that she had decided to know him better. She had made up her mind to that when, with a glance at her wrist watch, she said good night to him.

HANDS thrust back in his pockets, his thoughts flowed again through dark channels.

This was his second visit to Lowell in eight years. And, he believed, his last. The year after the war ended—1919—he had been glad to get back for class day. He had come through the war with distinction, adding a bit to his own reputation and to Lowell's. Even old Prexy, whom Johnny Sears had succeeded, had referred to his war record that other June night in 1919.

A gentleman and a scholar—old Prexy; a Greek scholar, for the classics were his passion. He had been president of Lowell for almost forty years when, in 1922, he had died. From under bushy eyebrows his wise old eyes had regarded Larry—keen, yet kindly. He had had the appearance customarily of keeping himself aloof. Yet there were moments when he could be extraordinarily human and even intimate.

To Larry he had proved himself so. "I hear," he had announced, "that you won the war—or most of it. What do you plan to do now?" That had been like old Prexy, pricking the bubble vanity with an air of detached amusement.

"I've got a chance to go out to China," Larry had answered.

"China," Prexy had repeated reflectively. "I suppose the ends of the earth must always allure such as you."

"But this is straight business," Larry had protested. Nevertheless the swift glance Prexy had given him had caused him to flush.

"Are you sure?" Prexy had demanded. "Oh, don't bother to answer me—answer yourself. But be quite sure you're being honest—with yourself."

"I don't quite understand."

Prexy had put a hand on Larry's shoulder. "I watched you, Weston, all through college. And I've heard more or less of your exploits since. And it's my belief that you are a born gambler. I'm not referring to cards but to your (Continued on page 217)



“The Earl of Craven and Countess Cathcart yesterday . . .”

The Drama of My Life

By VERA, Countess
of Cathcart

QUI s'excuse, s'accuse. The old French epigram still stands. I know very well that in offering to a multitude of readers the story of my marital unhappiness and of my revolt against the trammels of convention, I offer immediate hostages to fortune. It is inevitable. “Methinks,” the reader may say, remembering Shakespeare’s “Hamlet,” “the lady doth protest too much.” I can’t help that. I have merely a very straight story to tell. Let the reader judge.

I held one of the finest social positions in England. I was the wife of a man, one of whose titles dates back to the fifteenth century, whose wealth was considerable and whose character was unimpeachable. This, as I shall show, meant a great deal to me. Yet the time was to come when fate was to bring into my life another man for whom I was to sacrifice everything.

I eloped with the Earl of Craven and broke up his home, as I did my own. I had a husband and child, and he had a wife and child. Lady Craven had been ready to divorce her husband long before my acquaintance with him began, but she has since altered her mind and refused to do so. Thus it comes that I am a divorced woman, living with a man who is not my husband.

The society in which I once had so much influence now regards me with stern disapproval, and I am cut by some of my former friends. But, at long last, I still retain a code of honor; a strange code, maybe, as the world sees it, but still a definite code, and one which I hope has at least the merit of courage. We are all creatures at the mercy of circumstance.

In January, 1918, I married George, Earl of Cathcart. I had been married before. I was the widow of a soldier who met his death in the war. I was not



George,
Earl of Cathcart

Central News
From U. & U.

altogether enamoured of my second husband, the Earl of Cathcart—in fact I refused him six times before I gave way to his entreaties. He was thirty-four years older than I was. But he assured me—as men will—that love would come, that I had everything to gain by marrying him: position, social eminence, wealth. He was, and is, a very courteous English gentleman, than which there can be no higher praise, but—what I was very far from realizing when I consented to marry him—the very poise that was to his advantage as a suitor could be turned to account against me, once he had tired of me as his wife.

It was something, even in 1918, to be Countess of Cathcart. In the present day, with the advancement and growth of ultra-democratic ideas, the dignity that adheres to a peer of the realm is something diminished, though it is still considerable. Then it meant that the wife of a noble of England was accepted everywhere, was given due recognition in the houses of the lowest and the highest. When I became Countess of Cathcart every door in England was open to me.

Is it to be wondered that the glamour of being Countess of Cathcart blinded the eyes of a woman of twenty-four to what was involved in marrying a man so much older than herself?

I married my husband and plunged into the many activities that were open to the wife of so eminent a man. I served on committees that had to do with the multifarious side issues that had

sprung up around the actual fighting—hospitals, supplies, comforts for the troops, entertainments. Coming, as I do, from a fighting stock, all this was bound to interest me. Naturally I welcomed the influence that came from my position through my marriage.

At the same time invitations to social functions crowded one upon the other for my husband and myself. And it was here that the discrepancy between my own age and that of my husband began to be made plain.

I was always eager for the companionship, the conversation of people as actively engaged as I was. To hear the give and take, the wit, the brilliance, of the people with whom I had to mix in society was for me the breath of life. But my husband—he will forgive me for applying the adjective “elderly” to him—had had all he wanted of what was still new to me. It was more to him that he could be comfortable over a book and a cigar in the evening than that his wife was looking forward to sitting vis-à-vis to this prominent politician or that celebrated diplomat.

As the novelty of being seen about with his young wife wore off, my husband became less and less inclined to participate in the many functions that meant so much to me. It came to this at last, that my husband would accept an invitation and would leave me to carry his excuses for his absence.

I was proud of my husband. Any woman will understand how irksome it was that, having a presentable husband, I had most often to turn out lame excuses for not having him by my side.

I think, even now, that Lord Cathcart was proud enough of me. If a Court reception was imminent he would urge upon me the need for being suitably dressed. He would incite me toward a visit to the dressmakers. He always wanted me to appear the best turned-out woman in London. And here appeared in him an extraordinary duality of nature. I would tell him that my dress allowance would not run to a new Court dress, and then he would say that the bills would be his affair. But when the bills came in, not even his pride in me prevented Lord Cathcart from losing his temper over the extra expenses.

I think I might have learned to ignore these idiosyncrasies of my husband. I do believe that I tried hard to make allowances for the fact that he was a bachelor close on sixty when he married me. But with the coming of my baby, I found I had a new trial to face.

For my pride's sake I'd like to be able to believe that I was wrong, but it was borne in on me with the birth of Lord Greenock, my son and the future Earl of Cathcart, that my husband saw the object of his marriage accomplished. At any rate, his manner to me changed completely. He would scarcely speak to me after my son was born. If we met on the staircase of our house, he would

pass me without a word. I seemed to be less to him than the least of his acquaintances. When we spoke at all, it was on some purely business matter.

Could anything be more humiliating? It was as if I were a prize animal whose issue had served to perpetuate a valuable pedigree stock. If I am frank, I hope I may be pardoned. I can think of no other explanation.

It is a curious thing, but I believe to this moment that my husband loved me—in his way. I know that I had the warmest feeling for him. I tried to fathom the reason for his chill attitude to me, and time and again I demanded an explanation of his silence and treatment of me, but I could never get any satisfactory reply. My insistence was met with evasion, with a perfection of politeness that was more hurtful than any exhibition of temper. Between me and my husband a chill barrier wasset up. And never by any chance could I pass it. Nor was this the limit of my humiliation.

In household matters I was less than the housekeeper. I had to beg permission of him for the most trifling domestic item that I wanted carried out. Day after day my sense of humiliation deepened, and if it had not been for my little boy, I don't know how I could have borne it. He was my only consolation.

My health gave way
(Continued on page 162)



© Hoy Wrightson

C. "As the Countess of Cathcart, I held one of the finest social positions in England."

*I made my way up a Rocky Road, but I want a
smooth path for my SON*

A Self-Made Father & His Son

By Henry James Forman

IT SEEMS only the other day that my son came to me with a half troubled and half defiant look and told me he needed a new cap.

"Where is your cap?" I asked him.

"That Jones boy who moved into the Brown house took it and threw it away somewhere—he won't tell me where."

"And you let him take it and throw it?"

"What can I do," his lips quivered, "when you tell me I mustn't get into fights, and mother says—" His voice broke.

"Is the Jones boy older than you?" I asked.

"Only t-two years," he spluttered. "And he's bigger, too. But I could sh-show him—"

"Now—now—we mustn't brag," I warned him.

"Yes, I know," he cried. "But I could lick him all right!"

The request for a new cap was obviously the merest diplomacy. Boys can be more diplomatic as to their wants than European chancelleries. But it was equally obvious that in my too great care of my son I was making of him not only a diplomat far too early in life, but other things I did not desire.

I recalled my own first fight in which I was fairly and thoroughly licked. For some time after I avoided fights scrupulously. So much so, that a young bully who was fat and heavy besides being a bully, made life a torment to me in the school yard by nagging and offering loudly to fight me at any time anywhere. He had no quarrel with me nor I with him. My slenderness tempted his bulk and weight. One day I could not bear it longer. We were on our way home from school and he desired to show off before some little girls walking behind us.

Suddenly a taunt of his brought that flash of anger that we call seeing red. With strange and peculiar clarity I abruptly remembered what the boy who had licked me had done to me. An entire course upon the subject seemed suddenly spread out before me with singular incisiveness. I told him to take back what he had said. He laughed aloud, though, as I recall, with a startled hollowness. Almost before I knew it my books were on the sidewalk and that boy was staggering toward a railing with his hands to his face, bawling, and my knuckles were still tingling with the unpleasant sensation of pummeling soft flesh. We never became friends, as in story-books, because the boy was worthless. But always thereafter he greeted me with a hollow cheeriness and persisted in regarding our quarrel as a joke.

Both the losing and the winning fight had been of value to me. I saw that I had mistreated my son by the embargo I had laid upon him. I had been unjust to him.

"There is only one thing for you to do," I told him. "If that Jones boy won't give back your cap you'll have to fight him."

"I can?" He leaped toward me eagerly, his face now as radiant as before it had been somber.

"You must," I said. "In this world we have to learn to stand up for our just rights, or life would be unendurable."

He wanted me to watch him when the battle came, but I told him I should look out of the window, and see fair play. That was superfluous. Other boys attended to that. The fight was painful to watch despite the excitement. The boys were somewhat too evenly matched. But it ended somehow and at the urgency of the onlooking boys the combatants shook hands. The cap was magically restored. And upon the score of the Jones boy and neighboring boys, at all events, I heard no more tales of bullying. On the contrary there appeared to be a renaissance of good fellowship among the lot of them and a new confidence upon the part of my boy. I felt proud of him.

A father's pride and hope for his son are such that not even the mother can quite fathom them. Manlike he is always fearful of being ridiculous. And all this pride, these hopes and ridiculous fears are many times multiplied in what is called the self-made father. Such a man, I find in my own experience, is very often unjust to his son as a human being.

Take for an example the matter of lying. Every human being lies at some times. Certainly every child does. And by this I do not mean the period of very early childhood, when the day-dreaming fancy gets entangled with the unfolding reality of life, and one is just as strange, as real or unreal, as the other. I mean the lie direct when a boy or a girl, for that matter, finds it advantageous to tell a lie rather than the truth, in order to get something, to gain an advantage, or to escape a punishment.

In a luckless moment my son—I think he was eight at the time—overheard me say over the telephone, in response to a woman who bored us irredeemably whenever she inflicted herself upon us, that we should be out that evening. I was not particularly circumstantial in that so-called white lie, but I believe I did say that the engagement we were obliged to keep was one of long standing. My son tiptoed out of the room carefully as I talked, but a little while later he inquired where we were going.

"Going?" I answered absently. "Nowhere, son. We are glad of a quiet evening at home."

Perhaps my tone, slightly irritable, precluded further questioning at the time. For no one is so sensitive to a tone as a child.

IT WAS not long after that the boy asked permission to go to a certain neighbor's house, whose children had our approval, and instead of that he went to the house of another boy whose companionship for our son we disliked intensely. What was even worse, however, he was seen coming from the forbidden house, and when questioned he denied it.

Obviously this was one of the occasions for discipline and punishment. The offense was aggravated by lying.

Now, I believe that no child should ever be punished in anger. I told the boy therefore that later in the day he would be punished for his double transgression—disobedience and lying. He was about to speak, hesitated for a moment, his eyes filled and he turned away.

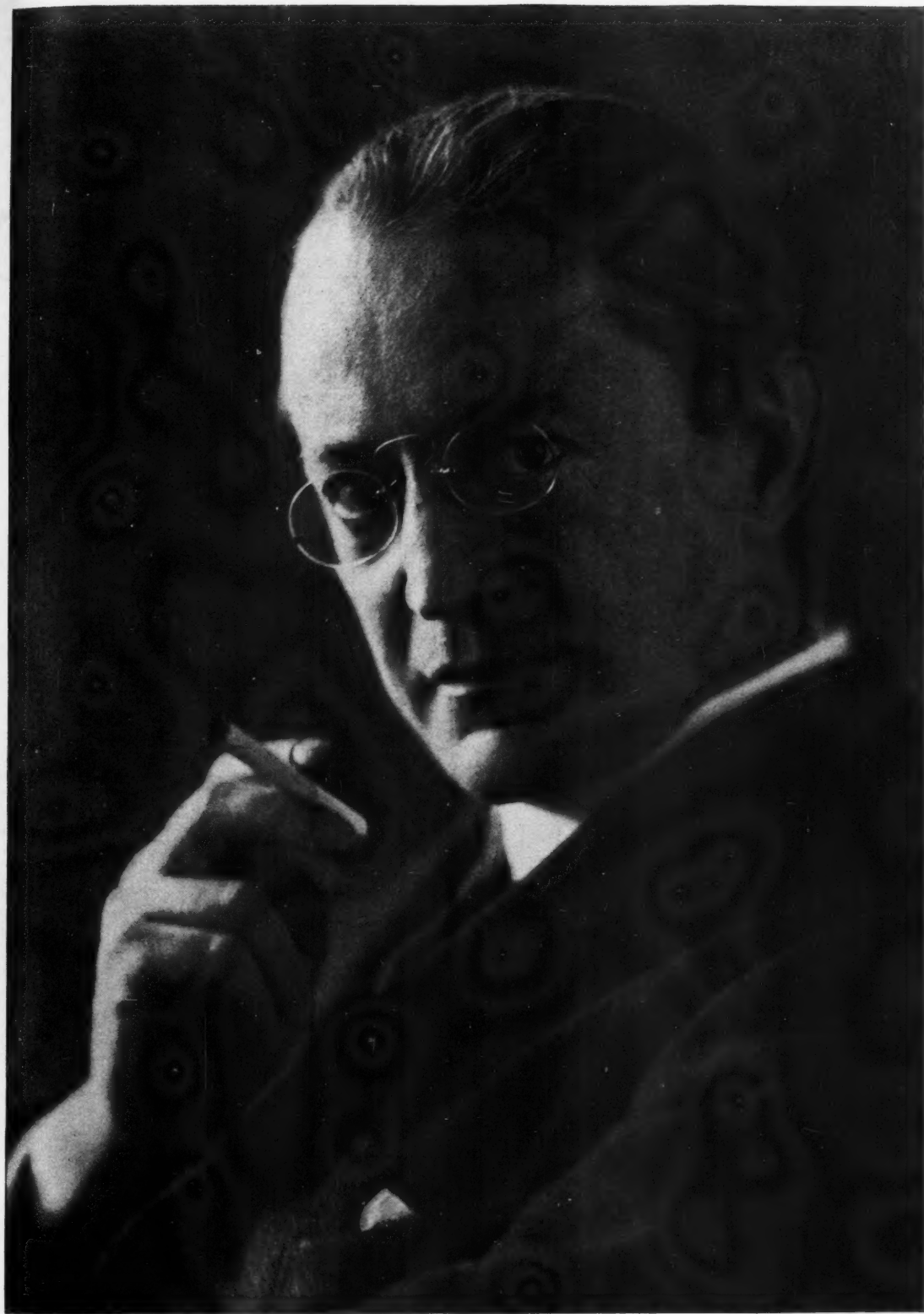
"Have you anything you want to say to me?" I asked him.

He found some difficulty in speaking, but finally he blurted out his harassing, soul-disturbing problem.

"You told that lady over the telephone you were going out, just to keep her from coming over. And you didn't go out at all. I thought—I thought—" His thought was quite obvious, though he could not bring himself to express it. He had thought that because I had told that lady over the telephone we were going out, and we hadn't, he had a perfect right to act in precisely the same manner.

I saw at once that whatever was the boy's transgression, the fault lay in me and not in him. That blank sheet, highly impressionable, his brain, upon which we, the parents, are supposed to write, keeps registering impressions whether we will or no. My own so-called white lie had infallibly bred a replica in his. There was need of explanation, of a heart-to-heart talk.

I was compelled to explain to him—and it was not easy—that the small lies of convention that people who respect themselves use as rarely as possible, are in reality a form of politeness. To



Photograph by Campbell Studio

C. Henry James Forman, author and editor

tell that woman who desired to call that she was a bore and that we were too tired to entertain her might wound her painfully.

"Often," I told him, "when a woman sends down word by a servant that she is not at home to a caller, that caller knows that at that moment he or she simply cannot be received, and does not regard it as an untruth. Yet both that visitor and that hostess would shrink from any more direct lying as a degradation."

But even that I told him was a bad custom, and in future we should try to avoid it. He believed, he informed me, that he understood. At any rate since then I have found very little to complain of. And yet from that time on, it seemed to me, something of the brightness and candor of his young life was faintly dimmed. This watching of a young life, indescribably dear to one, coming in contact with the world, is an (Continued on page 149)

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

The Red Lamp

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens



Mr. Betbel, as I looked in, gave me the impression of a man waiting for something—an intent listening.

The Story So Far:

THE discovery of Carroway's body, gruesome as that incident was, at least silenced the superstitious gossip of the villagers who believed he had been spirited away by demons. The demons, so they thought, were released by burning the red lamp at the main house, Twin Hollows. This lamp had first acquired its bad name because it had been used by Eugenia Riggs, a medium, to summon George, a ghost of local repute.

Professor Porter, who owned the house at Twin Hollows, had by a series of unfortunate incidents come under suspicion for the murder of Carroway. But when the body was found, floating at the

end of a rope attached to an anchor, it was evident to all that Porter could not have accomplished the deed alone. He was no seaman, and he was not physically strong; while the murderer had shown a clever knowledge of sailors' knots, and he was obviously powerful.

Young Halliday, who lived at the boat-house while the Porters lived at the Lodge and rented the main house, was in love with Porter's niece, Edith. For this reason, and also because there was a sizable reward offered, Halliday determined to discover who slit the throats of sheep on farms near Twin Hollows, and thus find out who had murdered Carroway. For it was known that the young man had been in pursuit of the sheep killer when he was tied with an anchor-rope and thrown overboard.

Halliday picked up the body, but he had seen the car-

Halliday Porter, a scholar, had been in love with Porter's niece, Edith. For this reason, and also because there was a sizable reward offered, Halliday determined to discover who slit the throats of sheep on farms near Twin Hollows, and thus find out who had murdered Carroway. For it was known that the young man had been in pursuit of the sheep killer when he was tied with an anchor-rope and thrown overboard.

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*A
Novel
of a
House
Where
Ghosts
Walk*

he any explanation for several uncanny psychic experiences of his wife Jane, or for the apparition, which was seen by practical old Peter Geiss, of Uncle Horace, who had died in the house.

Then the countryside was shocked by the disappearance of Maggie Morrison, a farmer's daughter who delivered the milk. Porter thought that circumstantial evidence pointed to Doctor Hayward, but Halliday did not agree.

Jane insisted that she had in a vision seen poor Maggie, lying dead in a row-boat with muffled oar-locks.

Puzzling over the situation and unable to sleep, Porter was wandering in his garden in the dark when he heard the bell at the main house ring madly. Groping his way thither as fast as he could, he stumbled over a figure lying prone at his feet.

The Story Continues:

IT WAS young Gordon, unconscious and bleeding from a blow on the head, and securely tied with a rope. I was still stooping over him, fumbling for another match, when a flash-light shone in my face, fairly blinding me. It played on me for a moment, and then on the boy stretched on the floor and now slightly moving.

"What's happened?" said a voice from behind it, and with relief I recognized the doctor's voice.

"He's hurt," I said, rising dizzily. "Struck on the head, I think."

"Open the door there and turn on the lights. I'll carry him in."

I did as he told me, being still somewhat unsteady, and as he laid the boy on the floor and straightened I was aware that his eyes, as they rested on me, were hostile and suspicious.

Immediately, however, he went to work on the boy, examining him first and then removing the rope.

"He's only stunned," he said, and leaving him lying as he was, began to move about the room. Just inside the door was the poker from the kitchen range, and this, with the rope, he laid aside carefully. Then he went outside and with his flash examined the bell.

"Just where were you, Porter, when this happened?" he asked. "In the grounds. I couldn't sleep. When I heard the bell I came on a run."

"It was the boy who pulled the bell?"

"I haven't an idea."

Halliday himself had been the subject of an attack. He had picked up a stranger in his car, and after noticing the odor of ether, he had felt for his revolver. At the moment the stranger had sprung at him, Halliday had clutched the steering-wheel, and the car had turned over. A passing motorist had rescued Halliday, but the stranger had disappeared.

Porter had rented Twin Hollows to Mr. Bethel, a paralytic scholar, and his secretary, Gordon, before the crimes had commenced. He had, however, warned Gordon of the belief that the house was haunted, but old Mr. Bethel was so unfriendly, so cynical, and so obviously avoiding visitors that the sensitive English professor had had only one brief talk with him.

"Sheep killing, eh?" cackled Bethel on that occasion. "Religious mania. Blood of the lamb!"

Porter also shared this belief that the crimes were committed by a religious maniac, because a curious symbol—a triangle in a circle—had been left on several occasions and because a rude stone altar had been found.

He could not explain, however, why the red lamp had been seen burning when he knew it was locked away in the attic, nor had

He went back to his patient, and examined the wound in the scalp more carefully. After that he dressed it, the boy by that time moving about and groaning, but still only partially conscious. I gave such help as I could, getting water and so on, and when the dressing was done the doctor disappeared and returned with a cushion. Keeping the boy supine, he slipped it under his head. Then he straightened.

"You'd better notify the old man," he said. "I'll stay here, if you don't mind."

And from the look he gave me, I gathered that he had no intention of leaving me with the boy.

I made my way up-stairs to the room over the den, and knocked for some time before I was heard. Then Mr. Bethel called out, startled, and I asked if I could come in. I heard him making heavy work of getting out of bed, and finally he shot the bolt and, opening the door an inch or two, glared out at me.

"What the devil's the matter?"

"Nothing serious," I said. "There's been a little trouble down-stairs, and we thought you'd better be told."

"A fire?"

"Not a fire," I reassured him, and gave him a brief account of what had occurred.

He was not particularly gracious; demanded to know what the boy was doing outside at that hour, and seemed to feel that, with a doctor already in the house, his responsibility was ended. As there was actually nothing he could do, I helped him back to his bed and left him sitting on the side, an unpleasant but helpless figure.

As I went out he asked me to bring him a cup of hot water!

The boy was conscious when I went back to the kitchen, staring around him, and particularly concentrating on the doctor and myself. He put his hand to his head and felt the bandage.

"Where'd I get that?" he asked thickly.

After a time he tried to get up, and the doctor put him into a chair.

"Now, Gordon," he said, "what happened to you? Try and think."

"He hit me," he said finally. "The dirty devil!"

"Who hit you?"

But he was still too dazed for coherent thought. He improved rapidly after that, however, although he complained of severe headache. He became garrulous, too, as happens after concussion, but out of his maunderings we were able to secure a fairly connected story.

He had been unable to sleep, he said, because of certain noises in his room. He glanced at me. "You were right, old dear," he said elegantly, "when you said the place has an unpleasant reputation. I'll tell the world it's unpleasant."

HE HAD got up and gone to the kitchen for something to eat. After that, reluctant to go up to his room again, he had wandered out onto the kitchen porch and sat there. It was then that he heard some one stealthily approaching the house.

He listened, and finally he heard a window of the old gun-room next to the laundry being raised. He stared that way, and insists he saw a dark figure there. The next moment it was gone, and he knew there was some one in the house.

He had apparently turned to enter the house and head off the intruder, but was struck down in the doorway. On the matter of ringing the bell he was rather vague, at first not remembering that he had done so, and later saying he had his hand on the rope when the blow came.

Hayward listened to this intently. Then he turned to me.

"And you were—where, Porter?"

"By the sun-dial. On the other side of it. I had started toward home."

"Do you mean to say that after that bell rang this—this man Gordon speaks of had time to tie him and escape before you got here?"

"I've told you the facts. It isn't a simple matter to get here from the sun-dial in the dark."

I remembered the hot water then, and finding some in the tea kettle carried it up to Mr. Bethel. He showed me more civility this time, inquired after the boy, and even offered his pocket flask, lying on his bedside table. There was a revolver beside it, and he saw me glance at it and smiled grimly.

"What with the sounds inside your house and the things that are happening outside, I think it best to be prepared for anything."

So, in spite of young Gordon's prophecy, he too has been hearing things . . .

In spite of the doctor's attitude and my own fears, I cannot see today that a dispassionate examination of the evidence would really involve me.

Gordon saw a man enter the gun-room window, and was attacked from the kitchen by that man. It must be perfectly evident to Greenough, on hearing the doctor's story, that had I for any reason desired to make some nefarious entrance into the house, I need not have resorted to a window. I have keys to every door and can produce them.

Thomas, however, who seems to have his methods of acquiring information, today tells me a fact which, in my ignorance of such matters, I had not noticed last night. He says that the doctor reports the boy as having been tied in the same manner as poor Carroway; in two half hitches around the wrists, a turn or two about the body and arms, and ending in two half hitches at the ankle.

The rope, it appears, was not brought for the purpose, but had been lying on the top of Annie Cochran's laundry basket in the kitchen when she went home last night . . .

Later, Greenough and Doctor Hayward have driven past, on their way to the main house. I have telephoned to Halliday, and he is on his way here. I may need him.

JULY 28

AFTER all, things passed off yesterday better than I had hoped. The detective concedes that, while in daylight it is a simple matter to reach the main house from the sun-dial, it is not an easy one at night. And I think he was puzzled when I said:

"After all, the real mystery to me is how Doctor Hayward, who says he was passing on the main road in his car, could reach the house so soon after I did."

"He had his car."

"But he didn't drive in. You left it outside the lodge gates, doctor, didn't you?"

"I didn't know just where the bell was ringing."

"But you knew there was such a bell on the main house. Everyone around here knows that. Even at that, you made very good time. I had only had time to light one match and see the boy, when you turned your flashlight on me."

I imagine, and Halliday agrees with me, that whatever course Greenough had in mind when he came, the new element thus introduced caused him to hesitate. And to add to his hesitation, the doctor, from the breezy unctuousness of his entrance, took to twitching and gnawing his finger-tips.

"I don't suppose you are intimating that I knocked the boy down, Porter," he said, "but it sounds like it. As a matter of fact, I didn't even know him; never saw him, to my knowledge, until last night."

"I'm not intimating anything. I'm in a peculiar position; that's all. And you have been considerably more than intimating that I was where I had no business to be last night. I had, you see, exactly as much reason to be there as you had. Rather more, I imagine."

I was, perhaps, a trifle excited, but Heaven knows I had a right to be.

"I know what you have in your mind, Mr. Greenough, and I'm glad to have this chance to lay my cards on the table. Ask my wife why I was on the float the night Carroway was killed in the bay. She'll tell you I was in bed until she roused me and sent me down to the beach. Ask Peter Geiss where I was at the hour when Halliday was attacked; he can tell you. Ask the newspaper reporter who told me, right here, about that culvert under the road where Halliday's car overturned; and ask Halliday himself about our excursion to examine it and my losing my fountain pen there. And then ask yourself if I would open the gun-room window of the main house to make an entrance when I have in this desk a key to every door in the place."

Greenough smiled drily. "That's a pretty strong defense, considering that you haven't been accused," he said. "As a matter of fact, we hadn't found your fountain pen, Mr. Porter. I'm afraid we overlooked something there!"

Since they have gone, I feel, although he has not said so, that Halliday believes I have made a tactical error. And I dare say, in one way, I may have. I have given my defense to the opposition; and not only that, I realize that my list of witnesses is painfully weak—my wife, my niece's lover, and Peter Geiss!

And Peter Geiss, by local repute, is like some others of the weak sisters of the world, to be bought with a price . . .

Nevertheless I feel a great sense of relief. I have at least made a hole in that web of circumstantial evidence which has seemed

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Edith discreetly veiled her interest; but after the ghost had been seen in the lighthouse, she took the car—and Halliday—and went there.

to be closing around me, and sent the detective scurrying back to the center of it again, to spin such new threads as he is able.

JULY 29

Today has been quiet. Those constant reminders of the latest tragedy, the boats dragging the bay, have disappeared,

and once more we see gay little picnic parties, chugging across the water to Robinson's Point or thereabouts, laden with hampers and, I dare say, with flasks.

Edith came down to luncheon in her best pink frock, with a hat to match, and made shameless eyes at me during that meal. The cause of this sudden attention developed (Continued on page 208)

I Have to Know 57 Trades In Order to Run My House

By Helen Davenport Gibbons

“**A**W, SAY! What can you do? You're just a girl!”
A boy, who is not always a bully, says this on the playground some time or other.

“Aw, say! What can you do? You're just a woman!”

A man, who is not always a bully, says this some time or other on the playground we call life.

Jack and Jill travel up-hill carrying their pail—note it is one pail—of problems. Climbing is hard for Jill when Jack says “Aw, say!” Jill, no more articulate as yet on this subject than the little girl to whom the bullying boy flung his earliest taunt, falls into silent seething. Then, like the Mother of Jesus, she ponders these things in her heart. She takes refuge in maternal instinct, sometimes vaguely, and she reflects on spiritual values. She does this because she believes that the greatest thing is keeping sweet all the way to the top of the hill.

To avoid tripping, Jack must recognize home-making as a profession.

Sixteen years of married life have worked out this problem happily for me. But I have had to teach my husband that many trades go into the profession of home-making. Did you ever stop to think how many? In sixteen years I have had to do with the rudiments—I do not claim more than the rudiments—of many, many trades. Most Jills are shy about having this out with the Jacks. Jill knows that Jack takes much for granted.

Home-making is not a recognized profession. I learned that when I was in France. Throughout the war years, if we wanted to travel we had to go to the police for a permit in order to buy a railroad ticket. Many a time while waiting my turn have I observed men filling in applications. Always they had a definite answer to the question: “What is your profession?” When it came to me I answered, I confess with a bit of defiance, “Home-maker.” But the policeman put on the dotted line, “Without.”

This has stuck in my head ever since. It has caused me to look sharply at my own life.

If Herbert Gibbons, hearing me say I am a Jill of all trades, should look at me, saying, “Now Helen,” I'd squirm and I'd cut down quite a bit on the word “all.” But after reducing it to fifty-seven, *I would not budge!*

Take a woman's home-keeping job to pieces, follow her through a week of days with a moving picture camera, and then some night run the film off slowly with a note-book and pencil beside you. And you will see your Jill is a human flea.

We women don't know these trades, but we are expected to know them.

Even the modern lover, like the boy in the nursery rhyme, sings, “Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine?” And goes on to tell his girl that all she has to do is to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam. He assures her that she will be fed on strawberries and cream.

But tomorrow he expects her to become an executive, a sort of combination glorified secretary, Japanese valet, caterer, and efficiency expert who can command herself or others.

Mr. Y. B. Obvious will understand if I do not linger over certain trades. He will admit that his wife is a purchasing agent, a housekeeper, a nurse and an amateur diagnostician. Twice a year he is uncomfortable when for a time she becomes a dress-maker, and he would growl if she were not a cook, a caterer and a baker. Spring and fall he doesn't mind her being a gardener. The little old home factory has to have an overseer. And after a week-end quite likely his wife is a laundress. When he has made a little extra money he expects her to be an interior decorator and be pleased about it.

He is not surprised when he sees in her a recreation expert or school-teacher. If cases of misery are brought to the family's attention, he wants his wife to understand something about social service. Perhaps he has seen her leave the house on a

sudden call when a neighbor in a hurry needs a midwife. When the paint on the bookcases is dry, it is not unreasonable for his wife to be a librarian. He counts on her occasionally to be the family banker as well as bookkeeper, and every day he sees her as a waitress.

So, Mr. Y. B. Obvious, we will not linger over twenty of the trades!

In running my home I add to the twenty another thirty-seven.

In November Herbert Gibbons is always away lecturing. Therefore I know how to take down the screen doors. I am unable to pound a nail straight but can make good time opening a packing case. With a hammer and long thin nails I have taken the squeak out of a staircase. I have screened off an alcove in the cellar with chicken wire so that the children's pigeons had a reasonably warm place to spend the winter. I have picked a lock with my son's penknife and a hairpin. I don't know whether this makes me an amateur locksmith or a poor burglar.

A tank begins leaking. The flood menace is alarming. A thin trickle darkens the bathroom floor. I tinker. If I hold the ball down the bowl quits overflowing. Fingering around under water I discover a hole in a lever down below and a ring soldered to the ball. My mind gallops while my hand soaks. The next minute I have clamped a safety-pin hyphen between the two holes. I stop the leaking. Maybe I wasn't a plumber?

The French word for filling a tooth is *plomber*. It sounds like plumber. I suppose both plumbers and dentists use lead.

Most daddies have seen mothers knot a bit of dental floss around a tiny loose tooth in the mouth of a six-year-old. We have a tooth fairy in our house who has helped me mightily when I have had to be an amateur dentist, for she can turn a tooth into a dime overnight.

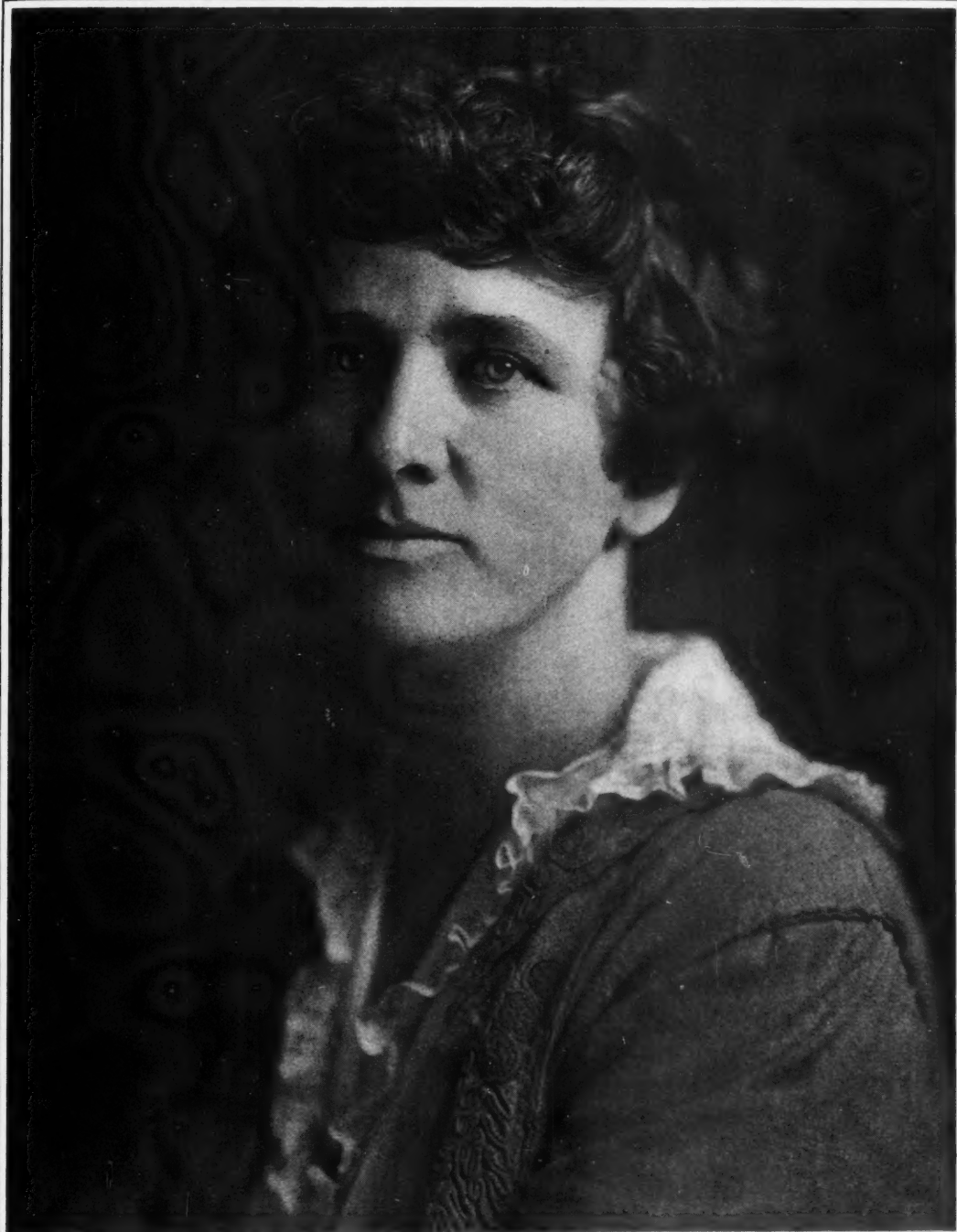
THE children feel about hair as they do about teeth. They would rather have mother fix it than some man. The smartest barber in our town was disagreeable to one of my little girls, and we walked out of the shop. On the way home we stopped at the hardware store and bought a pair of scissors with a little finger rest on one of its curves, and since then I have been a barber. Really I tinkered with that trade long ago in Turkey before I had any children. The barbers in Turkey were unspeakable, so the year we spent in the interior of Asia Minor I was my husband's barber.

Years after I learned to give Herbert a hair-cut—when I was forty, to be exact—he came to me with a little box of compact powder as a gift. It wasn't pale rose-pink either. He observed, “If we can get a girlish glow in your cheeks for fifty cents, let's have it.” I took the hint. It was time to learn a few tricks I had never needed before.

And I wasn't stingy with my newly acquired skill either, for this incident made me more observant of my three daughters' looks. I don't mean that I taught them to rouge at their tender age, but if a youngster has dandruff, it's his mother fault, isn't it? I have worked out the best way to do a shampoo without getting soap in pretty eyes; and with six heads to take care of, including our two selves of course, I do a fairly brisk business. I spend a fraction of each day training the young ones to care for their finger-nails. All of which makes me feel safe in claiming to be a beauty specialist.

Every child ought to have a dog. But having dogs about isn't all play, and in order to make our pets decent citizens of the republic, the hand of the law had to be mine. And so I could have a good deal to say to a dog trainer.

Where's the Jill who does not know how to clean and press her husband's trousers in a hurry? And spots—oh, dear me! It is



H. Helen Davenport Gibbons, who maintains
that home-making is as complicated as business.

touching the way Herbert thinks I can make a new seat for an "otherwise perfectly good pair of trousers," even when I have at hand no material beyond my own imagination. The first time I balked he told me his mother could do it. Of course that made me get busy. Then she came for a little visit. I talked trousers with her—like Hashimura Togo, "asking to know." She sternly reproved her boy and promptly gave me the name of a new trade—tailor.

But the needle is not my only tool. A water heater, a grandfather clock, an electric toaster, a grill, a percolator, an iron, a washing-machine, a mangle, a furnace—all these mean up-keep. Just tinkering—it doesn't amount to much in itself—but I sometimes think my middle name is machinist.

Perhaps that is why my nose does not mind the smell of turpentine. But what can a poor woman do when advertisements scream at her that paint is like insurance for woodwork! That paint can make a job lot of furniture look as pretty as any bedroom set arranged by the best of window trimmers! Add to this the honest fact that I love to paint.

There is one trade I could count if I wanted to—chauffeur. But I have dodged it. Occasionally Herbert says to me, "I'll buy the family a car, my dear, if you will learn to run it." So thrilled was I—at first—that I was blind to the fact that I was getting another job wished on me.

Luckily I slept over the car proposition. With Herb in his office all day, the chauffeur job (Continued on page 136)



C Hazel had captured Montague Puttee, our host, and director of the film my lovely roommate was then adorning.

By H. C. Witwer
He Who Laughs

NOT

Illustrations by

YOUR hero should be tall!" According to one of the beautifully bound volumes I got for an April Fool's Day present, the above bald statement was made by Charles Churchill, not a casting director as you might suspect, but an Englishman convicted of poetry some two hundred years ago. Charley pushed a pungent pen and threw a cruel poem, but really his recipe for heroes is all damp!

Gameness knows no size, as David convinced Goliath, and many a heart of oak pitty-pats in an undersized bosom. For instance, a grapefruit is far bigger than a burr, yet while the burr will stick forever, the grapefruit is—ah—yellow. There are no bulging biceps, walking-beam shoulders or barrel-chest on the soul and that's where courage comes from, regardless of whether its owner is a giant or a four-letter word meaning midget.

I've often heard that moral courage is far superior stuff to the physical brand—that an invincible will is a more spectacular weapon than an invincible fist. Well, lads and lassies, I want to say to you this afternoon that I've seen both in action, and honestly I can't make up my mind which gave me the biggest kick. So let me introduce Ben Warren and Pee Wee Yoakum, both nice boys and good to their mothers—a tall hero and a short one. No matter which you prefer, you can't go wrong!

Of course you remember me, even if I'm not Mr. or even Mrs. Addison Sims of Seattle, but Miss Gladys Murgatroyd of Manhattan. When not otherwise engaged, I operate a telephone switchboard at the Hotel St. Moe there—drop in some time and I'll split a number with you.

On the principle that all work and no play makes Jacqueline a dull girl, I witnessed Sunny California recently with some confederates of mine, i. e., Hazel Killian, Jerry Murphy, Pete Kift and Ben Warren. As long as introductions are in order, you might as well meet them—eventually, why not now? Really, they're all nice people, harmless and great entertainers if you laugh easy.

Since Hazel ceased wearing a bib she's been just a girl that men forget; that is, they forget all their other obligations for Hazel—but it takes a lot of jack to interest that Jill!

Jerry and Pete were cast at birth to be just a couple of "enter with others"—a pair of extras in the super-production, "Life." They both took a run out on the St. Moe about the same time I did and were now acting as house detective and bell captain at the Hotel Egram, the costliest inn in costly Los Angeles.

The handsome, husky Ben Warren was my childhood sweetie, as poor as Job and as ambitious as Napoleon. I took him out of college, which he couldn't afford, to make him a success, and he turned to the prize ring as the swiftest way to fame and fortune for a youth with that schoolboy complexion and the chin they love to touch.

Well, one day we all went for some surf bathing, tea and other creature comforts at the exclusive Santa

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Who Believes That Last Lives Longest

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Monica Shore Club. Our host was Montague Puttee, director of the film the lovely Hazel was then adorning. All the big movie stars, directors, producers, oil millionaires and real estate rajahs belong to the Shore Club, and honestly the wire-fenced beach of the eternally sunny afternoon is simply cluttered with beauty and billions. It's one of the important stops of the sightseeing buses where the noisy delegations from the corn belt gaze in awe through the network of fencing, gnaw excitedly at their hot dogs and exclaim, "Look, ma—there's Olive Oatmeal, the cereal star!" and, "Why, Egbert Stacomb ain't *near* as pretty off the screen, is he?"

On this eventful afternoon the beauteous Hazel, in a one-piece creation that ruined her already sold director, elected to sit on the sand and get Sunkist and mistaken for Mae Murray. However, I went down to the sea to give the fishes some tips on swimming, so while Ben Warren was phoning Jimmy Clinch, his manager, from the club-house, I hauled off and plunged into the boiling waves, striking out for the float. A brisk wind had chilled the ordinarily warm Pacific till honestly it was as cold as a mother-in-law's embrace, and that fact kept about all but the kiddies ashore. By the time I gaspingly pulled myself on top of the deserted float I was shivering like palsy itself.

I HUDDLED myself together and hugged my shaking knees, idly watching the booming surf break along the rocky shore-line, with its background of majestic palisades and the bluest sky I ever viewed. I thought of the giant sign that greets the hungry eye of the tourist along one of the ballroom-floor auto roads into Los Angeles:

WELCOME TO LOS ANGELES
OPPORTUNITY OUR ONLY KNOCKER!

Really, California *is* beautiful, regardless of hard-boiled Gotham's scorn of the great open spaces where men are real estate agents.

My roving eye finally picked out Ben waving frantically to me from the beach and as I lazily waved back he ran down the sand and tumbled into the ocean, swimming swiftly for the float. I watched him affectionately, wishing he had a million, and I was still day-dreaming when a yell from somewhere around me in the deep blue sea started one of the most thrilling half-hours I've put in since the day I parted with my appendix.

About fifty yards from me in the general direction of China a man was drowning!

Honestly, what I'd have done if I'd stopped to think I don't know, but in half a minute I'd come up from a hasty dive and was doing a nifty crawl through the briny. It didn't take me long to reach the unfortunate swimmer, but rescuing him was a horse from another stable.

The cold water had taken a lot out of me and as weak as a drunkard's alibi I was plenty busy trying to keep afloat myself. Really, as a life-saver I was a



Being as homeless as a roulette ball,
Pee Wee Yoakum attached himself to
Ben and me like a yes-man to a success.

first-class telephone operator! However, I grabbed the slack of the gentleman's bathing suit to hold him up, but that move only sent us both under together, choking and struggling. Not so good! Fortunately, my tête-à-tête besides having cramps was also a little fellow, or we'd both have gone to the bottom like a couple of anvils.

When our heads broke above water he turned his small white face to me and with a cool, grim courage that thrilled me, he chattered through cold-purpled lips: "Lemme go and save yourself, kid—thanks just the same!"

And with a sudden jerk he tore my arm from him and sank! Don't you love that?

"Steady, dear!" comes a deep, familiar voice and there's a firm grip on my bare shoulder. It was Ben Warren, of course. A few feet away a head bobbed up on the crest of a wave.

I pushed Ben off. "Save him—quick!" I panted. "I can float now and fake it till I get my wind!"

As I rolled on my back with the swell and fought for my breath, Benny's muscular hands closed on the heroic little fellow's thrashing arms.

So that was that!

BACK on the float, we'd each had all the swimming we could handle for the time being so we waited for the mock life-guard to come out and row us ashore. This ocean-going sheik was annoyed at being disturbed from his beach-posing before the movie cuties and took his time. The little man we'd snatched from a watery grave had amazing vitality and quickly recovered. He proved to be Pee Wee Yoakum and an exceedingly interesting character to me, for courage is one of my hobbies. Pee Wee was pathetically grateful to Ben for saving him from Eugene O'Neill's "ole devil sea," and as for me, well, he told the grinning Ben, "I learned about swimmin' from her!"

Honestly, the reception we got on the beach and the publicity I won in the ensuing newspaper spreads about Ben made the spot-light loving Hazel fit to be tied. But from her director friend, Montague Puttee, we got a large segment of Pee Wee's colorful history in a private room of the Shore Club that day, while being revived with some very potent—oh, let's call it tea.

It seems Pee Wee had once been a bantamweight pugilist of no little importance, but his fame rested on his ability to take cruel and unusual punishment rather than on his skill as a boxer. Mr. Puttee declared that Pee Wee, who had fought all the top-notchers in his class, was as game as a punching-bag and that let him out. He now lived from hand to mouth as a trainer, a second, an occasional "type" in the films, an errand boy for sporting men, gamblers and what not. On Sundays, Pee Wee, an incurable baseball addict, umpired at semi-professional games and he was swelled up like the Shenandoah over that last portfolio. Known far and wide for his knowledge of the national sport, his honesty and fair decisions, he was really in heavy demand behind the plate. As an ump, Pee Wee knew his groceries and his courage in calling close plays one way or the other without fear or favor was likewise no small asset.

Well, being as homeless as a roulette ball, Pee Wee Yoakum attached himself to Ben like a yes-man to a success and his attentions also extended to me and Hazel. No kidding, getting rid of him was a feat on a par with getting rid of asthma; he was messenger, guide, bundle-carrier, entertainer and counselor. I shared Ben's interest in the little fellow while Jerry Murphy and Pete Kift welcomed him as one of their own, but Hazel regarded Pee Wee as poison.

My comely girl friend, featured for the first time in a film through her natural ability—and an infatuated director—was heaving a heavy Ritz in Los Angeles and wanted nothing in the Pee Wee Yoakum line as part of her retinue.

"I wish you'd give that little clown the air and get a police dog or something!" she says peevishly one day, when I was out watching her troupe at the studio. "I can't afford to be seen playing around with a raucous character like that any more. Think of my reputation!"

"I often do," I says calmly. "But I've never let it bust up our friendship!"

"Creeping mackerel!" explodes Hazel. "That's a pay-off! What do you mean by that crack?"

"Oh—nothing!" I says irritably. "Only be yourself and don't try to high hat me just because you have a couple of spoken titles in Montague Puttee's latest insult to the adult intelligence. I knew you when you thought Famous Players was Sousa's Band!"

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" says Hazel.

"Quit pushing my friends around and I won't be catty!" I says. "Most of your private playmates are fearful Patsies to me, really, yet I give them a sweet smile when you introduce me. I look for the same consideration from you."

"Hotsy totsy!" says Hazel. "Well, you don't have to deliberately scour the world for a collection of nature's errors. Take this Pee Wee, for instance—you even leaped in the ocean for that little cartoon!"

Before I could unbuckle a crushing reply, Pee Wee himself stepped from behind one of the electricians, armed with a bucket of steaming Java and a flock of sandwiches for the hungry extras. Sending Pee Wee for this was like sending a rabbit for a leaf of cabbage. He put the coffee down on a bench and with great care selected a club sandwich for me and one for himself, ignoring Hazel, who loves to eat.

"My, that smells good!" she says. "How about a copy for me?"

"Try and get it!" snaps Pee Wee. "I just got a load of them raps you been slippin' me and I ain't puttin' nothin' out! Where do you think you rate any favors, anyway?"

"Well, for weeping in public!" begins Hazel. "I—"

"So you think I'm a mug because I'm little, hey?" goes on Pee Wee. "Well, history might of been wrote by big guys, but it was made by little ones, get me? Bein' little didn't stop David, Napoleon, Chaplin, Coolidge, Foch, Lloyd George—"

"Jackie Coogan, Boy Blue, Jack Horner and Humpty Dumpty!" butts in Hazel sarcastically. "Get rosie with me, you undersized dwarf, and I'll make this lot out of bounds for you. I'm going to report you to the studio manager."

"That's Jake with me!" says Pee Wee. "If that big banana speaks out of turn I'll report him to my pal Abe Goldfish, the producer, which happens to be his boss. I'll tell Abe I got streeeted because I'm little. That'll sound tasty to him—Abe could put on a high hat and walk tiptoe under a worm!"

"If you—" starts the highly steamed Hazel.

"As you get older, you'll find that them swivel-chairs in executive offices is wore out by little guys swingin' around in 'em to give big guys orders, good-lookin'!" Pee Wee shuts her off. "Now be still, or papa spank! Here's your sandwich—I got a weakness for women."

After that, Hazel called him So Big, for no reason whatsoever.

The following Sunday, having nothing to do and all day to do it in, we succumbed to Pee Wee's wiles and went to see him umpire a ball game. Our midget friend assured us we'd see plenty excitement and get thrilled to the core. I'll tell whoever's listening that he made good!

THE gladiators represented Los Angeles and San Bernardino, or San Berdoo as it's called by those too lazy to mutter its full title, and this game had aroused unusual interest and bitterness. Pee Wee was called upon to decide innumerable close plays, and really the crowd howled for his life at each hairbreadth decision, one side or the other enraged at his ruling. Equally unmoved by threats or applause, Pee Wee pluckily called the plays as he saw them. Regardless of what niche his size limited him to in every-day life, he was absolute monarch of all he surveyed as he strutted his stuff on that baseball field. No fooling, as a tyrant he'd have made Nero seem soft-hearted and easily swayed! A cold jerk of Pee Wee's thumb over his shoulder, a snarling "Yer out!" and the victim's doom was sealed. Honestly, it was funny to watch these burly six-foot ball-players, most of 'em as tough as a life sentence, quail before this merciless manikin.

When the ninth inning arrived, the score was five to four in favor of the visiting team and the frenzied customers implored the home athletes to run amuck and win. This inspired the first Los Angeles batter to ground out and the next man fanned to the accompaniment of some screaming remarks from the crowd that he'll never recall with pleasure. With two out and a hit needed like a whale needs an ocean, Whitey Nolan, a gigantic ex-big leaguer, strode up to bat. More than any other player, Whitey had been riding Pee Wee all day and now he glared at him.

"You wanna keep your glims open this time, gnat!" snarls Whitey, hefting his bat. "You call any phony ones on me and I'll bear down on you!"

"Cuddle up to that plate, big boy!" returns Pee Wee calmly. "Don't get recent with me or I'll chase you to the showers!"

"Apple sauce!" sneers Whitey—and a ball whizzes past him. "Stuh-rike one!" bawls Pee Wee.

"You dizzy little bum, it was over my head!" yells Whitey.

"That makes you a Elk!" grins Pee Wee. "So you used to bound around with the Red Sox, hey? Well, all you showed me this afternoon is that you got warts!"

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C "So you think I'm a mug because I'm little, hey?" says Pee Wee to Hazel. "Well, history might of been wrote by big guys, but it was made by little ones, get me?"

"I'll——" howls Whitey, and ducks as a ball shaves his chin. "Buh-all one!" says Pee Wee.

"The trouble with you is that you stopped so many when you was in the box fightin' racket that you're somewhat cuckoo!" sneers Whitey, never making a move to hit a ball that cut the plate beautifully.

"Stuh-riike tuh!" announces Pee Wee. "Why don't you take that bat off your shoulder? You look like a sentry!"

Two strikes and a ball on the boiling Whitey, last half of the ninth, two out and his team a run behind. The bleachers had suffered an attack of bedlam giving him the bird. Soufully cursing Pee Wee, Whitey grimly gripped his bat and waited. The opposing pitcher hitched up his pants, took a long wind-up and let go. Not a flicker of a muscle from Whitey and the ball socked into the catcher's glove with a report like a gun.

"Stuh-riike three!" proclaims Pee Wee, tearing off his mask. "That's all for this afternoon!"

Then the jollity started!

We were swept along by the crowd pouring out of the stands on a bee-line for their parked autos, and as the winning San Berdoo players ran in from the field, Whitey threw his bat savagely in the air and leaped for Pee Wee Yoakum.

Pee Wee stood his ground bravely, but with his face working with rage, Whitey swung his huge fist through the air and it landed with a sickening smash full in the little umpire's profile. Poor Pee Wee went down as if shot through the heart and this big coward Whitey laughed.

Hazel screamed and Pete Kift ran for Whitey's discarded bat with a weird oath but Ben Warren was at Whitey's shoulders with a rush that bowled the quickly gathering onlookers right and left.

"You big hound!" pants Ben. "Put your hands up—you're due for some grief!"

"You better not choose me, sucker!" snarls Whitey. "I made better guys than you like it!"

"Knock him off, Whitey!" yells somebody.

Really, that was most unfortunate advice! Whitey let fly viciously at Ben, but Ben wasn't there. The next instant Mr. Whitey crashed down beside Pee Wee, who was just sitting up, his little face a terrible, bloody sight. I got a glimpse of Ben blowing on his skinned knuckles and then somebody took a punch at the innocent bystander, Jerry Murphy. Jerry promptly walloped the nearest man to him and for no good reason Pete Kift stood on Whitey's motionless carcass to heave a pop bottle at another.

The ball-players joyously joined in the merry-making and in a few minutes the panic was on!

In the ensuing free-for-all, all our party managed to escape, un-park our car and rush Pee Wee to a doctor, although he protested strenuously that this was carrying matters to extremes.

"All I need is a good stiff jolt of honest-to-Hoboken hooch and I'll go back and take a decision over that big tramp Whitey," declared the ball-player's prey through his battered lips. "Everything I do, I do just a little bit better with a jolt in me!"

A broad-minded doctor agreed with Pee Wee—and then proceeded to set his broken nose and dislocated jaw. Not a whimper out of Pee Wee while this painful operation was going on, though Hazel fainted dead away and I got fearfully nauseated. Really, I could have cheerfully killed that brute Whitey and all the way home the ordinarily icicle-hearted Hazel held Pee Wee's head in her lap, much to her former enemy's amused pleasure. We wanted Pee Wee to have Whitey arrested for assault and battery that night, but our little friend refused.

"I'll get that tomato in my own sweet way!" says Pee Wee.

Well, as they say in the movies, "Came the dawn!" and with it Jimmy Clinch, Ben's manager, who brought some interesting news. It seems Whitey Nolan was a brother of Knock-out Nolan, a heavyweight boxer of national reputation. According to Mons. Clinch, Nolan had remained in a vertical position for ten rounds with the world's champion and some years before he had killed an opponent in the ring. Seeking revenge for the beating Ben had given his brother, Knock-out Nolan, through the newspapers, challenged Benjamin to fight him at one of the Los Angeles clubs, all of which had begun frantic bidding for the bout.

This information frankly delighted my heavy boy friend, who hadn't fought in weeks and craved action, but it seemed to leave his manager cold.

"If I rate you along carefully, we got a world's title and a million starin' us right in the pan!" says Jimmy Clinch. "But you ain't got experience enough yet to cope with Knock-out Nolan. He's a tough boy, Ben, and he knows too much for you right now. That 'Kayo' in front of his name means somethin', and should he stop you, we'll be through in this burg!"

"And if I crawl out of a fight with him now I'll be through here anyways," argues Ben. "I'll never improve by boxing push-overs. Get me Nolan—I'm rarin' to go!"

"Hot dam!" yells Pee Wee, capering around. "Let's box!"

"I want to be in Ben's corner!" cries Pete Kift. "Alley oop!" and he makes a wicked pass at Jerry Murphy, the other clown.

"But Jimmy Clinch says Knock-out Nolan killed another boxer!" I broke in fearfully. "Why, he must be a tiger in the ring!"

"Blaah!" says Pee Wee. "Bumpin' that boy off took a lot out of Nolan. It takes a long time to forget that one of your punches stopped the other guy's weak heart and that feelin's a handicap every time you go in there!"

"Why, how do you know, So Big?" asks Hazel. "Did you ever kill anybody when you were fighting?"

"I had a couple of referees die laughin' at me," Pee Wee grins.

Well, within the week newspaper stories of how Ben knocked out Nolan's brother at the ball game, Nolan's reputation as a killer and Ben's colorful history as an ex-college football star had built up the proposed bout to such an extent that a record-breaking crowd was assured. The fight was what the promoters call a "natural." Ben was offered a big guarantee, with the option of an equally appetizing percentage of the gate, and as both he and his manager were extremely fluent with currency, Jimmy Clinch gave in and accepted the bout.

In spite of the fact that they smoked up this brawl in their columns, the sport writers privately gave Benny little chance against Nolan. Hazel said her director friend, Montague Puttee, told her Whitey's brother would positively slap Ben stiff in a

couple of rounds. Even the faithful Pee Wee Yoakum looked worried to me, though he made a great show of confidence in Ben's ability to win. Alarmed by these and various other indications that my Benjamin had bitten off more than he could masticate, I begged him not to go through with the bout, but he insisted, expressing a quiet belief that with five-ounce gloves he was a better man than Nolan or Gunga Din either.

Failing to move him or to get Pee Wee Yoakum to talk him out of the fight, I at least made what I thought were arrangements to save Benjamin's handsome face from being ruined for all time by Knock-out Nolan. I won a promise from Pee Wee, who was to be Ben's chief second, that he'd throw in the sponge if Ben was getting beaten too badly and thus stop the bout.

Speaking of avocados, the day of this quarrel was a fearful one for me, honestly! I hardly closed my eyes the night before, jumping out of bed at five A. M. when a brief cat-nap turned into a horrid dream of Knock-out Nolan beating Ben over the head with the ring posts. Really, I simply couldn't touch food all day and I

know I worried off a good five pounds. Newspaper odds quoting Nolan an eleven to five favorite, printed alongside of his impressive knock-out record, didn't help my peace of mind a bit, either. However, I joined the loyal Hazel, Pete, Jerry and Pee Wee in betting till it hurt that Ben would deliver.

The endless procession of autos, moving twenty oaths and one foot at a time to the scene of hostilities at Vernon that night, stopped all other traffic. It took us nearly two hours to make an ordinarily half-hour trip to the club and some of the bitterly cursing fans never got there at all. Outside the abattoir, weary coppers fought with a surging mass of howling humanity that wanted to see Nolan or Ben battered into unconsciousness and was willing to suffer the same fate itself in trying to get inside. The only difference between that blood-hungry mob and the mobs that cheered Nero tossing the martyrs to the lions was simply a matter of costume.

We struggled, pushed, threatened, pleaded and bribed our way to our ringside seats, arriving there breathless and badly mussed up just as Ben and his handlers entered the ring. As he stood smiling cheerfully under the blinding cluster of lights over the canvas and waved his bandaged hands to the closely packed thousands, Ben got a great reception. My red-blooded sex was well represented—really, the he-men have nothing on the she-women at boxing contests any more.

"It's a shame to put that handsome boy in there with that brute Nolan!" exclaimed a pretty flapper at my left.

"Meow!" returned her bull-necked, homely escort. "His pan will be a baby-scarer when Nolan gets through with it. Them milk-fed cake eaters can't take it!"

"That's what you think!" I butted in warmly. "Ben won't have to take it—he'll whip Nolan with ease!"

"Him and which regiment of marines?" sneers this fellow.

A roar from the crowd interrupted this debate as Knock-out Nolan and his merry men climbed (Continued on page 160)



I was day-dreaming when I heard a yell from somewhere in the deep blue sea.

I Didn't *Appreciate* My WIFE Until *I Left Her*

By
ARTHUR
HOWLAND

I SIT here in our cozy dining-room. Through the open door comes the gleam of the tiny lights with their reflectors on the Christmas Tree in the parlor. Golden-haired, five-year-old John plays with his Christmas toys on the floor. Big, ten-year-old Orville entertains some friends with tales of new adventures with his Christmas skates. Beautiful Beatrice is busy in her white kitchen getting the supper to which I shall soon be called.

And I wonder if it is some bad dream that less than six months ago I stormed out of this house vowing that I should never return, and that for four months I stayed away except for occasional visits to see the boys and to find that my wife, with whom I thought I could not live, was a charming little friend to visit.

There is a curious lack of shame and guilt about the whole adventure. There is a lot of sadness and regret. But it had to happen.

I remember that the great Wells, telling the story of "Men Like Gods," goes into homely details as he narrates how the newspaper man who took the great adventure found his boys constantly getting in his way, sitting down in precisely the chair he had picked out to drop into, taking up the exact section of the Sunday paper he had stretched out his hand for, interfering with his rest, his reading, his planning, even his recreation; how the whole house suddenly came to mean nothing to him—and how he fled, in his yellow car, to be swept up into another world where men were indeed like gods.

I tell the story because I know that nine men out of every ten, perhaps ninety-nine out of every hundred, come to days when they want to do just that—fly away from it all. Most of them fight down the impulse, and stay put—often with incalculable loss of nerve and mind energy, and often to the havoc of the peace and welfare of the household.

Some readers will say that this story ought not to be told; that it will encourage other men to do as I did, since no apparent disaster befell us. But I think facts are seldom dangerous. And these are the facts in our case.

The main point of issue between Beatrice and me seemed to be the relation that a man's home ought to have to his work. I (Continued on page 202)



Photograph by Campbell Studio

Arthur Howland

The Code of a Gentleman

I ARRIVED in Seoul towards evening and after dinner, tired by the long railway journey from Peking, to stretch my cramped legs I went for a walk. I wandered at random along a narrow and busy street. The Koreans in their long white gowns and their little white top-hats were amusing to look at and the open shops displayed wares that intrigued my foreign eyes. Presently I came to a second-hand bookseller's and, catching sight of shelves filled with English books, I went in to have a look at them.

I glanced at the titles and my heart sank. They were commentaries on the Old Testament, treatises on the Epistles of St. Paul, sermons and lives of divines. I supposed that this was the library of some missionary whom death had claimed in the midst of his labors.

The Japanese are astute, but I wondered who in Seoul would be found to buy a work in three volumes on the Epistle to the Corinthians. But as I was turning away, between volume two and volume three of this treatise I noticed a little book bound in paper. I do not know what induced me to take it out. It was called "The Complete Poker Player" and its cover was illustrated with a hand holding four aces. I looked at the title-page. The author was Mr. John Blackbridge, actuary and counselor-at-law, and the preface was dated 1879.

I wondered how this book happened to be among the books of a deceased missionary and I looked in one or two to see if I could find his name. Perhaps it was there only by accident. It may be that it was the entire library of a stranded gambler and had found its way to those shelves when his effects were sold to pay his hotel bill; but I preferred to think that it was indeed the property of the missionary, and that when he was weary of reading divinity he rested his mind by the perusal of these lively pages.

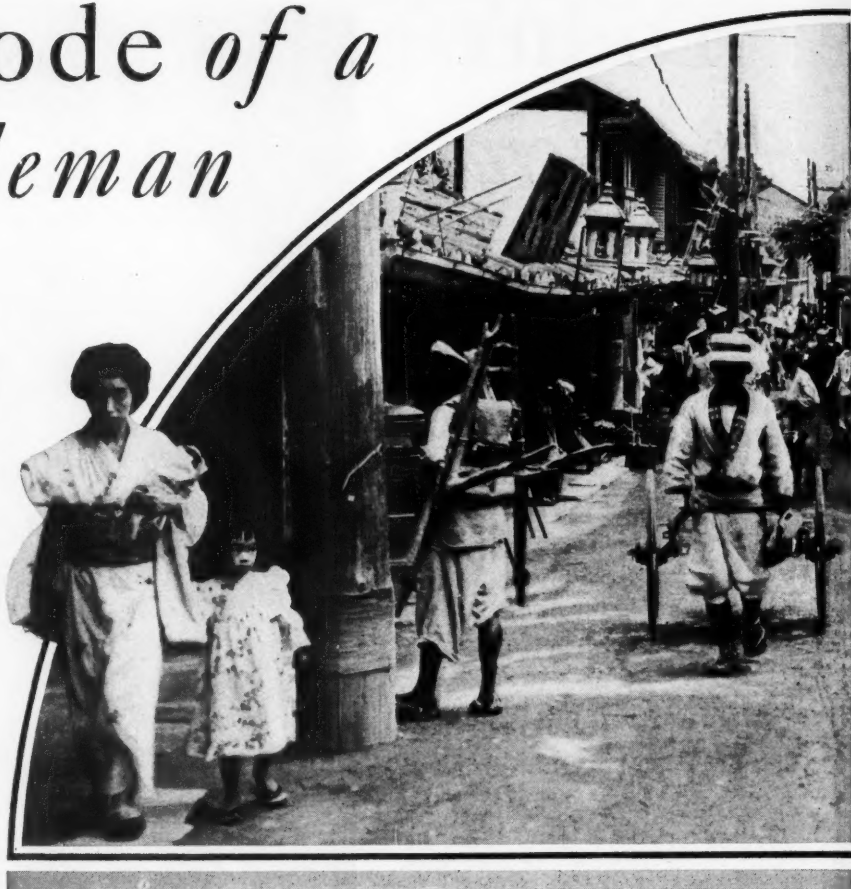
But the owner of the shop was looking at me with disfavor so I turned to him and asked the price of the book. He gave it a contemptuous glance and told me I could have it for twenty sen.

I do not remember that for so small a sum I have ever purchased better entertainment. For Mr. John Blackbridge in these pages of his did a thing which no writer can do who deliberately tries to, but which, if done unconsciously, gives a book a rare and precious savor: he painted a complete portrait of himself.

I see him very distinctly as a man of middle age in a black frock coat and a chimney-pot hat, wearing a black satin stock; he is clean-shaven and his jaw is square; his lips are thin and his eyes are wary; his face is sallow and somewhat wrinkled. It is a countenance not without severity, but when he tells one of his stories or makes one of his dry jokes, his eyes light up and his smile is winning.

He enjoyed his bottle of Burgundy, but I cannot believe that he ever drank enough to confuse his excellent faculties. He was just rather than merciful at the card-table and he was prepared to punish presumption with rigor.

He had few illusions, for here are a few of the things that life had taught him: "Men hate those whom they have injured; men love those whom they have benefited; men naturally avoid their benefactors; men are universally actuated by self-interest; gratitude is a lively sense of expected benefits; promises are never



©Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway

It was in this street in Seoul, Korea, that

forgotten by those to whom they are made, usually by those who make them."

It may be presumed that he was a Southerner, for while speaking of jack-pots, which he describes as a frivolous attempt to make the game more interesting, he remarks that they are not popular in the South. "This last fact," he says, "contains much promise, because the South is the conservative portion of the country, and may be relied on as the last resort of good sense in social matters. The revolutionary Kossuth made no progress below Richmond; neither spiritualism nor free love nor communism has ever been received with the least favor by the Southern mind; and it is for this reason that we greatly respect the Southern verdict upon the jack-pot."

It was in his day an innovation and he condemned it. "The time has arrived when all additions to the present standard combinations in draw-poker must be worthless; the game being complete." The jack-pot, he says, "was invented in Toledo, Ohio, by reckless players to compensate losses incurred by playing against cautious players; and the principle is the same as if a party should play whist for stakes, and all be obliged every few minutes to stop and purchase tickets in a lottery, or raffle."

POKER is a game for gentlemen—he does not hesitate to make frequent use of this abused word; he lived in a day when to be a gentleman had its obligations but also its privileges—and a straight flush is to be respected, not because you make money on it ("I have never seen anyone make much money upon a straight flush," he says) but "because it prevents any hand from being absolutely the winning hand, and thus relieves gentlemen from the necessity of betting on a certainty. Without the use of straights, and hence without the use of a straight flush, four aces would be a certainty, and no gentleman could do more than call on them."

This, I confess, catches me on the raw, for once in my life I had a straight flush, and I bet on it till I was called.

Mr. John Blackbridge had a sense of personal dignity, rectitude, humor and common sense. "The amusements of mankind," he says, "have not as yet received proper recognition at the hands of

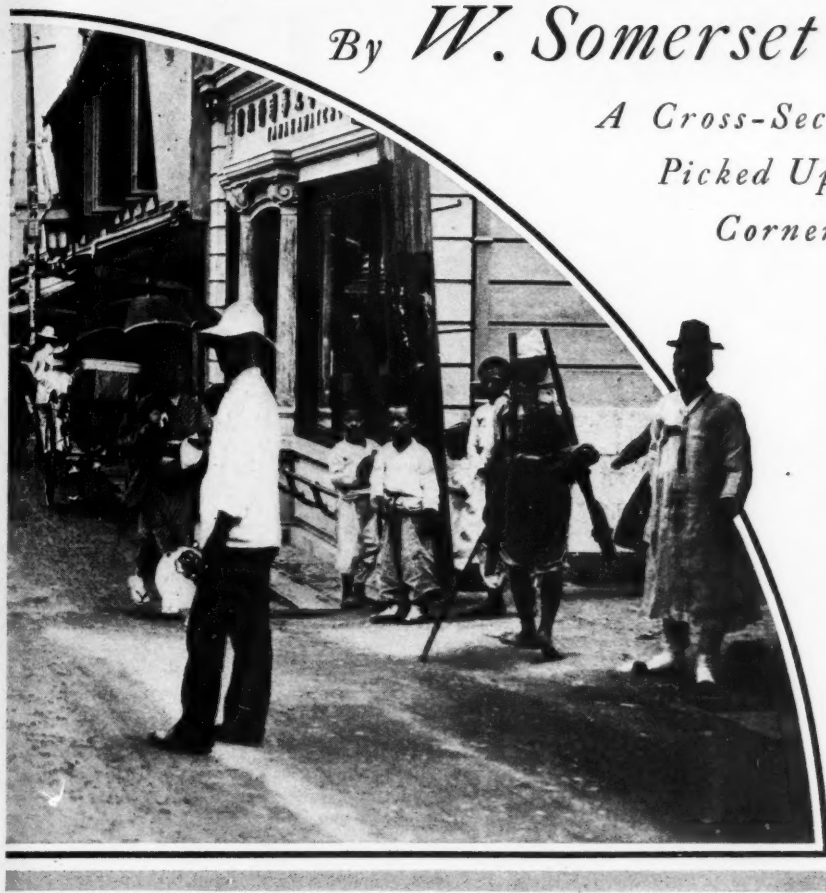
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By *W. Somerset Maugham*

*A Cross-Section of Life
Picked Up in An Odd
Corner of Korea*



Mr. Maugham found the book on which he bases this true story.

the makers of the civil law, and of the unwritten social law," and he had no patience with the persons who condemn the most agreeable pastime that has been invented, namely gambling, because risk is attached to it.

Every transaction in life is a risk, he truly observes, and involves the question of loss and gain. "To retire to rest at night is a practise that is fortified by countless precedents, and it is generally regarded as prudent and necessary. Yet it is surrounded by risks of every kind." He enumerates them and finally sums up his argument: "If social circles welcome the banker and merchant who live by taking fair risks for the sake of profit, there is no apparent reason why they should not at least tolerate the man who at times employs himself in giving and taking fair risks for the sake of amusement."

BUT here his good sense is obvious. "Twenty years of experience in the city of New York, both professionally [you must not forget that he is an actuary and counselor-at-law] and as a student of social life, satisfy me that the average American gentleman in a large city has not over three thousand dollars a year to spend upon amusements. Will it be fair to devote more than one-third of this fund to cards? I do not think that anyone will say that one-third is not ample allowance for a single amusement. Given, therefore, a thousand dollars a year for the purpose of playing draw poker, what should be the limit of the stakes, in order that the average American gentleman may play the game with a contented mind, and with the certainty not only that he can pay his losses, but that his winnings will be paid to him?"

Mr. Blackbridge has no doubt that the answer is two dollars and a half. "The game of poker should be intellectual and not emotional; and it is impossible to exclude the emotions from it if the stakes are so high that the question of loss and gain penetrates to the feelings."

It may be seen that Mr. Blackbridge looked upon poker as only on the side a game of chance. To his mind it needs as much force of character, mental ability, power of decision and insight into motive to play poker as to govern a country or lead an army

enliven the margins of the highway.

"Lost money is never recovered. After losing you may win, but the losing does not bring the winning.

"No gentleman will ever play any game of cards with the design of habitually winning and never losing.

"A gentleman is always willing to pay a fair price for recreation and amusement.

"... that habit of mind which continually leads us to undervalue the mental force of other men, while we continually overvalue their good luck.

"Players usually straddle when they are in bad luck, upon the principle that bad play and bad luck united will win. A slight degree of intoxication aids to perfect this intellectual deduction.

"Euchre is a contemptible game.

"The lower cards as well as the lower classes are only useful in combination or in excess, and cannot be depended upon under any other circumstances.

"It is a hard matter to hold four aces as steadily as a pair, but the table will bear their weight with as much equanimity as a pair of deuces.

"Of good luck and bad luck: To feel emotions over such incidents is unworthy of a man; and it is much more unworthy to express them. But no words need be wasted over practises which all men despise in others and, in their reflecting moments, lament in themselves.

"Endorsing for your friends is a bad habit, but it is nothing to playing poker on credit. . . . Debit and credit ought never to interfere with the fine intellectual calculations of this game."

There is a fine ring about his remarks on the player who has trained his intellect to bring logic to bear upon the principles and phenomena of the game. "He will thus feel a constant sense of security amid all possible fluctuations that occur, and he will also abstain from pressing an ignorant or an intellectually weak opponent, beyond what may be necessary either for the purpose of playing the game correctly or of punishing presumption."

"I leave Mr. John Blackbridge with his last word and I can hear him saying it gently but with a tolerant smile:

"For we must take human nature as it is."

I am tempted to quote interminably, for Mr. Blackbridge seldom writes a sentence which is other than characteristic, and his language is measured, clear and pointed. Could anything be better than this terse but adequate description of a card-sharper? "He was a very good-looking man of about forty years of age, having the appearance of one who had been leading a temperate and thoughtful life."

But I will content myself with giving a few of his aphorisms and wise saws chosen almost at random from the wealth of his book:

"Let your chips talk for you. A silent player is so far forth a mystery; and a mystery is always feared.

"In this game never do anything that you are not compelled to; while cheerfully responding to your obligations.

"At draw poker all statements not called for by the laws of the game, or supported by ocular demonstration, may be set down as fictitious; designed to enliven the path of truth throughout the game, as flowers in summer

By
Frank
R.
Adams

A Ren in

Illustrations by

STEPHEN CAVANAUGH thought he had better get it over with. His first evening in London should have been spent in prowling around to acquire the "feel" of the city. But his task was so unpleasant that he did not want it hanging over him for another day.

She had no telephone—at least there was none in the book under her name—so he took a taxi to the address which had been given him as a sole clue to her whereabouts, not knowing whether it was an office, a residence or merely lodgings.

It turned out to be none of these but instead a sort of an apartment, up two flights of gas-lit stairs. Steve had forgotten that there was such a thing as gas for illumination. Its flickering shadows suggested age and grime peeping out from the corners.

She received him casually, as if he were some one she knew, not an unannounced stranger with an unguessable errand. Steve had had no experience with English girls so the perfection of her poise soothed him, although it made the statement of the purpose of his call doubly difficult.

He simply could not blurt out brutally to her that he had come from Paul's wife with a threat that was practically an impeachment of her virtue.

Steve had not liked the task in the first place even when he expected to find a totally different sort of a woman bearing the name of Dana Starr. But this girl wore the armor of imperturbable gentility. It was necessary to deal with her on the basis that she was a lady; what her moral code might be had nothing to do with the case.

She seemed in no hurry for an explanation.

"My father is out or he would offer you a cigar. As it is, the best I can do is one of my own cigarettes."

She smoked one herself, sitting on a massive shabby davenport with her feet tucked under her. Steve did not look around—he felt that to do so would be an intrusion—but he sensed that all the furnishings were shabby and scant. All about was

the heart-breaking poverty of people who once had possessed every luxury.

"You are a friend of Paul Post's, of course," she said finally, guessing that he was an American. "He has sent several such to me from time to time—his real friends. They have never brought me any message from him so I do not expect any through you. In return I have never sent any. But this time I'll ask a negative favor of you. If you find that I have slipped a trifle from the high idea which he has perhaps given you of me, forget what you have seen. We shall never meet again and I'd like him to remember me always as he last saw me—as I was in this picture." She picked up a framed photograph that stood on a cluttered table.

Steve took it and rose to examine it near the light. It was of a girl in British uniform. "You were in the service?"

"Oh, yes! Didn't Paul tell you that about me? For three years I was attached to the Royal Flying Corps—drove a service car for the London headquarters." She had risen from the davenport and stood beside him. Steve sensed an awaking interest

"Of course we fell in love, Paul and I—like school sweethearts. Everybody did in those days."



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Herbert M. Stoops

*A Story
of the Sort
of Girl
Men
Understand—
and Women
Dislike*



He laid the fire in the grate. The kindling, he noticed, looked suspiciously like the split up seat of a kitchen chair and the two pieces of wood might have been made from an ancient four-poster. She must have known that he could not help detecting the pathetic origin of her fuel but she made no comment, no apology. Indeed an apology would have been a sort of an acknowledgment of inferiority and about Dana Starr there was nothing of inferiority whatever. She might be a queen without a throne but she was a queen none the less and her accustomed kingdom was men's hearts.

"Now"—she seated herself nearer to the fire on a footstool, a lovely, graceful figure—"tell me of Paul. You've no message from him, I know, but you can tell me if he is well, if he still has that—"

"Don't you know?" he questioned gently. "Paul is dead."

Her speech wavered and flickered out. But she did not cry.

"I'm sorry," he began.

"It's quite all right," she interrupted and turned toward him a face that was gravely smiling. "To me he has really been dead for many years. There is no pain now at his actual going. He was a myth, one of the dim legendary giants of my other life. Around him I have woven a bright memory. It will not fade any more quickly because he does not exist."

"You loved him?" Steve suggested.

"In every way that a young girl can love a man," she replied simply. "I left school to go into the service and I was only a child when I first met him, younger even than he thought I was because I lied about my age to everybody. He was my first hero and I gave him my heart because I wanted to, because I couldn't help it."

"One night a bombing plane passed over Hammersmith while I was driving my car through it. A building at the side of the street began suddenly to spit out its windows. My car was wrecked, along with an air-Johnny I was delivering to the boat train. But I got off with a few fractures and one thing and

as her mind winged back to the gay days of war's desolation. "I was a swanky youngster, wasn't I? Life glittered so beautifully then; none of us ever thought we would live to be like this." Her shrug was not bitter, merely a numb acceptance of things as they were.

The girl in the photograph was a splendid young animal, so young, really, that it made your heart ache to think of her being thrown into daily unprotected association with the rough contacts of an army.

"But those were the days of chivalry that ended with the coming of peace," she objected in response to his half voiced expression as she took the picture back into her own hands. "Soldiers are not so difficult to handle as money lenders." The girl shuddered and made a motion as if drawing an imaginary cape more closely about her shoulders. "It is cold," she said, "and you, an American, must notice the damp chill more than I. I'll lay a fire."

"Permit me." Steve forestalled her at the wood-box, which contained paper, kindling and two pieces of wood.

another, bad enough but not fatal when Paul got at me.

"He was an American surgeon with our army, later transferred to yours when you joined up, as you know, and he was on duty at one of the base hospitals here. I was the only woman patient in the place and I received a lot of attention. But Paul was the actual medico in charge of me.

"Later when I began to get about he was wonderful to me. But you know how he is, that big, masculine, whimsical personality of his. I suspect that he is one of the ten men in the world who know how to play but do not sacrifice anything of strength or dignity in doing it.

"Of course we fell in love. Everybody did in those days. It was the thing to do. You gave your heart to the man who was nearest. Perhaps tomorrow it would cease to beat. It might be the last spring day or the last summer night. We had really very little time together but we wrote notes to each other every day—for all the world like school sweethearts. I used to take pleasure in shocking Paul in my letters. I'd pretend that we were really married. I had no other world but him. But Paul was perfectly square with me. He told me about that girl he was engaged to back in the States. It was I who told him that it did not matter. 'The war may last for years,' I pointed out to him.

"If it had lasted, our love might have proven stronger than his honor. I don't know.

"But the war didn't last. It ended suddenly one day and right while we still loved each other almost more than any other two people have ever loved in all the world. But with the ending of the struggle the wave of romance upon which we and everyone else were riding subsided and there was nothing to carry us forward. Conscience, the cares of the workaday world, came out from total eclipse, and with them there dawned upon Paul's horizon the memory of the girl who was expecting him to come back.

"We discussed her together, and he told me how helpless she was, how dependent upon him for her very existence. 'She is not like you, Dan,' he told me, 'strong, self-reliant, able to make your way anywhere.' How wrong he was about me.

"I saw then what he wanted to do. To hold him against his conscience would have made me lose in the end anyway. So I sent him back. That was all."

Steve cleared his throat. "And you've not thought of marriage for yourself?"

"Lord, yes! But conditions in England are not so good as they are in the States. We haven't many men, you know—and the ones of my age are not marrying, not yet awhile. And when they do step off they'll not be worth marrying. Maybe I

shall marry, now that Paul is really gone. I suppose that I have been rather standing by heretofore waiting in case he should need me."

As she spoke she was absently removing the back from the easel frame. Now she took the photograph out and dropped it thoughtfully into the flames. She laughed away his gesture to rescue it.

"That was not I. It was only the girl he loved, and she is dead too, since he is gone. She has perished more utterly than he, and I'm sorry, because his spirit would be comforted if it could find her." The flame licked up the last vestige of the photograph. "The services are over," she announced. "Why were you surprised to find that I did not know of Paul's death? Was it in all the papers or—"

"No, but you were supposed to have been notified by his executors. He left you a small legacy, what I imagine he thought would be enough to keep you from want all the rest of your life."

"A legacy? For me? Can you conceive of so thoughtful a man? In death, as in life, he makes a vice out of caring for those who have any claim on his remembrance." She subsided in an abstraction which Steve did not interrupt.



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Steve did not interrupt her dreaming. "I know where I shall go," said Dana. "A little corner of Paris . . ."

"Life suddenly broadens out into a quiet pool," she resumed. "I who had thought always to live in a little worrying stream can rest in this placid pond which he has provided for me. I know where I shall go. There's a little corner of Paris five minutes from the Bois, just away from the fashionable district. I was there once when I was a girl and I know it hasn't changed. I've always wanted to live there. It's sunny even on rainy days. One could go of an afternoon to Fouquette's for an apéritif"—her voice dwindled away and then revived like a suddenly resumed telephone connection—"and once a year one could dine at the Café des Ambassadeurs."

HER manner changed. She drew her wandering fancy back into the room. "You're sure this isn't a joke—that there really is a legacy?"

Steve was slightly embarrassed. "Yes, there really was. In fact you are supposed to have received it already."

"What do you mean?"

"The papers acknowledging receipt came back duly signed over a month ago."

"But that can't be. I've never heard of any of this. Are you sure it was my signature?"

"I'm afraid I can't say. But there must have been a satisfactory signature of some sort or the money would not have been sent."

Her brow wrinkled in a puzzled frown. "I wonder. Wait! I think I begin to see a little light. Hush!"

Below on the stairs were stumbling footsteps, muttered curses.

"Even think of Mephistopheles and you hear the Soldiers' Chorus. Will you forgive me if I show you out the back way? That is my father coming up the stairs. I can tell from his language and also from the fact that he is home so early that he has suffered more than ordinarily at the hands of Lady Luck. My father is an Elijah without a single rationing raven. When he is the way he is I prefer not to exhibit him to a friend."

As she talked she had grabbed his hand and led him down the hall and through a tiny kitchen to a back stairway. It was unlighted so she had piloted him all the way to the foot of the first flight.

"Where can I see you tomorrow?" she asked. "Some place away from here. I will investigate this legacy matter and tell you what has happened."

"Would the Ritz be all right?" Steve suggested hesitatingly.

She mistook his hesitation, which was merely lack of knowledge of London, for concern over her own ability to live up to the surroundings. "I have one dress that is presentable." She laughed. "At one-thirty. *Au revoir*." She released his hand and sped up the stairs to heaven knew what sort of a situation.

Steve tried to dismiss her from his mind as he walked to his hotel. It could not be done. She made him think of a *glacé* flavored with sherry, warmth imprisoned in ice. Mostly he was sorry for her and the pitiful show she kept up to fool herself. How could he do to her what he had been sent all the way to London to do?

Ten days ago into his office in New York had come Alice Post, the widow of his friend Paul, shaken by a white anger that was very disturbing in a woman still wearing deep mourning. Anger in Alice, who was a self-centered,

petite blond, was not a majestic emotion.

"I've found out all about that Dana Starr whom Paul named as a sharer in his estate."

"Good," Steve had soothed her cheerfully. They had frequently talked over the identity of the mysterious Englishwoman for whom her husband had made testamentary provision. "Who is she?"

"She is the daughter of an English baronet and apparently she had a violent affair with Paul. I've found her love letters to him locked away in a fire-proof box in the attic. Paul did not intend to die so soon or he would have destroyed them."

Steve had reflected regretfully on the ironical truth of that statement.

What man can walk down the street secure in the feeling that if a highwayman should press the trigger just as he rounds the corner, there will be no records of unfinished business in his life that will cause tragedy to some one left behind?

Alice had insisted on his reading some of the letters against his earnest representation that it would not do any good.

"I'm sorry you found these," he had told her.

"I'm not," she answered. "They're (Continued on page 131)"

A Simple Plan for F

By BRUCE BARTON



Can't we hire a good man to run the State without having to listen to a lot of oratory?

If, in six years out of ten, the vote is against him, he shall be publicly hanged in the Polo Grounds.

ARTICLE 6

This Constitution can never be amended.

This constitution is so obviously sound that it will probably be adopted immediately upon the appearance of this Magazine, but there are always a few reactionaries who have to be shown. In their behalf, it may be wise to present brief comment on each of the six articles.

ARTICLE 1: While the Association for the Removal of Politics from the Newspapers is in favor of women suffrage, it does not favor women office-holders. For one reason, a public speech in a bass voice sounds bad enough, but a public speech in a soprano voice sounds terrible.

ARTICLE 2: The Governor's term is ten years because his first official act would be to discharge a great many office-holders.



CThe Governor should have a large reward (\$250,000) for being good, and a severe reprimand (hanging) for being bad.

TEN years ago a group of the Best Minds gathered in convention to draw up a new constitution for the State of New York. The Chairman was Elihu Root.

After weeks of thought the constitution was presented to the voters. It contained literally more than 1,000,000 words. Of course none of the common people read it. Said they: "Any document that contains a million words must have at least a thousand jokers, so we will vote 'No.'" The constitution was overwhelmingly defeated.

Now, in order to fix things up for New York, and all other states, the following piece of statesmanship is offered by the Association for the Removal of Politics from the Newspapers. As contrasted with Mr. Root's million words it has less than three hundred. It possesses the golden merit of simplicity; it would, for the first time in human history, put public business on a business basis.

This is it:

CONSTITUTION FOR ANY STATE

ARTICLE 1

The Governor shall be a man.

ARTICLE 2

He shall be elected for a term of 10 years and be paid a salary of \$250,000 a year.

ARTICLE 3

He shall appoint all officers, levy all taxes, enact all legislation and in other ways administer the necessary business of the State.

ARTICLE 4

There shall be an assembly of 1,000 members, representing the various sections of the state. The Assembly shall meet one week in each year and shall have no power except the power of debate. The subject of its debates shall be: "Should the Governor be reelected or should he be hanged?"

At the end of the week's debate, a secret ballot shall be taken on this question. The results of the ballot shall be published in all newspapers.

ARTICLE 5

If, in six years out of ten, the vote is for reelection, the Governor shall automatically continue in office for another term.

They and their relatives would be resentful and might influence the Assembly the first year to vote to have the Governor hanged. In a couple more years all these people would have found useful work, however, the resentment would have died down, and the Governor should have achieved so many economies that the whole state would be behind him.

One great weakness in our present political system is that it holds before the public official no reward for being good and no punishment for being bad. He gets the same salary and the same amount of abuse either way; and—no matter how deficient his administration—if he lives long enough afterwards, he becomes a statesman and somebody puts up a statue to him in the park.

Our constitution offers the Governor a large reward (\$250,000 a year) for being good, and a severe reprimand (hanging) for being bad.

OTHER ARTICLES: The purpose and effect of the plan are immediately apparent. With the exception of prohibition, divorce and hardening of the arteries, it would remove nearly all our troubles.

Fixing Everything Up

Illustrations by Ralph Barton

What has happened in the United States during the past hundred years is so big and fundamental that no amount of tinkering with our present machinery will effect a permanent reform. To put the matter bluntly, we have outgrown our institutions. The government of the states is a development of the New England town meeting. That plan works fine in Foxboro, Massachusetts, where everybody knows everybody. If Jack Jones is up for reelection as road supervisor, we all know exactly where he has been every hour of every day during his term of office. We know what roads he has repaired and what ones he has neglected and exactly how hard he has worked. We are in a position to return an intelligent verdict.

But what happens in New York, which has 6,000,000 people as against Foxboro's 4,000? When you as a voter enter the polling booth, you know something about the candidates for Governor and can vote fairly intelligently on them. But the Governor's name is the only name on the list that you do know. Beyond that you are an ignorant tool of the bosses. You hurry down the list, making a scratch after the Star or the Eagle or the Whatever. You might just as well vote for Manager of the Poorhouse of Hoosit, England, as to vote for State Engineer of New York. And your vote would have just about as much effect.

The constitution presented above would let you vote for one man, and put it up to him to select his assistants and pay them

He does not. Once a year he sends you a report showing how he has managed the business and how much money he has made for you. He includes a blank known as a "proxy." You fill it out, and he takes it and quietly reelects himself.

So long as he works and makes us money, and doesn't bother us, we let him go ahead. But the year that he tries to get away with something, or puts the business to the bad, we flock to the stockholders' meeting and raise a row and throw him out. Meanwhile the bigger his salary the better we like it—so long as we get our dividends. For the more he has to lose the more he'll hate to lose it.

WHY can't the business of the State of New York go on quietly and decently? Why should the appointment of a deputy sheriff annoy us by getting in the newspapers when the appointment of a new district manager for the Steel Company—a more important job—is never mentioned? Why must we listen to a lot of oratory from our Governor, when we never have to listen to any from Mr. Teagle of the Standard Oil Company, whose business is just as big as the business of the State and—from the standpoint of our comfort and happiness—also very important?

In other words, why can't we hire a good man to run the State, pay him well and insist that he keep his name and picture out of the papers?

Under the plan presented he could do this, for if the Genesee Chapter of the Brotherhood of Sanitary Engineers invited him to orate at a church social he would dare to say no, having ten years in which to let them forget and forgive.

The Association for Removing Politics from the Newspapers offers this great and good plan with no request for reward. Take it, fellow citizens. No criticism can be made of it except possibly the sentimental one that the public hanging of a governor would be offensive to good taste.

But remember this:

Only one Governor would ever have to be hanged. The English are a people who have been going a long time. In the winter of 1648, they chopped off the head of a king. That was nearly three hundred years ago, but every night the King of England begins his prayers with "Now I lay me," and ends with, "Help me be good and not get in wrong like King Charles the First."



QYou might as well vote for the Manager of the Poorhouse of Hoosit, England, for all the effect it has.

whatever is necessary to get the best. Beyond this the plan recognizes that the government of a state is nothing more nor less than the administration of a big business, and applies to the problem the same common sense methods which big business uses so effectively.

You are, let us say, a small stockholder in the Steel Corporation, just as you are a small stockholder in the State of New York. But what a difference! Does Judge Gary take the stump every two years and denounce Mr. Schwab as a foe of the Common Peepul? Does he come around and kiss your baby? Does he send your wife free piano strings? Does he make a buncombe speech and have it reprinted and mail you a copy? Does he get himself photographed in the movies milking a cow in order to prove what a good fellow he is?



QDoes Judge Gary get himself photographed milking a cow to prove what a good fellow he is?



Edwin Balmer's

Novel of Mystery and Love

Illustrations by

R. F. Schabelitz

That Royle

The Story So Far:

JOAN DAISY ROYLE lives in Chicago. Her adopted father, Dads, though charming, is a thorough rascal. Her mother is a drug addict. Yet she herself has grown into a fearless, independent, intelligent girl, with a great capacity to dream. And especially does she dream of

FREDERIC KETLAR, who is waiting for the verdict of the jury in his dramatic trial for murdering his wife, Adele, with whom he did not live. Joan was the principal witness for the defense. The uneducated son of an unmarried manicurist, Ket has made himself into a famous jazz band leader. But popularity and women have spoiled him. He does not understand Joan's dream of making him a second Mozart; to him she is merely a desirable woman.

Joan had a sound alibi for Ket, and she had seen another man (who looked very much like him) in Adele's apartment on the night of the murder; but

MAX ELMEN, the shrewd defense attorney, did not let her tell the entire truth on the witness stand. The truth is too contradictory, he said, and he built up a *consistent* story, which involved many lies. Meanwhile

CALVIN CLARKE, the Assistant District Attorney, has proved to his own satisfaction that Joan is a bad character and Ket is guilty. He is a New England blue-blood and despises the "many-bloods" of the Middle West anyway. Yet, strangely and dramatically, Calvin has gradually fallen in love with Joan. He has tried to fight down the feeling, uselessly. But his New England conscience drives him to do his full duty in "showing Joan up" during the trial. And now, just before the jury's verdict is ready, there comes word to Calvin that Adele Ketlar was really murdered by

THREE-G GEORGE BARETTA, a notorious gangster who has recently killed a "hijacker" named Considine.

"The Considine crowd knew all along," says Seifert, the detective, "and they'll come through with the stuff on him."

The Story Continues:

CALVIN left the Criminal Courts building with the intention of returning to his rooms and of exhibiting by act as well as by word his complete lack of faith in Seifert's tip. It was backfire, he argued, which was kindled to becloud the investigation of the Considine case.

Of course he had recollected, and he had just discussed with Ellison the matter of the anonymous accusation of Baretta which had arrived in the mail following Ketlar's indictment; but Calvin made in his mind a balance and upon one scale he placed three featherweight, untrustworthy trifles—the furtively spoken warning of a stranger on the street, a nameless scribble, a tip whispered by the painted lips of a road-house coryphée; upon the other scale he heaped the overwhelming weight of the evidence against Ketlar which he had been gathering and arranging throughout three months and which during the last six days he had presented and endorsed in court.

"What was that conference for tonight, Mr. Clarke?" a voice hailed him, and a newspaper man whom he knew by the name of Oliver caught step with him.

"On Considine," Calvin replied.

"What's new on it, sir?"

"Nothing," denied Calvin, and he discouraged Oliver from following him.

Alone, he walked on, casting over phrases of his summary spoken before the jury not twelve hours ago, to uphold and strengthen himself in his fixed opinion. Suddenly he halted and stood buttoning his overcoat collar about his throat in nervous physical response to an abrupt shock to his thought. In the lighted office, where he had argued the folly of attempting to

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C "I hit him!" cried the Royle girl. "I shot him over!"

connect Baretta with a crime certainly committed by Ketlar, he had failed to examine his visual memory of the men; but here, in the darkness, he recollected the appearance of both and was startled by the idea which entered his head.

Comparing their features, they did not resemble each other; but in figure they were alike. Ketlar's hair was flaxen and Three-G George's was partly black, partly white. If one thought of the two men as they were when seen near-by, the difference in hair easily distinguished them; but seen from across a street and through a window and under an electric light, would not Baretta's hair gleam flaxen gray?

"Like Ket but not Ket; he wasn't Ket—he wasn't!" the Royle girl had cried to Calvin himself upon the night she had led him to the beach to show him the stones, which she had called stars, set in the sand.

The scale, weighted deeply down with evidence damning the Royle girl, had lifted a little and Calvin could not again depress it to where it had been; stubbornly he fixed it where it was, still heavily heaped with proofs against her.

He walked briskly to his rooms and was preparing for bed when the telephone rang.

"Jury," he thought as he grasped the instrument, which reproduced for him Oliver's voice saying: "I got something to interest you, Mr. Clarke."

"What?"

"I hear Considine's gang're giving out that George Baretta was mixed up with Adele Ketlar and he killed her. What do you know about it?"

"Nothing," replied Calvin positively; *know* to him was a word of absolute determination.

Within fifteen minutes Oliver was again on the wire. "I called you back, sir," he explained, unapologetically, "because that tip is coming stronger; we're carrying a story on it tonight and we want a few words from you to go with it."

"Why?"

"Why, you tried Ketlar; you asked for the rope for him; the jury's out; and there's new evidence."

"Not evidence," replied Calvin, too quickly. "Talk that anyone could start."

"I'll tell you where I am," Oliver offered generously. "I'm up at the Royle flat and I'm taking Joan Daisy to Tut's Temple to have a look at Baretta. If she identifies him as the man she saw through the window, that'll be evidence."

Calvin pointed out that her word had been shown valueless; but he could not discard the matter. He dressed and after waiting restlessly a few minutes, he put on overcoat and cap and descended to the street, where irresolutely he let pass four or five vacant taxis and hailed the next.

"Go to Tut's Temple; do you know where it is?"

"Get in," bade the driver, winking.

B EING an active and adventurous young man, in possession of sufficient ready wit and tact to have survived for nearly six years on police assignments in and about Chicago, the reporter Oliver, who had Joan Daisy in charge, approached the road-house at present operated under the alias of Tut's Temple with no illusions whatsoever as to the general nature of ensuing events, were it discerned that the purpose of the visit of himself and his companion was to fasten upon George Baretta the murder of Adele Ketlar.

The establishment, which gleamed in brilliant Egyptian colors beside the midnight road, was the actual property of Three-G George himself, as Oliver very well knew, although the formal deed of title, following Baretta's custom, showed another name. A smiling but mirthless proprietor, Frank Zenneptha—familiarily shortened to Frankie Zenn—had been the "front" of the house since its most recent renaming and redecorating.

Frankie Zenn was, in Oliver's opinion, the gentleman in whose palm had reposed the automatic pistol which had delivered two

bullets to Considine when George Baretta had so bid. This, to be sure, was mere conjecture, not in the least susceptible of legal proof. Further, George Baretta himself was the slayer of Adele Ketlar; and this had become in Oliver's mind more than opinion since he had heard the accusation, together with considerable collateral disclosures of Baretta's covert affair with Adele Ketlar, from the lips of the same girl who had passed the tip to Seifert. She once had been attached to Tut's Temple and she was in such a situation now that she had exacted a solemn pledge before she spoke, guaranteeing that she would not be called against Baretta or quoted in any way.

Joan Daisy Royle, if she identified Baretta, would be quoted; indeed, she wanted to be; so Oliver pleasantly phrased to himself the sensational head-lines of tomorrow if he succeeded in pulling off his "beat" tonight. Oliver not only had recognized the risk but he flattered himself that he had honestly described it to Joan Daisy; and he had found the girl "game." She wanted to go with him, especially after he had told her that Mr. Clarke would have nothing to do with the scheme. There would be actual danger, Oliver argued, only if she and he bungled; very carefully he had explained to her exactly what to do, and as their taxi crossed the imaginary line of the Chicago city limits and entered the purlieus of Three-G George, he reminded her:

"Not a word even to me when we're inside. We drop in like a couple of friends for a few drinks and a fox-trot. You'll spot him; or I'll nudge you who he is if you don't make him out right away. Look him over; then whatever you think about him, *keep quiet!* We go out and when I ask you, you tell me is he the man or not. Can you do it?"

"Of course I can," said Joan Daisy.

"Then we'll have no trouble at all," prophesied Oliver. "After we get clear, I'll stop at the nearest phone which George has no 'listen' on and I'll liven up the city editor with the good word you give me."

"And tell the police," begged Joan Daisy, "so they'll arrest Baretta before he sees the paper."

Oliver laughed and patted her arm. "The police are the pluperfect little experts at picking up George. Two men I know got callouses on their hands just from him. What we want is to route him over the one way road; and we'll do it, if you identify him and then stay game."

JOAN DAISY huddled in her corner, for she was shivering and she did not want Oliver to discover it. She felt cold and frightened and, most of all, she felt spent and done.

"You'll certainly show up Calvin Clarke," said Oliver; and she sat straight in her corner, recalling how Calvin Clarke had described her to the jury and assailed her on the stand.

A pylon, of almost Pharaonic proportions, loomed beside the road. Its material was wood and cheap plaster stuff but it was gaudily painted and brightly illuminated by concealed lights. Back of the garish fraud of a gateway, the old, awkward structure of the oft-renamed and remodeled road-house reared its rectangular and practical flank. Except for a straggle of sheds in the rear, the establishment was a solitary landmark in this neighborhood where the fringe of the city was frayed to a few forsaken-looking shanties, standing far apart on the snow-covered ground which gleamed green under the rays of the midnight moon.

The taxi halted before the pylon and Oliver stepped out, feeling himself to be none too steady; he helped his companion from the cab, scrutinizing her face in the glare of the gate lights to reassure himself that the girl kept her nerve.

"All set?" he whispered, unable to discern, because of the quivering of his own hand, whether she was shaking.

Joan Daisy nodded and she lifted her head, as her heart thumps beat her breast and she felt too choked to speak. A door was drawn open by some unseen attendant of the Temple and Joan Daisy invaded the place slightly in advance of Oliver.

She heard the wailing moans of an orchestra and was sensitive to vibrations of dance rhythm in the floor, though she had entered only a sort of vestibule. Pushing through a wider portal, screened by swinging doors, she came upon the dancers, skipping and swaying in customary manner over the broad, oblong center of the hall. The usual border of tables and chairs occupied by couples and parties banded the dance floor.

Joan Daisy attracted no significant attention, and the thumping of her heart lessened as she accompanied Oliver to a table for two and sat down.



Now Calvin Clarke had come to

Tut's Tem

"What'll we eat?" Oliver asked her, not having deferred to her in the matter of the choice of cocktails, which already were being served.

Joan Daisy sipped hers, tasting gin; and it was good gin which warmed her and did not confuse her head, which clearly calculated for her that, though no one else in the place could recognize her, Baretta himself might. There could be no doubt whatever that, if Baretta had killed Adele, he had given especially careful attention to Joan Daisy Royle.

"Sandwich I'd like," she replied to her partner, who by a frown prompted her to appetite more profitable to the house.

"Lobster, in chafing-dish, for two," Oliver ordered splendidly, not waiting for her reconsideration. He proffered his cigaret case, gave her a light and, dropping the match, he leaned over the narrow table to ignite his own cigaret from the tip of hers, imparting meanwhile in a whisper: "The black-haired bird, with one eyebrow straight across his face, is Frankie Zenn; I don't see Baretta."

"Neither do I," said Joan Daisy, contemplating the peculiarly persistent smirk of the subordinate who was deemed the slayer of Considine.

"Dance while we're waiting?" invited Oliver, who had become the more restless of the two.

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Tut's Temple, and the Royle girl, and a reporter; and Three-G George knew the "squeal" was out.

She arranged her coat over the back of her chair, aware that she trembled and delayed, hoping that Baretta might not, after all, be present. She stepped to the dance floor, gave a cold hand to Oliver and clasped a hand almost as cold; his arm encircled her and they danced, Oliver talking to her while she looked about.

For whom was she searching? she asked herself, perplexed; what actual memory had she of the man she had seen through the window with Adele? Like Ket but not Ket, she reminded herself, but failed to restore any reliable image; and her own lies on the witness stand aided her confusion.

The music ceased; she returned with Oliver to their table; he glanced his inquiry at her and she shook her head.

"Let's have that," Oliver suggested, bidding her serve from the chafing-dish before her, and a few minutes later, when they were eating, he proposed, "Shall we look up-stairs?" Rooms for gambling and other purposes preempted the second floor. Oliver, however, made no move, having thought better of his own rashness. "Never mind," he said, and several minutes later he observed suddenly, while they were making talk of other matters, "We're all right where we are"; and she knew that Baretta had appeared.

He approached her from behind, she realized as she gazed at Oliver; he seemed to be nearing her, not steadily, but by stages

evidently interrupted by stops at tables of his friends. She heard their louder voices and laughter and Baretta's name. Her heart pounded violently and her hands held tight to the edge of the table.

"Here," ejaculated Oliver, sliding his cigaret case across to her; she ignored it but watched him elaborately light a cigaret for himself, exhaling much smoke and puffing out his cheeks jovially.

"Good evening," Baretta's voice greeted them with agreeable, impersonal accents.

"Good evening," replied Oliver hastily, his cheeks collapsing; and Joan Daisy gazed up at a tall, slender man with gray hair. He had a big, bold nose and wide, unpleasant mouth, a bony chin and small, dark eyes; his face was sallow and splotted and Joan Daisy saw that some of his hair was jet black and the rest pure white. She could not possibly confuse him with Ket and she had no feeling of having seen him before.

"Good evening," he repeated directly to her. She nodded in reply, holding her lips pressed tight upon her pent-up breath; Baretta's little eyes looked at her lips and swept down her figure. He smiled and went on.

She relaxed, feeling only relief at first, unable to think of Ket's situation. She did not know Baretta; he did not know her, she thought; the night would come to (Continued on page 118)

The Lady with the Icy Kiss

By Ernest Poole

A Story of the Hospice of Saint Bernard in the Alps

I MET him some eighteen years ago in the Alps on the Great Saint Bernard, about ten miles from the top of the Pass. It was late in October. All day the sky had been gray with clouds, and down that bleak narrow valley of rocks came a raw, penetrating wind.

So I stopped at a snug little inn by the road to have a drink to warm me up; and there I found a tall old monk, sitting alone at one of the tables, with a tiny glass of liqueur which made the more striking his huge size.

Perhaps sixty years old, his powerful limbs seemed wrapped in muscles hard as steel, although relaxed and easy now. His dark strong features made me think that he might be Italian, but what first drew my attention was the quiet force of his keen gray eyes. I spoke to him in my poor French; he answered me in English; and when I asked him in surprise how he had learned to speak so well, he replied that in the last forty years a great many Englishmen had been here for mountain climbing.

"You've been here forty years?" I ventured.

"Almost forty—thirty-nine. I am up at the Hospice," he replied. "Are you going there tonight?" I told him I was, and he remarked that the season was late for tramps. "It will snow tonight," he said.

Then he seemed to forget me, and by his eyes I saw that he was listening. I listened, too, and presently I heard a marching song outside. It quickly grew louder, with tramp of feet; the door was thrown open, and into the room came three young guides with pick-axes and coils of rope.

They greeted the monk like an old friend, and I caught in his eyes an answering gleam that redoubled my curiosity. They were at his table now; and after they had ordered drinks, he began to question them as to their climb. Both the questions and replies were in some queer rough dialect that I could not understand. But I noticed that one of the lads had a bloody bandage on his wrist; and as they told their story, one of the others picked up from the floor his coil of rope and gaily showed where it had been frayed. As I leaned forward from close by, the monk noticed my interest and smiled.

"They were guiding two Englishmen," he explained, "climbing a peak of the Mont Blanc range. It is difficult at many points—and there is a glacier, very deep. While they crossed it roped together, one of those young Englishmen slipped over the edge of one crevasse. He pulled the man behind him down—and also the man ahead. You will observe how difficult. Two men left to hold the three. They held. Though they were slipping now, they dug axes into ice. Then the rope began to fray upon the edge of the crevasse. But now the three down in crevasse also dug axes into ice. The strain on rope was not so bad. By inches they came up again. And so all safe. Nobody lost."

And he turned back to talk with his friends. In a few moments their drinks arrived; and suddenly all three together, lifting their glasses, began to sing a lively jolly little song, with such a go and swing to it that I wished I could write it down. When they had finished, the monk explained.

"This song is very old," he said. "They sing it to their Glacier Bride. In the verses they describe the pranks that they have played with her. But they know she waits for them still; and so at the end of each verse, as you saw, they lift their glasses and drink to her—the lady with the icy kiss and the everlasting arms."

While he was speaking, they had noticed the snow beginning to fall. They rose, and picking up their things, they were off, with a chorus of good-bys. The tall old monk sat down again.

"Many of them die young," he said.

"I should think they might," I answered. And then with a sudden thought, I asked, "Did you ever climb?"

A flash from his eyes. "I climbed," he answered, "long ago."

"Before you entered the Church, perhaps."

"Yes, and afterwards," he said. "In the beginning, I was a guide. Then one day in climbing I learned of the power which comes from God—so I entered the Order of Saint Bernard. But still, as a monk, while I was young, whenever guides were lacking here, I was allowed to go," he said.

Still curious, I asked him, "How did you learn, in climbing, of the power which comes from God?"

"By a miracle," he answered, "the kind of miracle I like best—the kind that the Almighty works through the minds and wills of men. We were four that day. Since rise of sun we had been coming slowly down a mighty cliff—from ledge to ledge, from rock to rock—at each move searching for a place on which to place the hand or foot. It was difficult. We were fatigued.

"At noon, upon a narrow ledge one hundred meters from the base, we found there was no possible chance of making that last short descent. Two thousand meters *up* we must go—from ledge to ledge, from rock to rock—back up the whole way of our descent!"

"I saw the panic weakness come in eyes of my companions. I felt it, too. I fought it off and prayed to the Almighty One, 'Give me strength to be a man!' He answered, and I felt that strength rush into my spirit and lift me up. My mind grew clear, my will grew strong.

"I took command, and drove those men slowly up all afternoon. We reached the top at fall of night. My friends collapsed—but I on my knees vowed then to enter the service of God." His deep vibrant thrilling voice stopped abruptly. Then he said, "I did not become His servant because I was afraid of life, but because I had found in Him the strength to meet its dangers."

"You mean, as a guide?"

"Yes," he said, "a guide for travelers lost in the storms of wind and snow that come on this Pass. For the first half of my life in the Hospice, I was one of those who went out with the dogs."

THE dogs! With a glow of excitement, I remembered what I had heard of the famous dogs of Saint Bernard. The old monk caught my expression and asked: "Would you like to see them come down the Pass to meet us tonight?"

"I would!"

"Very well." Abruptly he rose and went to a small telephone which hung by a door. He rang up the Hospice and spoke for a moment, then turned back to me and said, "We must be on our way, for the snow is increasing and it will be dark before we arrive."

As we tramped on together then, the snow had already whitened the road and its whirling flakes filled all the sky; but the powerful old man at my side appeared to be just in his element here. A mere October flurry, this, compared to the terrible zero storms with which he had battled in years gone by.

He told of searching with the dogs all up and down the icy Pass for travelers buried in the snow. To each dog-collar was attached a tiny keg of brandy to bring the numbed figure back to life; but if the traveler was unconscious, then the dog ran back to his master and led him quickly to the spot.

Many times he found them dead. More often they were living still, but his struggles to rouse them and help them on had often called for his last strength—"that power which comes down from God."

In the midst of a story such as this, he pointed up the Pass and said, "They come." And through the whirling snowflakes I saw a dozen great tawny creatures bounding down along the road.

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*A monk of Saint Bernard
and one of the famous dogs
that rescue lost travelers.*

In less time than it takes to tell, they were around us, leaping, barking out their genial welcome to the big figure at my side. And I saw in his eyes the same wild gleam that I had caught when he met the young guides.

Together we went on up the Pass, and came at dusk to the desolate top and to the ancient Hospice there, a great low fortress of gray stone. We entered and came into a large hall, whose ceiling and stone walls echoed to a loud hubbub of voices from several hundred laborers being sheltered for the night. A fire blazed at the other end, and a score of monks were busy there serving supper to the crowd. In a passageway close by, a dozen travelers like myself were being assigned to rooms above.

I FOUND mine a comfortless, chilly place. So, hurrying through an icy wash, I went down to a dining-room where with my fellow trampers I was served by two young monks, who brought in large wooden trenchers of food and tall pewter vessels of good red wine.

Warmed and drowsy and comfortable, we went into the library to smoke. And here I found my tall old monk. He seemed to me much older now—wearied, perhaps, from his twenty-mile tramp. But as I joined the group around him, I heard him say to one of them:

"How much finer and better it is to cross the range up here by the Pass than to go through the smoky tunnel below. In summer it is splendid here, and also in winter there are days when the glory of God seems to come down. And even in snow-storms now it is safe. For you see that telephone on the wall." He pointed to an instrument like the one I had seen below. "The

wire goes to an inn," he said, "ten miles lower down the Pass. And in times of storm, when a traveler leaves the inn, they telephone up to us here, and one of us goes down with the dogs. So we reach him before he is overcome."

"Do you still go with the dogs?" I asked.

I caught a slight shadow of regret. "No—it needs a younger man," he replied. And pointing to a strong looking young monk who sat reading in a corner, "Brother Olindo goes."

"But are no lives still lost in winter?" inquired a young American.

"No—not a life in many years." The tall old man was silent a moment. Then in a reverent tone he said, "For over a thousand years, my son, we have prayed for the safety of travelers here. And He has answered our prayers at last."

The smart young American asked, "Or was it the telephone?"

The old mountain climber turned and looked at the Yankee with quiet eyes. "Yes, my son—that is how God answered our prayers."

Soon after this, the sleepy trampers one by one went off to bed. But remembering my chilly room, I lingered here where it was warm, listening to the storm outside, which had become a blizzard now. I was almost dozing when there broke a sound that roused me with a start—the sharp low buzz of the telephone bell! Brother Olindo answered it.

A few brief words and he hung up; and after a word to the older man, he went quickly from the room. Tensely I listened a minute or two, and then I heard the bark of dogs swiftly receding into the night. I turned back to the old monk at the table and met his quiet, smiling eyes. He pointed to the telephone.

"Another miracle," he said.



PARIS Would Be *All Right*

I AM writing this in my room at the Ritz in Paris. I came over to France on a sudden notion. I was fed up with New York. Indeed there was a feeling I was fed up with America for a time.

I thought of pleasant hours at tables along the boulevards, strolls along the Champs Elysées, relaxing moments in the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg, and long drives along the Bois.

I had a desire to see the kiosks abloom with flowers, the decorative gendarmes with their brave air of detachment, the Seine turning to silver in a falling dusk, the smart crowds at Citro's and the bright shopping flair of the rue de la Paix. So I dreamed.

I had no regrets when the liner left the New York sky-line far behind. I thought of stretching a three months' journey into six months. I have been here a week. And I am ready to return to America tomorrow.

While I am rather proud of this sudden gush of love for my own land, I am curious to know the why of it. Certainly the easy hospitality of Paris is always pleasant.

It is at the writing early February and Paris is sunny and warm. A blizzard rages in New York. From my expansive French windows I can see a beautiful court garden. The garden walls are still green with shrubbery.

Tiny whiffs of smoke are floating up from the acres of little chimneys on Paris rooftops. There is a pink tint to a sky billowed with soft gray cumulus clouds. Birds of gay plumage are spiraling about and resting now and then on the bosom of a breeze.

It is one of those mornings when you realize why Paris is the mistress of poets and painters. I am well ahead in my work and could laze through many weeks. Still I want to go home and if it were possible to sail tomorrow I would be on my way straining my eyes for the first peep of the New York harbor.

This sudden nostalgia began with a rather trivial incident. A group of us were having tea at a rendezvous where Americans

gather. A former New York lady joined the party. She had married a Frenchman and lives in a chateau near St. Cloud.

Wasn't France wonderful? How she adored it! How happy she was! So she gushed. And then she began to ask about New York. Through it all was a wistful note—a note that was unmistakable. The lady was homesick.

And in all the world there is nothing so depressingly sad as a longing for home. It struck me all in a heap that this was exactly what all of us do when we self-exile ourselves in foreign lands. The lady was doing it. In our direct slang of the streets, "She was kidding herself."

We come over here and are lulled into a sort of grandiloquent hypnosis by superficialities that do not mean a thing. We thrill to a suave waiter who brings the breakfast with a red rose by each plate. We purr at the obeisance and genuflections of the innkeeper. Our ego is inflated by the shopkeepers who bow us all the way out to the sidewalk.

I have come to believe that most of us come over here to send post-cards back home with that highly original inscription, "Having a fine time. Wish you were here."

Stripped of all the inconsequential elegancies Europe is shoddy when compared to America. I believe there is more sincerity in the raucous inquiry of a Sixth Avenue waiter's "What'll it be?" than in the collective "bon-jour-ing" of Paris head-waiterdom.

We of America may be blunt. Sometimes brusque. But after all the "soft soaping" that is done over here, we begin to look upon it as a rather stimulating quality. Our brusqueness has no deceit.

I am beginning to resent the accusation that we are "vulgar Americans." Derision is usually born of jealousy and that is why Americans depart from public places to a medley of suppressed tittering and under-table nudging.

I see no reason why generous tipping places us in the category of "boobs." This generosity is greedily accepted. In public with a salaam and in private with a sneer.

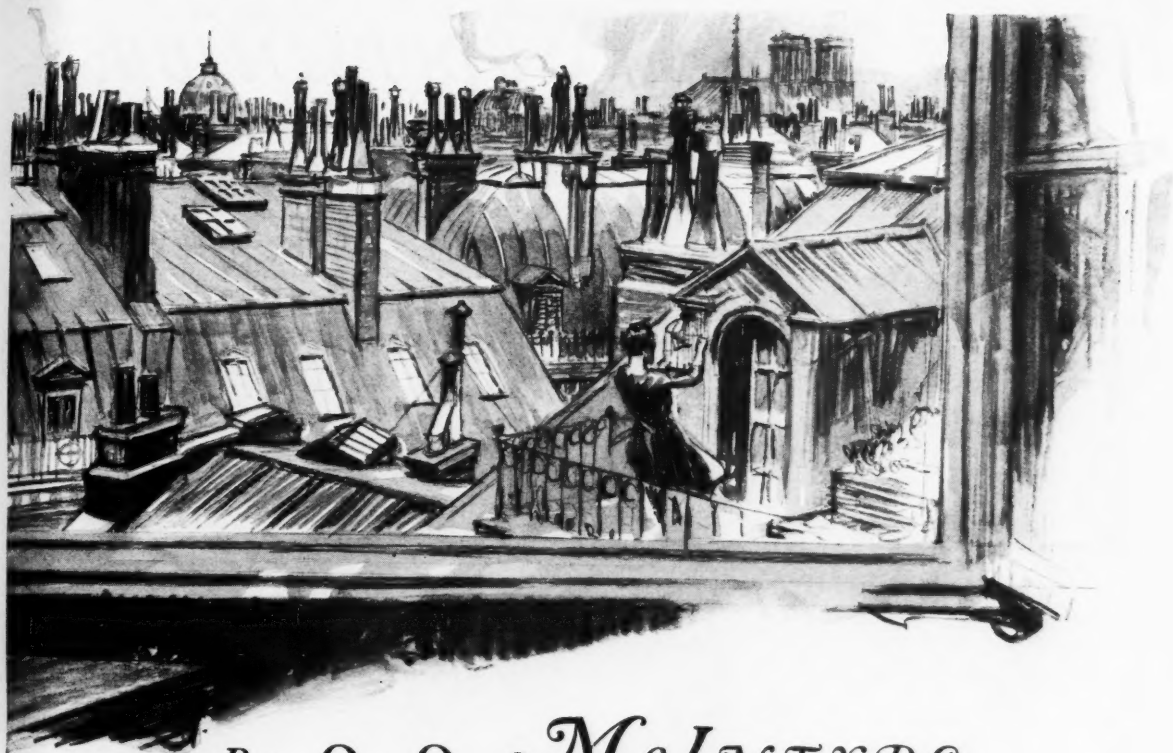
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By O. O. McINTYRE

Illustration by Herbert M. Stoops

If It Were in New York

Our generosity, however, is not confined to trivial things. I know any number of French citizens who have made fortunes in New York but I am unable to find any Americans who are growing rich here. When they begin to prosper, something invariably happens.

Still the French people have so many enduring qualities that I like them. I like their patience and their naïveté. I admire the artistry and simplicity of their lives. Yet you carry away a feeling that they are not your people, nor will they ever be.

I HAVE found no more dazzling wonders in Paris than can be found in New York, Chicago, Boston or any first-class American city. And I can name so many things of beauty and comfort that we have that they will never have that I am wondering how I ever had the nerve to prattle about the beauty and grandeur of Paris.

I look over our expatriated Americans in Paris with a sense of deep pity. I have particularly noticed one in gay haunts of pleasure. A millionaire divorced a faithful wife to marry her and she in turn divorced him. She is reaping the inevitable toll of years. Two scars show a facial operation to restore youthful expression. Bankrupt noblemen kiss her hand, accept her sumptuous hospitality and smile in secret. She dances on behind a poorly fashioned mask of gaiety.

For years the farrago of nonsense that it is cheaper to live in Europe than it is in America has been dinned into our ears. I have found that I can live on a much better scale and more cheaply in America's most expensive city, New York, than I can in Paris.

"But m'soo," shrugs the Frenchman, "think of the cheapness of our perfumes and our taxis!" I don't use perfumes and I do a lot of walking. So that's that.

The Frenchman likes to tell with amused tolerance the story of the rich American manufacturer who gave a ten franc tip to

the hotel concierge for some trifling service. The head porter, it seems, was one of the biggest stockholders in the hotel and a millionaire.

I see nothing to amuse. Rather do I see a national weakness that is tragic.

I refuse to believe that there is any millionaire in America who would swallow his pride for a little more than fifty cents.

Almost any American who remains in Paris any length of time knows that prices in shops go up automatically when he steps across the threshold. I had a striking example of this in a glove shop in the rue St. Honoré. The gloves were plainly marked twenty-three francs.

When I came to pay for them the proprietor said, "Fifty francs." I pointed to the mark in the glove.

"But," he said with engaging candor, "you are an American!" What I said has no place here.

The custom in cafés, because of the confusion of French money values, of tacking on one-third of the amount of the bill as pure graft from Americans has become so flagrant that even French newspapers have warned café keepers of the danger of "killing the goose that lays the golden egg."

I know America well enough to know that these annoyances do not happen to foreigners who come to us. But France is so poor, some argue. Poverty does not excuse dishonesty.

If all this is grabbing the flag from my friend George Cohan, so be it. I am glad I came over, for I know I can now "stay put" in America for many months to come.

I want to get back to the land of chitterlings and hominy. I want to get back to the land where coffee is coffee instead of insipid chicory. I want to see the topsy-turvy rush and zip of my "vulgar" countrymen.

In fact at the moment I would rather enjoy the customary bawling out for jay-walking by the traffic cop at Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth street.

I Am NOT Superstitious—



C.Byron Kuhn, Count de Prorok.

AM I superstitious? Certainly not. I am a scientist, I tell myself; and scientists are supposed to be completely emancipated from superstition. What does a scientist care about haunted houses, broken mirrors, black cats and the thousand and one omens of terror which beset mere childish minds?

The answer is that he doesn't care—unless, as is sometimes the case, he has once been a child himself.

I know a scientist who is quite likely to spit three times if a black cat crosses his path. Of course he wouldn't do it if he knew you were observing him. He knows it's silly. He knows the black cat can't hurt him, and that triple-expectoration cannot possibly do him any good. Nevertheless, if caught unawares, he spits. He was born in Kentucky; and a negro mammy supervised his education until he was four years old. There is no system of mental training on earth which can completely undo the things that have been done during the first four years of life.

Children believe in magic. They are more susceptible, often, to nameless threats than they are to actual punishment. Is it not much the same, I wonder, with all of us? Which will give us the greater shock: barely to miss being run down by an automobile or to stumble over a corpse on a dark road at midnight? We know that the corpse can't hurt us, and that the automobile can; but does this reflection calm our nerves perceptibly?

Am I superstitious? Certainly not, I answer again.



C.The Curse of Baal was laid on him who disturbed this stone.

If scientists were superstitious, we wouldn't have any science. But they do have childish reactions at times, even if they do not allow themselves to be governed by them. And in the process of exploring some of the ancient tombs of Carthage, I confess to two or three distinctly unscientific thrills.

One of them was on the day that we unearthed the now famous "Curse Stone," containing the most terrible imprecations known to Phœnician cursers, and solemnly signed by seventeen generations of the descendants of Queen Dido, invoking plagues and pestilence and disaster upon—well, can you guess toward whom all these Punic maledictions were directed?—upon our own innocent little group of twentieth century archeologists.

The curses, to be exact, were directed against the unknown vandals who might be sufficiently impious to disturb that stone. And apparently, in the twenty-five centuries which had elapsed, we were the first to remove it from its resting place.

Now, what I actually thought about that stone and what I felt about it are two very different things. I didn't believe that there was any real kick in those curses. Being "shattered by

Baal" and "vi Temple enterpri

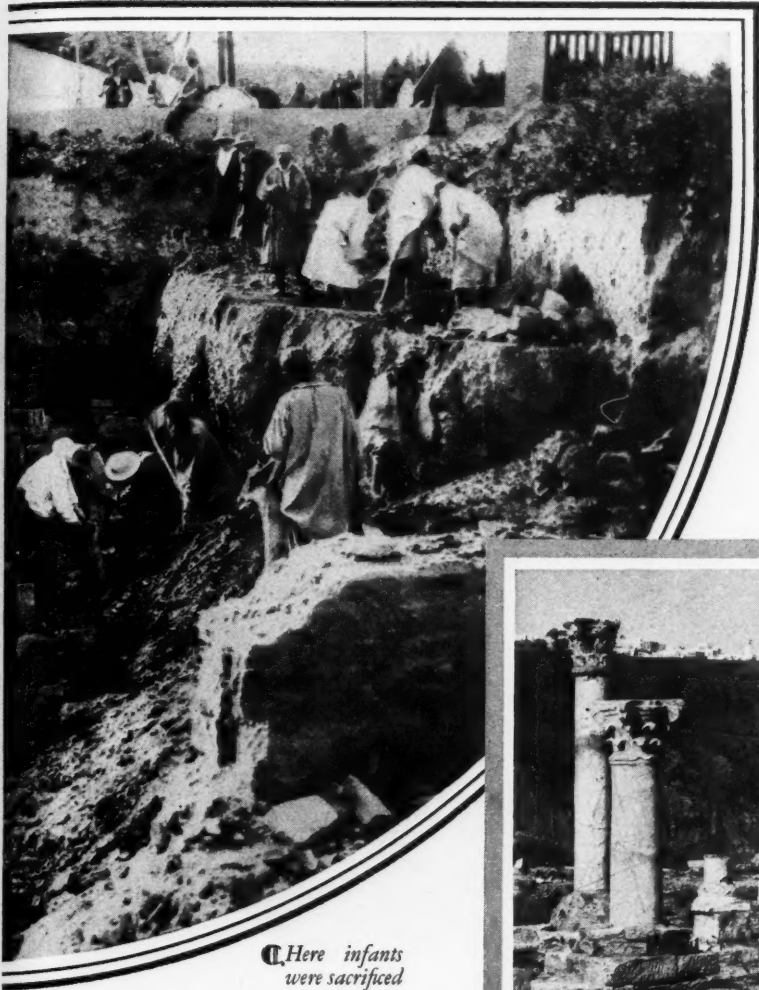
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But *These Things Happened*

By Count
DE PROROK

the
Archaeologist
who Excavated
Ancient Carthage—
and Dug Up
Her
Curse Stone



Here infants
were sacrificed
to Moloch.



Père de Lattre, who first began the
excavating of ancient Carthage.

Baal" meant nothing in my scientific young life; and "violating the sacred silence of the area of the Temple of Tanit" seemed to me to be a worthy enterprise.

As to those seventeen generations, I had serious scientific doubts. Some pompous Punic plutocrats might have been faking this genealogy for their own glorification and not with any more religious motive than to impress their neighbors. A lot of the Carthaginians were like that. They pretended to be awfully pious; and they couldn't remark that it was a nice day, apparently, without calling eight or ten gods to take note of the observation. But underneath, it always seemed to me, they were a pretty rotten lot of bounders; and it was furthest from my intention to feel creepy just because they had shot some of their fool curses at us through twenty-five centuries of mysterious silence.

But facts are facts. The unearthing of that Curse Stone did give me an uncanny feeling. Our general gaiety was not disturbed, however. We were a happy party, mostly young, eager and adventurous; and it would take something much more terrible than a Carthaginian curse to depress our spirits.

Prince de Waldeck especially. How all of us did love him! He was my dearest friend, an all-round man as well as a thoroughgoing scientist. And then there was Professor Renault, to whom we all deferred because of his knowledge of Phœnician civilization.

A few days later, however, our joy had turned to mourning. Prince de Waldeck was instantly killed. It wasn't mysterious.

I know it didn't have anything to do with the Curse Stone. It was an automobile accident. Automobile accidents happen wherever there are automobiles. No one can tell me that we were "shattered by Baal." Still, we couldn't help thinking of the coincidence.

And immediately after that, Professor Renault was taken suddenly ill. This wasn't mysterious either. He had contracted pneumonia. The lower strata of these ruins are difficult to explore because of the infiltration of sea water. We were digging in a swamp; and catching cold was one of the risks that we assumed. There was something particularly violent, however, in Professor Renault's attack. None of the medicines available had any effect. Within three days he died.

Now I am once more on my way to Carthage. We have a larger party this time, and greater (Continued on page 201)

A Fair-Weather Love

*A Story
Showing
Why
Handsome
Men
Marry
Plain
Girls*



SAMUEL J. KIRK, cowman, banker and husband of Ellen, was enjoying his favorite evening diversion. Ellen always described it as "looking at me in that irritating way of his." Sam was very much in love with his wife, and at the same time amused. She did such queer things; for instance, this drawing-room with dainty, spindle-legged chairs upholstered with satin in delicate tints and flower designs. Sam with his six feet of bony longitude sprawled over one—and smiled. He simply had to. The whole house looked so funny; "sort of like a tea-room for ladies only." But it was an appropriate background for Ellen. Her coloring was also delicate, and so were the girlish curves of her body. And the silky, lacy things she wore looked very nice in this room.

On the whole Sam approved of Ellen, but he was also amused. Especially when she talked so earnestly—as she was doing this evening—and about business! Yes, sir, Ellen was delightful. Business! And she only twenty-three years old. Artistic, too! Odd sort of girl, but delightful. So he smiled at her.

As Ellen talked she made mental notes—involuntarily—about her husband.

Too tall. Didn't walk well. Trousers always bagged at the knees. Probably concealing some chewing tobacco at this very minute. Horrible habit! Astoundingly mature, almost middle-aged, at thirty-five. Bought tailor-made shoes and then didn't keep them polished. Always needed a shave—not desperately—but still—Seemed to take pride in lapses from good English. Scornful of culture for no other reason than bull-headedness. Just a pose. Hanging on to cow country traditions a decade after they were out of style. Old-fashioned ideas about women. Ugh! Why did I ever marry him? But he is honest, good-natured, strong, generous and rich. But I don't like him. Why does he persist in looking at me in that irritating way?

And at the same time Ellen was talking about Harwood Burton, who had a law office in the Hill County National Bank Building—four stories, brick, two lonesome marble pillars, slippery tile floor. Sam was president of the Hill County National Bank.

"What if he does go to dances?" Ellen was saying. "Of course he knows a lot about books and plays and music and art. That's why the women like him. You and the directors are

always talking about your duty to the community; you couldn't do anything better than to keep Harwood Burton here. If I were you I'd make him attorney for the bank——"

"What!"

"I certainly would, Sam. You ought to hear the women ask his advice about everything. He would bring in many a large inactive account."

"But he's no lawyer; don't even make a living at it; lives off his rents. Where do you reckon he gets all those trick neckties? Ties 'em pretty, don't he?"

"Sam, you're impossible."

"Why, honey, you can't put anything over on these Hill County folks. They know a lawyer when they see one. Old Judge Slaughter sits down before a jury and crosses his legs so they can see that one sock hanging down over his shoe top and the case is more'n half won. There's a lawyer, honey. Knows how to mix in some cow country talk with the law terms. Harwood Burton wouldn't be worth the powder and shot——"

"Just the same the younger lawyers all agree that he has the keenest legal mind in this county."

"Then why does he waste time on female neckties? Don't you reckon it must be that he likes to have all those flappers and overweights looking at him like goggle-eyed perch?"

"He isn't interested in girls."

"Well, he ought to be, honey. Here's a town full of pretty girls all looking for husbands; what's going to become of them?"

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By *Chester
T.
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Illustration
by
Howard
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"Mr. Harwood Burton will lecture on Shakespeare's tragedies. Hearts checked in cloakroom."

"Will you ask some of the younger lawyers about him?"

"Sure I will."

And although Sam Kirk was not even partially convinced by what his wife had said, he kept his promise. In fact, Sam always kept his promises. That was the first and almost the only article in his code. Moreover, he believed it was his duty to let Ellen know he approved of her, since winning his approval was her sole mission in life.

The following morning at half past nine, Harwood Burton entered his law office and sat down at his mahogany desk to read the morning mail. It consisted of a bill for printed court reports, two wedding invitations, a social letter from a

*"Ellen—I love her,"
thought Burton.
"I'll tell her husband.
She'll go through;
she is no quitter."*

"It's the older women who think—they're the ones who like him best—the ones who have moved into town and are renting their farms."

"Yes, honey, I reckon so; but a lot of their men-folks could stand the shock all right if Harwood Burton happened to be taken down with a mild case of leprosy complicated by drowning."

"They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

Sam was now teasing Ellen. Seeing his latest shot strike the target, he hastened to fire another: "Mr. Harwood Burton announces six concerts by the Sim Funny Orchestra during the season."

"Yes, and they were very good ones, too."

"Mr. Handsome Harwood announces the opening of the new bath-house on the beautiful banks of our beautiful river, all free for the use of our beautiful boys and girls."

"It might interest you, Sam, to know that every enterprise he touches is efficiently managed and a magnificent success."

"If you keep on making me jealous, Ellen, I'm going to challenge that hard-boiled roughneck to a game of tiddledywinks."

Ellen laughed. Sometimes one had to laugh at Sam. He was beyond all argument on several subjects. But his wife returned to the attack.

"Will you just promise me," she asked, "that you will find out a little more about him at first hand?"

"Sure I will, honey." And then he resumed teasing:

woman, an invitation to dinner and a circular from his fraternity. There was also a letter signed "Ellen." She called his attention to the fact that the moonlight would be at its best that evening. She was attending a dance where he would also be a guest. She suggested that he come in his roadster so that they might steal away for a few minutes to the lake with the willow trees on the shore, and watch the little ripples play on the white sand.

Harwood Burton read this letter and tucked it hastily into his inside coat pocket. Later he took it out, read it again, crumpled it, then smoothed the pages—and replaced it in his pocket. He picked up the morning newspaper and tried to read the headlines, but was not interested.

Suddenly the whole world had gone out of focus. He was floating in some starry realm where the air was wine and only one fact remained—a letter. Far below—millions of miles away—a puppet show, Lilliputians, dim figures . . .

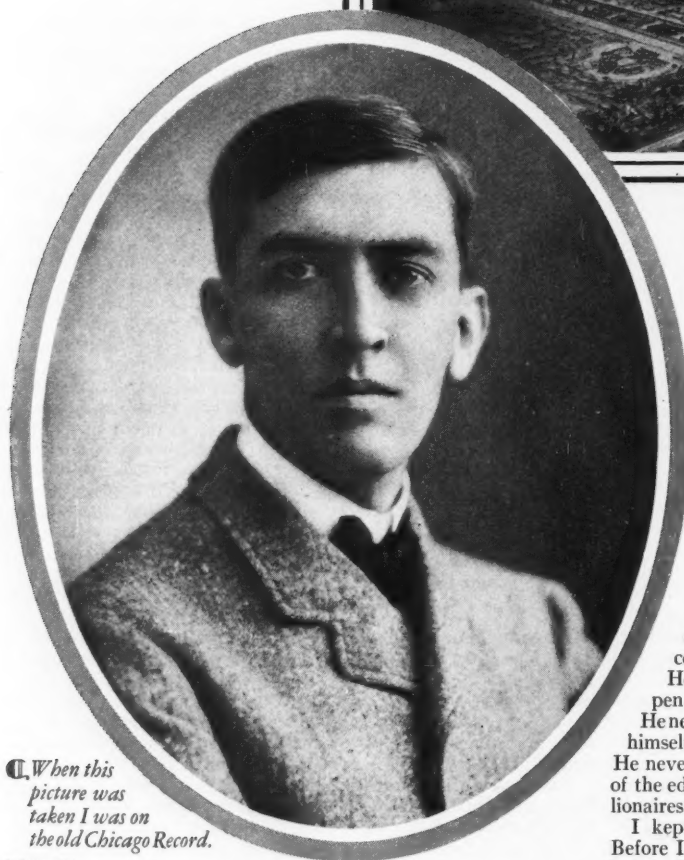
There were his father and mother. Like toiling ants they came from an oblong on the map, Tennessee, and gathered farm lands in the Southwest. Dead now—that their only son might go to college. College, once so wonderful, now a little toy with moss-grown towers six inches high. Inside, a hall where great names were carved in stone—Shakespeare, Dante. And another dim figure, his own, Harwood Burton, bringing a message, Culture, back to his own people. Queer little people, toiling like ants, especially the men. Groups of fat women with puzzled brows, listening. Shakespeare. Covies (Continued on page 185)

For the First Time in My Life

By
George
ADE



John T. McCutcheon illustrated my "column" and we shared rooms together in Chicago.



When this picture was taken I was on the old Chicago Record.

FOR years I have had a yearn. Now it will be gratified. Every man is entitled to his fling and it begins to look as if I can go ahead and satisfy my most lustful desire for personal publicity without being hissed. The Editor has given me a permit to take the pronoun "I" and play all over the place with it. I feel like the president of a sectarian college going out to supper with a Follies girl. Or the lady organizer of the Uplift League sneaking a nip from a hip flask. I welcome the unusual adventure, but I am shaking like a leaf.

When Mr. Ray Long said, "Go ahead and write something that has really happened to you yourself," I said, "Oh, Mr. Long, I couldn't do that!" but all the time I knew I would

fall in the end—gladly, but with my hat pulled down over my eyes.

If you think this is a lot of language about nothing, let me tell you of the training I received in the old school of newspaper work. For ten years I was employed by the Chicago Record, a morning newspaper. It was a good paper and should not have been Munseyed out of existence. We who were loyal to it believed that it had some of the merits of Mr. Dana's Sun, at that time bogey in journalism.

In 1893 I was put in charge of a department called "Stories of the Streets and of the Town." I was not exactly a columnist. They were generous and let me have two columns on the editorial page. The task meant from 1200 to 2000 words a day. If the pictures provided by John McCutcheon could be made to enlarge obligingly, I would cheat a little on the text. In the next column to me were the "Sharps and Flats" of Eugene Field. He wrote one full column every day with a fine steel-pointed pen. The type was nonpareil and his average was 2700 words! He never solicited or accepted contributions—wrote everything himself. He was known the world over, but did not sign his stuff. He never referred to himself except by an occasional playful use of the editorial "we." He threw fire-crackers at the pompous millionaires and noisy politicians, but he always hid back of the fence.

I kept my two-column department going for seven years. Before I retired to the clover pasture and began to steal money by syndicating, I had published four books, all of the material having first appeared in the paper. I was somewhat known at the bookshops, but to the readers of the Record I was still an unknown speaking from the darkness. Never, by hint or suggestion, was it made known to our subscribers that behind the story department there might be hiding a human being with thoughts and emotions worth recording. I peered through the camera for seven years and never stood in front of it once. The compositors working on my hand-written gems never had to reach for an upper-case "I."

I can look back now and realize that if I had enjoyed the glorious privileges of an O. O. McIntyre, I might have brightened many a dull issue. If I had just rambled about the town, looking at things and people and permitting myself to become involved in the adventures which beckoned from every side, my contributions

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I'm Going to Talk About Myself

might have been a vivid red instead of salmon pink. At that time Chicago was as raw as a turnip and as wild as a hawk. I did ramble and I did write. I wrote enough copy to fill an unabridged dictionary, but never once did I put myself into a story.

No newspaper man of that day ever dreamed of such a thing as a daily contributor featuring himself or confessing, in type, that there was such a person as himself. If a commentator or storyteller had been given the privilege of using the first person singular and had taken advantage of the situation, he would have been burned at the stake by his furious co-workers. Every reporter in America had it in for Richard Harding Davis because he had given up reporting and wore evening clothes and had become a luminous individual instead of a cog in a wheel.

The laws of the Medes and the Persians were rubber-like in their pliability as compared with the traditions and precedents and unwritten rules of every newspaper shop. Judged by the standards of those good old Press Club days, Heywood Broun, Franklin P. Adams, Alexander Woolcott, Claire Briggs, Dick Little, Percy Hammond, Don Marquis, Grantland Rice, Eddie Guest, Sidney Smith, and all the other present-day stars of the gossip column and the daily release and the comic strip would be listed as shameless self-advertisers. Male gold-diggers. Trying to put themselves ahead of their "sheets." We were asphyxiated by a complex of proud modesty.

One of the first slaves to escape from the galleys and begin sailing his own boat was Arthur Brisbane. He had opinions and the artist's trick of edging around until he found an entirely new angle from which to view the landscape. He had a vocabulary and the gift of combining force with what seemed to be the easiest kind of writing. So he became known by his real name and had money and was cordially envied and disliked. The bench-workers all felt that he should continue to be a hired hand in overalls and wear a mask. Of course a man never gets anywhere by accident, but the boys wouldn't believe it. The years have vindicated Brisbane and today he continues to give sane and cheerful and entertaining advice to millions of readers. I apologize for having humped at him.

After I went off the salary list and began to free-lance, I wrote musical plays and comedies. Some of them, such as, "The Sultan of Sulu," "The County Chairman," "The College Widow," "Father and the Boys," "The Fair Co-Ed" and "The Old Town," played in so many theaters in different towns that time and again I found myself in front of a twenty-four-sheet stand from which my name rang out like a bell-buoy. The sight of those large black letters always horrified me. It seemed to me that the exploitation was being carried to an extreme and that I would be criticized.

The suffering on the first night, when I had to appear before the curtain whether the play was going or already gone, was so acute that even now I sometimes wake up at night frozen with terror just from dreaming that I was once more trying to be a dramatist.

When I got around to writing for the magazines the editors suggested that I cut loose and write some of my own experiences. It seemed to me that they were asking me to give a B. V. D. parade. The old-time religion still had me in its clutches.

I have been around the world once. I have made two separate journeys to China and Japan. I have been to Europe eight times, Egypt twice, the West Indies, including Panama and the fringe of South America, no less than six times, and of course my rambles at home have taken me into every state of the Union. My note-books are crowded and I have hundreds of photographs and I have had, probably, one million experiences worth telling about if they could be told without flub and spiced with "human interest." And yet, I never have put on paper, for publication, one of my own personal narratives.



John T. McCutcheon as he looked in those days.

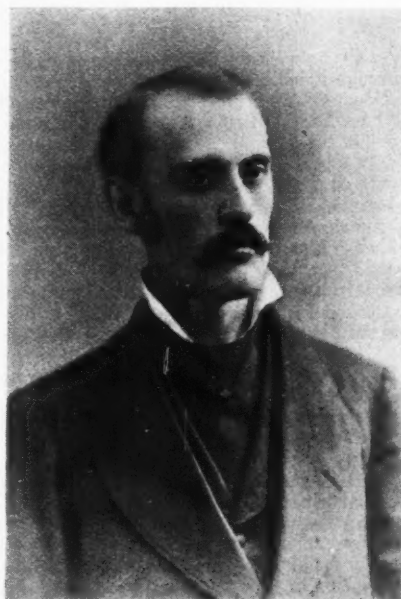
If I had to write of anything that happened while I was in foreign parts I always set up an imaginary third person dummy and stuffed it with straw. Still a reporter, observing the rules.

AND yet I have known, all these years, that the autobiography shelf was worth all the other departments of the library. Just as far back as I can remember I was learning to read Livingstone's own story of the explorations in Africa. Also that other shameless autobiography, possibly a little less truthful than some that have come along since, viz., "Robinson Crusoe." Every year or

two I go back to Dana's "Two Years before the Mast." His book tells nothing except the deadly routine of a crew of cowed and untidy sailors, imprisoned on a leaky ship, but it has a never-ending fascination because he tells his own story in his own way.

Then there is Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." As in "Roughing It" and "Innocents Abroad," he had the courage to keep himself in the picture because he happened to be the most competent and the most understanding of any of the witnesses to the events related. He is at his best when he tells of his cub pilot tribulations during those old raring, tearing days on the big river. The early book is ever so much better than the posthumous "Autobiography" because in the Mississippi book he talks about himself all of the time with shameless candor, while the so-called "Autobiography" is simply an exhibit of an old man's fondness for the members of his family and a lot of nice people in Hartford, Connecticut.

I have come to the conclusion that if you are going to talk about yourself the thing to do is to stick to your subject. Be like Benvenuto Cellini or Andy Adams, who wrote "The Log of a Cowboy." These (Continued on page 182)



Photograph Meserve Collection

The Eugene Field of "Sharps and Flats."

Concluding
MEREDITH
NICHOLSON'S

*Novel of
Married People's
Morals*

*And They
Lived
Happily
Ever After*

*Illustrations by
John La Gatta*

MORT was surprised to find how easily he adjusted himself to his new status. He was a married man living apart from his wife. This was his social classification. Of Alice he thought little and only as of some one he had known rather well in a remote past but who had now passed out of his ken. Of Freida, however, he thought a great deal.

The first time he saw her after the break was on a Saturday evening when he dined with the Westons and Helen had arranged to have Freida there. They spent half an hour alone together but the talk was mainly of the possibility of her going away to school the next winter. Mort assured her that this would be possible; she could go to any school she and her mother agreed upon. He had talked this over with Tom, and it had seemed the simplest way of getting Freida away from her mother without a row that could only affect the girl unhappily.

Spencer, presumably, would be seeing Alice and if it could be done Freida must know nothing about the real cause of the separation. To fight the prospective suit for divorce would only give publicity to the truth about Alice and Spencer, and Mort was assailed by no desire for vengeance. He experienced no pang of jealousy; even the wound to his pride healed quickly.

As he sat beside Freida in the Weston living-room it struck him that in the few weeks that had elapsed since he had last seen her she had changed, taken on a look of maturity that made her half a stranger. Suddenly she drew closer and took his hand.

"I'm so sorry, papa—about everything! It seems so strange that I have to see you this way . . ."

He surmised that she thought he would probably want to explain and justify himself, but he ignored the opening. "It's so



C. "We must try to be just, Mort,"

nice that I can see you!" he said, putting his arm about her. "It's fine of Mrs. Weston to have us here."

The dinner went merrily, as it was young Helen's birthday. After dinner Weston excused himself to read his newspaper, saying that he wasn't making company of Mort. The children were playing on the lawn and Helen and Mort strolled about watching them.

"I shall always be grateful for this," said Mort. "You made it possible and easy for me; Freida and I got on splendidly. I really believe she cares a bit about me!"

"Of course she does! Freida's a dear child. I told Junior he could have a small dancing party here—small and early—next Saturday night. I thought it might help Freida just now to meet her young friends in such a way. She's feeling this trouble of yours more than you know. She's anxious to do the right thing—avoid showing partiality—be fair, both to you and her mother."

She had drawn on a long cloak before coming out and the effect of it was to add to her height as she idled along beside him over the smooth lawn, with the spring stars twinkling through the maples, and the children joyously at play . . . King William was King James's son . . . Youth! Faith! Hope! Love! . . .

Helen was telling him of her plans for changing the garden the next year, and his thoughts ran to his own little plot in Whitcomb Place that was his no longer . . . Helen asked his advice about certain shrubs she thought of utilizing for borders. She described her plans vividly, so that her garden rose before him out of the shadows. He envisaged her, on cool mornings and

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said Helen. "We've had glimpses of happiness! We know what love means!"

through delaying twilights, sitting on the curved stone bench watching the fountain; hearing the splash and murmur of the water. With such a woman he could catch up the fragments of his life, piece them together; find renewed zest in new aims and aspirations; live in the kingdom of beautiful things.

Weston had come out of the house and was chaffing the children from the veranda steps. As Helen and Mort moved toward him down the lawn he lighted a cigar, the flame flashing with a weird effect upon his heavy face. His appearance at the moment was like a warning and Mort hated himself for his resentment at the interruption. Joe Weston was Helen's husband. Weston had been his friend in a critical hour; this was Weston's house and his own presence here tonight was due to Weston's generous kindness. It was base for him to covet Weston's wife. He unconsciously quickened his step. To acknowledge even to himself that he loved Helen Weston made him equally guilty with Alice.

Weston greeted them jovially; turned the talk, as they loitered about the grounds, upon business conditions while Helen walked silently between them . . .

"OF COURSE you'll have to go; but keep your dignity. It is Alice who has favors to ask. I'd let her show her hand."

This was Tom Bowen's counsel after the attorney Alice had employed made formal overtures for a conference. The meeting was appointed for the lawyer's office at two o'clock on a Saturday afternoon to suit Mort's convenience, as he was constantly out of town. He walked to the interview with rather less

emotion than if he were about to call on a bond prospect. He arrived at the office exactly on time, and the attorney ushered him into a book-lined room and discussed the weather and kindred matters with studied avoidance of the purpose of the call.

Alice was late; but it was an old habit of hers to be late. The attorney bowed her in and closed the door upon them.

"Good afternoon, Mort."

"Good afternoon, Alice."

He waited for her to be seated and faced her across the book-littered table.

"I'm sorry to be so late. I had a terrible time parking the car."

"The parking problem is getting harder all the time," he agreed.

He remembered the blue gabardine suit she wore; it was a purchase of the previous spring and she had had a row about it with the dealer; a question of the fit of the collar. But the hat was new and becoming. A very attractive little woman, he would have thought if he had noticed her on the street; no embarrassment; no marks of suffering.

"There are two or three things I wanted to talk to you about, Mort. I hope we can talk sensibly about them."

"I certainly hope so. I want to help you all I can. We lived together a good while and it wouldn't be quite decent to punish you for any wrong you've done me. I have no feeling of that kind. Perhaps it will simplify matters if I say that I'm meeting you today as Freida's mother; the fact that you've been my wife really doesn't enter into it."

To him there was a certain novelty in this way of looking at it. The indirect accusation, however, was too subtle for her to grasp

quickly. She moved uneasily in her chair and averted her eyes. "You've assumed things that are not true. But I suppose you will have to think them," she said with an injured air.

"I could prove my case; I could establish my rights as the injured party, but I have no intention of doing it. I'm perfectly willing that you should go ahead and get a divorce on any ground you please."

"Thank you, Mort," she said, quite herself again. "About the check you sent me the first of the month—I want you to know that I'm keeping that for Freida—every cent of it. I wouldn't take it for myself. I don't want to leave the house and go into an apartment; that wouldn't be fair to Freida. It might look strange to her friends."

"Of course. I'm leaving her in your hands with the expectation that you will realize the responsibility—I hope you won't fail me there."

"I appreciate that, Mort, and I'm glad you didn't talk against me to her . . ."

THERE was an almost imperceptible quaver in her voice. Something passed between them—something that reached far back into the past as if the broken ends of a cord had touched, renewing a current of understanding and sympathy. She seemed amazingly young and helpless, with the helplessness of innocent childhood, as she sat with her hands clasped upon her purse. If he had walked round the table and uttered the smallest word of forgiveness . . . but the moment passed. And her next words stiffened his resolution to let her go through with it in any way she pleased.

"But I suppose I could make the cause of my suit cruel treatment," she said. "My lawyer says that would be the easiest."

"Oh, anything! It doesn't make a particle of difference. The sooner it's done the better. I'd like to have it understood that Freida and I are to meet—that she may even spend some time with me without having that made a matter of legal record. We must spare her that. I shan't abuse the privilege."

"Yes; that's perfectly all right, Mort. And about her going away to school in the fall—"

"I'm heartily for it," he said quickly. "When the time comes I'll take her East to school if it shouldn't be convenient for you to go. Or you might take her and I'll go later. These matters can be arranged through Freida. She's no longer a baby and I think she will feel this whole thing less if we trust to her."

"Well, I guess that's all," she said. Her instant of contrition, or fear for the future, or whatever it may have been, had passed.

It occurred to him that she would probably want to discuss the case with her attorney before she left and he rose and picked up his hat. "If there's nothing further—" he remarked deferentially.

"No; I believe that's all," she said with a quick little smile. "Thank you so much for coming, Mort!"

"Oh, no trouble at all!" he replied, imitating her slightly flippant intonation.

When the sheriff's process was served on him the following week he studied it with some curiosity. He was summoned to defend himself in an action for divorce brought by Alice T. Crane. *Alice T. Crane vs. Morton Crane*. Cause No. 164321, Room 2, Marion Superior Court.

He carried the writ to the lawyer Tom had retained for him and in due course perused Alice's bill of complaint. Cruel and inhuman treatment. The words had a queer look. Cruelty, the attorney explained, was susceptible of broad interpretation. He had conferred with Mrs. Crane's counsel, and she would give only such testimony as was necessary to convince the trial judge that she had verily suffered mental anguish through the cruelty of the defendant. Mort grinned his appreciation of the fine discretion and tolerance of the law. It was possible under the laws of his state for almost anyone to be freed from the bonds of matrimony much as one might drop a penny in the slot and draw out a stick of chewing gum.

The case couldn't be heard until the September term of court and in preoccupation with his work Mort gave little thought to it. Freida he saw frequently at Tom's, whose place on the river became the familiar playground of the young Westons as the summer advanced. In July Mort took Freida for a trip into Canada and came down through Connecticut to look at the school that had been chosen for her.

This was the happiest of excursions. Mort hadn't been in New York in years and they spent three days in strenuous sightseeing. He noticed that Freida wrote to her mother frequently and received several letters in reply, but he asked no questions and

Freida volunteered nothing. The Westons were mentioned frequently—Freida and Junior exchanged telegrams constantly—and Mort thought of Helen far oftener than was comfortable.

Mort made a point of being in town the day the case was tried. His attorney advised him by telephone that the decree was granted; there had been no trouble about it; it had followed the usual routine. No demand was made for alimony and a division of the daughter's time between her parents, and provision for her support was to be arranged by the parties and did not figure in the decree.

He was a free man. Having heard the lawyer's succinct report of the termination of the case, Mort took his hat and went out into the warm sunshine of the September afternoon.

He set off at the quick pace of a man bound upon a definite errand and anxious to be through with it. He crossed the jobbing district into the industrial area, remembering that he must have traversed these same streets the day fate carried him to Garfield and his meeting with Helen Weston. Strange, the way a man's life was taken out of his hands!

A brass tablet proclaiming the Howard Spencer Press arrested him . . . He wished to see Mr. Spencer, he informed the young woman who presided at the outer office. Mr. Spencer, she thought, was engaged at the moment. Mort replied that he was an old friend and would go on back to Spencer's office.

Spencer was sitting on a corner of his desk, his back to the door, holding the telephone receiver to his ear.

"Yes. All right; that's fine! See you soon . . . Yes. Take good care of yourself . . . Oh! I knew it would be all right!"

The receiver banged upon the hook. Spencer struck his hands together viciously, muttered something under his breath, then looked over his shoulder to find Mort at the threshold.

"Pardon me!" said Mort instantly.

Spencer slipped from the desk and took a step backward; steadied himself by grasping his chair.

"Pardon me!" Mort repeated, stepped inside and closed the door.

"This is a private office!" Spencer exclaimed hotly.

"It's more private with the door closed," said Mort calmly.

"It will take only a minute or two to say what's in my mind."

"Oh, all right!" Spencer retorted impatiently.

"Alice has her divorce. Unless I'm mistaken you were just hearing the good news when I reached the door."

"Ah! Eavesdropping, were you! You are quite right! Mrs. Crane called me to say she had won her case."

"Yes; she won it. Or rather, she partly won it. There is something necessary besides the court's decree to make the victory complete."

Spencer's face twitched but he did not lose his attitude of defiance. The man before him was not the Mort Crane who had once been his business associate. The Mort he had known had never manifested this assured, relentless air. His eyes were not the eyes of the dreamer who had frittered away so much time in exasperating efforts to exact from type and ink their full artistic expression. Very different eyes, with a direct pit less gaze not easy to meet. Mort's deliberation was ominous; something must be done to dispose of him quickly.

"Look here!" Spencer blustered. "If you've come to blackmail me—"

"No. Really not. You are a high-minded gentleman—a man of strict honor. How could I ever think of blackmailing you! But—listen to me carefully!" Mort slapped the edge of the desk with his gloves. "I've come to remind you—to remind you—that it is your duty as a gentleman to marry Alice Crane. It's not the decent thing, Mr. Spencer, to use a woman as you've used her and then drop her. She's undoubtedly in love with you. But—and this is the point that brings me here—she is also the mother of my daughter. For that reason alone I'm here. I think you understand me. I believe that is all."

In the corridor outside Mort paused, sniffing the familiar scents of the printer's craft and distinguishing, amid the subdued jarrings at the rear, the peculiar clatter of a certain press he remembered in the old place.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE evening before Freida left for school Mort had her for dinner at the Sycamore to bid her good-by. It was a real relief that she was going away—going away from Alice. It had never seemed possible that a day would come when he would be grateful for an excuse for sending Freida away from her mother. Mort had sent Alice a check to cover the cost of Freida's school outfit,

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C "I'm so sorry, papa—about everything!" Freida should not know, Mort decided, about the real cause of his separation from her mother.

in addition to paying the tuition and board bill for the half-year, and Alice had responded with a gracious little note of thanks.

Freida, happily looking forward to the winter's adventures in a new environment, was in the gayest spirits. Mort was enormously proud of her. Several other Indianapolis girls were entering the school chosen for Freida, and as Mrs. Ferguson was taking her own daughter, Mort decided that it wasn't necessary for him to go. Alice, so Freida reported, preferred to wait until the Thanksgiving recess and visit her then.

At the station the next evening Alice was satisfied that she had spent Mort's generous check to the best possible advantage. Freida's traveling dress and fall coat and hat were a shade smarter than those worn by the other girls. And there was no question but that Freida was the comeliest member of the party. When she passed through the gates and vanished up the stairway to the train a lump came into Alice's throat. For a poignant moment the world seemed to have gone away and left her alone. She had driven down in a taxi and the other (Continued on page 194)

By HENDRIK

My Private

Illustrations

by the



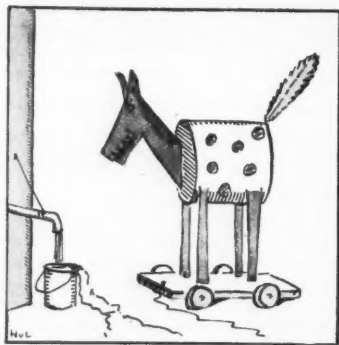
Hendrik
Willem
van Loon

MAN, having been duly appointed Lord and Master of all Creation, first killed those among his dumb neighbors who did not seem to fit in with his own scheme of things and then used the survivors as subjects for those playful proverbs which he invented from time to time to show the superior qualities of his mind.

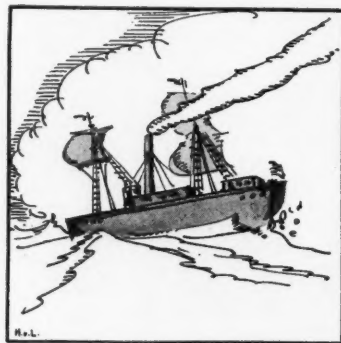
Curiously enough, those who served him most loyally were the worst sufferers. Pick up any handbook of maxims, proverbs and phrases, and you will be astonished at the terrible things our ancestors have said about the dog and the horse and the cat and the other household animals. Robert Christy's little compilation cites 209 separate and individual insults directed at *canis familiaris*, from "A bad dog never sees the wolf" to "Yelping curs may anger mastiffs at last."

Then turn to the letter H, to "horse," and you will find not less than 108 pleasant little items which reflect upon the character of this most trusted and amiable quadruped, who has fought in a thousand wars and never yet has asked for a bonus.

Right here I might indulge in a pretty little sermon upon the Virtue of Gratitude, but the essay today is on "Education" and I must stick to my 108



"The proverb about a horse and water applies to education."



The passengers insisted on being as uncomfortable as in the old days.

In the olden days, man crossed the ocean in sailing vessels. The passenger cabins on such craft were aft. That was the logical place for them to be. For three thousand years, the captain and his guests therefore shared the poop deck and left the rest of the ship to cargo and crew.

Then came the steamer. Did the passengers flee from the noise and the discomfort of the propeller and move forward? By no means. They had always been aft and they remained aft. They rolled and they pitched and they were horribly seasick until finally, after fifty or sixty years of suffering, a bright young genius shifted the cabins to mid-deck and gave us our modern ocean liner.

Here is another example. For umtudee centuries people had traveled in stage-coaches. Came Puffing Billy and his glorious

subject. I shall borrow only one familiar saying from our plentiful barnyard imagery, and upon that I shall base my further remarks. It is a well-known proverb and it reads: "You may lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink."

Right here let me tell you a secret.

Many years ago I knew a man who understood the language of the animals. Of course we modern people take it for granted that animals do not speak. Our ancestors, who lived in darkness, possessed a vast literature devoted exclusively to the bright sayings of foxes and cats and storks and whales and walruses. Today such conversations are contemptuously classified as "fairy stories," and anyone who continues to believe in them after he has got his first pair of long pants is a poor little simpleton who will grow up to be a poet or a hack-writer of advertising copy.

All the same, my friend—and he was a man of deep learning—had devoted fifty years of his life to that silent language which is in common use in our stables and kennels. He rarely mentioned it to anyone from fear of being laughed at. But he gave me his confidence, and he told me something very interesting. As soon as he had learned enough horse talk to know what Dude and Epinard and Diamond and Man of War and Mad Hatter were talking about, he hid himself behind the oat bin when the Academy of the Equine Vernacular was holding a session. The subject under discussion was the "Revised Book of Pony Proverbs." And the first item upon the program, adopted by unanimous whinnying, was as follows: "You can lead a man to an idea, but you cannot make him think."

I have often thought of this when I contemplate the strange, glacier-like spiritual and intellectual movement which we sometimes call "progress." This is a practical age. The theoretical aspects of the case therefore would not interest the average reader. But I can make my point clear by a short reference to certain inventions of the last hundred years.

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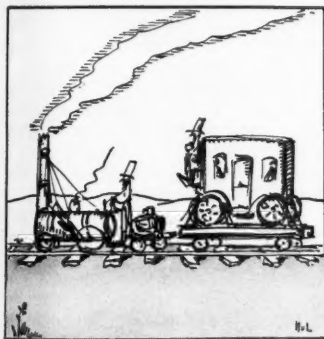
W I L L E M V A N L O O N

Opinion of School-Teachers

by the Author

crown of smoke. Did eager multitudes rush to the cozy little compartments of the new iron vehicle? I should say not! Whosoever could afford it kept himself aloof from this new and vulgar invention. And the gentry proudly continued to ride in the old stage-coaches. The horses, however, were discarded. The stage-coaches were hoisted on flat cars, and these were attached to the end of the train. In this way did My Lord and My Lady continue to travel until a few fatal accidents forced them to give up a habit which had become part of their very souls.

That happened almost a hundred years ago. But when most of us were young, a few curious people with a knack for mechanics began to fool around with little individual locomotives which they called automobiles. An auto of course had nothing in common with an ordinary horse and buggy. But the human race was accustomed



IThey had always traveled in stage-coaches. So they still did.

I lived in a town called The Hague, and every day when the weather was fine I went to the near-by seashore. Most of the time I walked, but whenever I had three cents, I took the street-car. It was a horse-car pulled by two old nags, and it was always filled with pensioned government officials who had come to the royal residence to vegetate and die in a peace that almost passed human understanding. These human fossils all kept dogs. Why they kept dogs I do not know, but they kept dogs, a strangely assorted collection of curs with a preponderance of pugs—if anyone remembers those wheezy little monsters. The dogs, of course, were not allowed in the car. They had to run behind. This they did, but most unwillingly and with every evidence of bitter hatred.

Eventually, of course, the dogs and the cars would reach their destination. But by the time the poor beasts had sniffed around sufficiently to locate their own masters, the sun was setting and the chill winds from the west were driving the old pensioners homeward.

Then the pilgrimage began all over again, and in this way the critters spent most of their lives running after something with which they were destined never to catch up.



II can still feel sorry for the Greek kids dragged to school.

all contact with the main body of the citizens' army.

The day the schoolmasters learn the truth of this statement will be a happy day indeed.

But here I must interrupt myself. I know very well that many serious men and women are working like beavers to make an end to an almost intolerable condition. They need not write me angry letters, for I am wholeheartedly on their side. But their number is infinitesimally small compared to the hordes of our professional pedagogs.

A pedagog, as many of my readers may remember, was originally the slave who in the Greek cities took the little boys from their houses to school and saw to it that they did not play hookey or get bitten by the wild dogs. Whenever I use the word I have a vision of strings of little Athenian kids being dragged by some husky Nubian to Mrs. Xantippe's kindergarten. I can even hear them howl and at this distance of twenty-five hundred years I can still feel sorry for them.

It is true we have changed a great many things. A modern school, even compared to the institutions of my own youth—and I am not so terribly old—is a veritable paradise. But the problem of educating the multitudes is as far removed from a solution as it was thirty centuries ago, and today it represents vested interests of such power and magnitude that it is practically impossible to bring about a change.

Of course the ancients and the people of the Middle Ages had one great advantage over us. Until a comparatively short time ago the home was the true center of all civilization. Today the home, in the old meaning of the word, is practically gone. It continues to function in some remote parts of the old world. But our modern machine-made age has no longer any need of an institution which is economically unprofitable. The (Continued on page 182)



IFrom an airplane, the Woolworth Tower is a mole-hill.



II lived in Holland—and most of the time I walked.

A Peach of A S

By BRUNO L

Illustration by



"Oh, Berney," said Max, most casually, "this is Miss Seidel, my new stenographer."

RASNOW, of Rasnow & Son (furs), sat back in his chair with his hands clasped upon his stomach, and over the rim of his glasses gazed alternately at one or the other of the two young men who sat before him.

"It's ten years since I've been working for you," said Max Shapiro.

"Eleven for me," said Berney Feldman.

"Yes, Mr. Rasnow, ten and eleven years," Max went on. "And we grew up with the business and helped you make a big success of it. Now it's all right for you to take your son Albert into partnership. Yes, sir. We got no kick coming about that because it's only natural. But Berney and I talked it over and we thought we had some kind of recognition coming to us. We ain't asking to be made equal partners in the business, but we ought to be some kind of members of the firm."

There was an air of infinite patience in Rasnow's attitude. He listened in silence to every word the two young men uttered.

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Then, glancing again from one to the other, "It's too early," said he. "You got to wait yet a while. Young men is too impatient these days. When I was a young man—"

"You used to play with a dodo," interrupted Max, rising. "Come on, Berney. I guess we don't get no justice in this joint."

There was just the faintest trace of a smile upon Rasnow's face, but as the young men walked out of his office, he did not even change his attitude.

"Now I'll tell you," said Max. "You got a couple of thousand dollars and I got a couple of thousand dollars. We'll go over to the bank and see old man Gallagher, and if he comes across with three thousand on a demand note, we can start right in. Inside a year we'll put Shapiro and Feldman on the map and make old Rasnow look sick."

"Where d'ye get that Shapiro and Feldman?" demanded Berney. "How d'ye know it ain't going to be Feldman and Shapiro? Are you just a natural born senior partner or are you putting in more money than I am?"

"There you go," exclaimed Max. "Starting right in with a row. Let's settle that business here and now. I'll toss up a penny and whoever wins is the senior partner."

Berney assented to this proposition as the only solution and lost the toss.

"I hope you're satisfied now," said Max. "Let's go and see Gallagher."

Mr. Gallagher sat just as you would expect a bank president to sit. He leaned far back in his swivel-chair and pressed his fingertips together directly before his face. This attitude always seems to give a bank president some kind of an advantage.

"Hm!" he said, after the young men had explained the proposition to him. "Three thousand dollars

on a demand note. And you have no security to offer. Hm! This is a rather unusual request and I shall have to take it up with some of our directors. Will you excuse me a moment?"

"It's cold," said Berney, when they were alone.

"It looks like it," said Max. "I don't like them banker faces. They look like they didn't have a heart."

When Mr. Gallagher returned a few minutes later, he was smiling quite genially.

"Why, certainly, boys," he said. "We'll be glad to make you the loan."

Max and Berney stared at each other.

"Pinch me!" said Berney. "Maybe I ain't awake."

Thus came the firm of Shapiro & Feldman into being. Max, having the better head for figures, took charge of the office work and the correspondence while Berney looked after the sales department and the workshop.

New business has hard sledding. People take readily to a new dance or a new drink or a new style of clothing, but they seem reluctant to do business with new firms. Both Max and Berney soon realized that they had never properly appreciated the Gibraltar-like prestige of their former employer.

A Stenographer

LESSING

Forrest C. Crooks

Then along came Bella Seidel. "A girl who used to go to our business college," she explained to Max, "said you didn't have a stenographer. So I thought I would apply. I can refer you to the principal of our school."

Max buttoned his vest, straightened his tie and quickly ran his hand over the top of his head.

As he gazed into the limpid eyes of Miss Seidel, he realized that success in the fur business was impossible without the assistance of a stenographer.

"What salary would you be asking?" was his only question. And, half an hour later, Berney Feldman, entering the office with a new list of prices, found his partner dictating to a wonderful creature in a rose-colored dress, with the most amazing eyes and the most beautiful blue-black fluffy hair he had ever seen.

"Oh, Berney," said Max, in the most casual tone he could assume, "this is Miss Seidel, my new stenographer. Mr. Feldman is my partner. She's going to get twenty-two dollars a week."

BERNEY shook hands with the girl. He held her hand for a long time.

"All I got to say, lady," he remarked, "is that for a stenographer you got eyes that belong in the movies. You'd make a dandy model for furs. I'd like to see you in our new twenty-eight model coat."

"Miss Seidel," said his partner coldly, "is engaged as a stenographer and not as a model."

"Oh, is that so!" exclaimed Berney sarcastically. "Well, I don't believe in wasting a good opportunity. If a customer comes in, I bet he'd give us an order if he could see that number twenty-eight model on this little peach."

Max rose from his chair and walked toward the door.

"Excuse me a minute, Miss Seidel," he said. "I want to have a talk with my partner." Both partners made sure that the door of the private office was carefully shut behind them. *

"Where d'ye get that movies stuff?" demanded Max. "What d'ye want to tell her about her eyes? Are you meshugeh?"

"What I'd like to know," retorted Berney, "is where you get that 'my stenographer' business? Are you paying her wages out of your own pocket? Why didn't I get consulted about it?"

"How could I?" asked Max. "She just blew in and she was too good to let go. You don't get good ones for twenty-two dollars a week any more and we got to write to the whole trade, don't we?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Berney. "When it's a soft job, it's always 'we.' But when it comes to slaving all day in the workshop and the salesroom, I notice it's always me what's the goat."

Berney advertised in the newspapers for a model, and out of twenty applicants selected the most attractive one. Max carefully inspected his selection—and grinned.

It was a great philosopher who proclaimed that the best cure for unrequited affection is another girl, but unfortunately it is a cure which does not always work. Bella Seidel appealed to Berney, and for the moment he could find no one to take her place. And for this same moment his peace of mind was greatly disturbed by beholding the growing intimacy between his partner and the stenographer.

"Now I want to tell you something, Max," said Berney. "It ain't good business for you to take that stenographer out to lunch. It don't look kosher. We're just starting in business, and



"For a stenographer," remarked his partner, "you got eyes that belong in the movies."

we can't afford any kind of bum gossip. As long as she's just working in the office, I don't butt in. But when it comes to taking her out to lunch three days hand running, I think I ought to get something to say about it. It ain't good for the firm."

"Tell me when you're finished," said Max.

"I said all what I got to say," replied Berney.

"All right," said Max. "And all what I got to say is that I don't care a damn about anything what you got to say as far as my lunch is concerned. I eat when I like, where I like and with who I like. And put that in your hat and smoke it."

So that there was nothing for Berney to do but to look on and see his partner alone in the private office with the attractive stenographer all morning and all afternoon and see him leave the place during the luncheon hour and take her with him. O Jealousy! How many blunders are committed in thy name!

For it lasted just about a month. And then Berney observed, first, that his partner devoted less time to dictating letters and more time to asking questions about the stock, and second that the stenographer went out at the luncheon hour by herself. Berney's temper promptly improved and he became very cheerful. One day he walked into the private office.

"Say, young lady," he cried jovially, "how about coming out and having a bite to eat with the junior partner? You don't mind, Max, do you? I ain't never had the pleasure of taking the little girlie out to lunch."

"For all what I care," answered Max, without turning his head, "you can do just what you darn please."

But Miss Seidel only laughed.

"Of course," explained Berney later, "I wouldn't say a word against my partner. He's the regular salt of the earth—the finest feller what ever handled min' or kolinsky. But when it comes to a wonderful girl like you, partnership ain't in it, and I don't mind telling you I was awfully sore to see you go out to lunch with him every day and never go out with me."

"Aren't men the jealous things!" exclaimed Miss Seidel.

"Can you blame them?" asked Berney. "You just got to look into the looking-glass and then you should understand that any man would be jealous if you went out with another man."

"Oh, ain't you the jollier!" said Miss Seidel. "You're worse than Max."

Berney's mouth opened wide, and he gazed at her speechless. "Max, hey?" he said. "I didn't know you got so chummy with him. I suppose he called you by your first name, too."

"Sure he did," replied the girl. "I like him very much and I want all my friends to call me Bella."

"You ain't by any means engaged to him, are you?" asked Berney suspiciously.

The girl laughed and powdered her nose. "Don't be silly," she said. "Max is a perfect dear, and we're the best of friends."

"That being the case," said Berney, greatly relieved, "I hope you won't mind if I call you Bella, too."

"Not the slightest, Berney," she replied. "But I would like some ice-cream."

ANOTHER month passed, and during this month Berney laid violent siege to the heart of the stenographer. It gave him great pleasure to observe that his partner never spoke to her except upon matters of business.

Berney took her out to luncheon three or four times a week for a month. And finally he asked her if she would marry him.

"Don't be absurd, Berney," she said. "I like you very much. You're just as nice as Max. But I couldn't possibly marry you."

"Have you got any good reason?" asked Berney.

"Sure I have," said she. "I don't want to."

For several moments Berney made little pills out of the bread crumbs on the table.

"Well, I guess I can take my medicine," said Berney, with a light laugh. "But I'll tell you something, Bella. You and I are good pals, anyway. And if you want to do me a good turn and make me feel better after I get thrown down like this, tell me the truth. Did you turn down Max, too?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me," said Bella.

"I got to, girlie," responded Berney. "If I knew for sure that Max and me are in the same boat, I'd feel a lot better. I wouldn't worry so much."

The girl laughed. "Then I'll tell you this much, Berney," said she. "You haven't anything to worry about."

And she powdered her nose.

But what of the fur business? A new business requires between twenty-six and thirty hours' concentration each day to make it successful. It is a cruel and jealous master and refuses to share a man's heart and mind with even the prettiest stenographer. Moe Spillwitz, their only salesman, returned from his trip, disappointed and disgusted.

"If you fellows was attending to business," he said, "you would have answered my letters and telegrams prompter. Albert Rasnow is out on the road for his father's firm and everywhere I ran into him, he got the orders. Because why? Because his firm pays attention to business and is up-to-date. I don't know what you fellows was doing while I was away, but I'll bet you wasn't attending to business."

"Oh, you don't say!" exclaimed Max. "I didn't know that we was paying you for your opinions. I thought we was paying you to sell goods."

"Then why didn't you give me some decent goods to sell?"

"What's the use of chewing the rag?" interrupted Berney. "He wants to quit. No use having a long conversation about it."

At the end of that same week and while the partners were still discussing ways and means of improving their business, the blow fell.

When they returned from luncheon they were greeted by a young lady with horn-rimmed spectacles and a sallow complexion.

"I'm from the business college," she explained. "Miss Seidel said she was suddenly called away because she's gonna be married, and she wanted some one to take her place."

"Oh, she did, did she?" exclaimed Max. "Who is she going to marry?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "She didn't tell me."

"Ain't that the dirtiest trick you ever heard?" said Berney. "After the way we treated her, too. Did anybody telephone while we was out? What's your name?"

"My name is Miss Lilienthal," replied the girl. "Oh, yes, a Mr. Gallagher telephoned and said you both had better come over to the bank before three o'clock."

The partners stared at each other. "Let's go," said Max.

"I'M EXTREMELY sorry, boys," said Mr. Gallagher, "but we shall have to call that loan tomorrow. I hope it will not inconvenience you to pay it."

Max Shapiro moistened his lips.

"Mr. Gallagher," he said, "this is awfully sudden, and the only chance my partner and I had to talk it over was while we was on our way here. Things ain't been going so good with us lately, especially collections. And all we can say is if you call that loan tomorrow, you'll be in the fur business."

"I'm very sorry," said Mr. Gallagher, "but I have no alternative except to call the loan."

As they returned to the store neither spoke for a long time. Then—"I guess the jig is up," said Max.

"It don't take no college professor to make that guess," said Berney. "The only thing what gives me a grouch is that we got to go back to old Rasnow and ask for a job."

But Berney was wrong. There was no need of going to old Rasnow. Because when they reached their office they found that old Rasnow had come to them. He was rubbing his hand over the top of a table in the showroom and shaking his head.

"Ts! Ts! Ts! Solid mahogany!" he exclaimed. "When I started in business I was satisfied with cheap furniture. You two boys is altogether too impatient."

"Well, it's our furniture," said Max, "so there ain't no need of your feeling bad."

"Your furniture?" said Rasnow, peering over the rim of his glasses. "If you can hand over the three thousand dollars what I advanced you, I would say it's your furniture. But until then I think I got a perfect right to feel bad about it."

And now there was no mistaking the humorous twinkle in his eyes. The two partners were dumfounded.

"What you advanced, did you say?" asked Max.

"Them was my very words," said Rasnow. "You don't think a smart man like Mr. Gallagher would lend you three thousand dollars without no security, do you? You should have better business sense. But I told him I had great confidence in you boys, and I liked you, and he could go ahead and I would send him a check for the money."

Max sank into a chair and stared at Rasnow with open mouth. Berney walked to a window and looked out. Rasnow gazed from one to the other, with evident enjoyment of the situation.

"Now come, boys," he said in a brisker voice, "I can't stay here all day. I like you boys and I want you to work for me. So let's sit down and have a real business talk."

It was a thoroughly satisfactory talk. For some reason of his own, Rasnow desired to keep the firm of Shapiro & Feldman going but he wanted to control and manage it himself.

"Albert is coming on fine in the business," he explained. "I's soon as he comes back I'll put him in charge of the old business and I'll straighten out your affairs for you. Then I can divide my time between both. You'll get the same salary you was getting before and you'll have a share in the business. But the man who is going to fix the share is me."

"When is Albert coming back?" asked Max.

"In a couple of weeks," answered the old man. "He got married this morning and went off on a honeymoon."

Berney and Max exchanged a quick glance. "Who did he marry?" they asked in the same breath.

"A Miss Seidel," replied Rasnow, and the twinkle came back to his eyes. "Miss Bella Seidel. Could you, by any chance, know her?"

"I guess, Mr. Rasnow," said Max, "you got us sized up for a couple of suckers."

A broad good-natured smile overspread the old man's face. "No, boys," he said kindly, "it ain't as bad as that. Only you're young and impatient and you don't have the proper kind of respect for an older man. I never played with a dodo in my life."

Everybody needs soup!

Do you really know what soup is and does? It's more than a delicious and attractive food. It keeps your appetite keen and active. It helps you enjoy your whole meal. It's splendid for your digestion.

Blended in every spoonful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup are fifteen different vegetables, the rich beef broth that is so invigorating, the cereals that are so substantial, the fresh herbs and seasoning that mean so much to the taste.

So good for everybody—children especially!

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12 cents a can

See this beaming, blushing bride
With happy face and looks of pride.
She's certain, too, her future's bright—
She'll serve him Campbell's every night!



Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER

The Power of the Press by *Irvin S. Cobb* (Continued from page 37)

story; one was all I needed. To see him come in, so pitiable, so crushed, so—so like something that needed sunshine and laughter and wasn't getting it! And then to see how he unfolded, how he came out and blossomed, just absolutely blossomed, when I set to work to win him. Why he almost flung himself into my arms. And the way he clung there! And wouldn't let go for ever so long! Hal, I don't believe there's a greater single tragedy in all this world than a child that's starving for affection and yet never has any. And that's the tragedy of this child—just literally starving, the poor little thing!

"Oh, Hal, he's such a bonny sweet little fellow—handsome and well-formed, with great big blue-gray eyes and fine hair and good clear skin. There must be awfully good blood in him, one side or the other. Somebody has passed on a real soul to that child.

"And, Hal, when he told me about the pretty lady, as he called her, and when he said to me with his head pressed so close up against me here"—she put her hand to her bosom—"that the way I hugged him made him think of how she used to hug him, well, that's when I just began to go all to pieces. And then he looked up at me and he saw that I was crying and he said to me, 'That's the way the pretty lady used to cry over me'; and then was when my heart really broke for him. That memory of that woman, whoever she was—and I can guess who she was and so can you—seems to be the one outstanding thing, the one great beautiful memory of his baby days that he's kept all this time out here in this town. I suppose that God meant that he should. Don't you, Hal? They've had him for four years, these people have," she went on, not waiting for his answer, "but that memory is one precious thing anyhow that they haven't been able to crush out of him."

All at once she burst out: "Oh, these people with a sense of duty! Why is it that so often those who have such a strong sense of duty haven't got any heart to go along with it? There's a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. And it's a good thing, too—it stops people from mistreating children, from mistreating their bodies, anyhow. If only there was some way to keep men and women from being cruel to the spirits of children! If only there was some way to make them understand what it is a child wants and craves and needs and has to have! If only they had appreciation along with their sense of responsibility! If only they had love. That's what they lack, it's love!"

"I got you, Steve!" her husband said. His tone was not a bantering one, if his words were, and he squeezed her arm hard. "But you were telling me about what this youngster remembered?"

"I got it out of him by degrees. I didn't want him to know I was pumping him. Children are cannier sometimes than you'd suspect them of being. But there wasn't much he could tell me. He had a perfectly clear image in his own mind of his precious pretty lady, that was plain enough. But he hadn't the words to describe her with. All he could say was that she was awful pretty and awful sweet and that she used to come to see him nearly every day in that place that he was being kept in and would take him in her arms and hold him in her lap and talk to him and kiss him. And that made him happy, he said, but she couldn't have been happy, as he put it, because all the time she cried.

"Oh yes, and he does remember that the last time she came to see him just before these people took him away and brought him out here, she cried so hard and clung to him so tight that somebody had to tear them apart. And after that he never saw her again.

"And until he talked to me he hadn't spoken of her either to anyone else because it seems these Ledbetters told him he must never speak of her again ever. He didn't mean to disobey them either, I'm sure of that. When he felt

my arms around him it just seemed to burst out of him unawares. So then, on the spur of the moment, I did the other thing I was telling you about."

"What other thing?"

"Went over to see for myself what sort of person this foster-mother of his was. Of course I didn't let her know what I was thinking about. I called her up on the telephone and I said to her that my little boy had formed an attachment for her little boy and wanted to be friends with him and that, if she didn't mind, I'd like to run in on her for a few minutes and tell her something about Tad and find out from her something about their son. She told me to come as soon as I pleased so I left the two children playing here and slipped on my hat and ran around there. They live only about two blocks from here, over on College Street, and their house is lots larger than this one is. They must be better off than we are.

"But oh, Hal, their home isn't a home! It's an ice-box, it's a tomb. It's frozen up solid inside. I could feel the chill of it before I got inside of it. And afterwards! Oh, I'm sure she's a good woman according to her lights and I suppose her husband is a good man, too, according to his. But they're so blind and so deaf and so stupid! And she's so stiff and angular—there are no curves to her, no bends in her nature. You know what I mean, Hal.

"But she was talkative enough. It was evident that they are proud of their generosity for having adopted a strange child and for having undertaken to give him a shelter over his head and clothes for his body and a rearing. They feel pride in it! They ought to be down on their knees asking forgiveness for being so ignorant as not to know that there's one bigger thing—yes, the biggest thing in all the world—that they've never yet given him. But that's what they never can give him, being what they are.

"Where was I? Oh yes, I asked her about the child, trying to be as tactful and as diplomatic as I could. Well, it seems they never had any children and when they got along toward middle age they thought they wanted a child. So here about four years ago they learned about a Mrs. Murtha, in New York, a woman who has devoted her life to taking care of foundlings and orphans and children whose parents for any reason, poverty or something else, are forced to surrender them. She cares for them in a sort of private asylum which she keeps up out of her own funds, and she manages it herself, and then she finds decent homes for them all over the country.

"So they got this Mrs. Murtha's address and they corresponded with her, and the upshot was that they went on to New York and adopted this child on Mrs. Murtha's say-so that he was healthy and normal and natural in every way. It was done legally. They had to furnish references as to their character and their responsibility and they had to pledge themselves that they would educate him properly up to a certain age and all that. But there's a terrible side to it, too.

"It seems that a child's parents, if it has two, or its parent, if it has only one, must surrender all hold and all claim on the child before the transaction is completed. They never know where the child is going or what its new name is to be or where it will live—or anything! It's exactly as though it had died. Oh, Hal, think of a mother, any mother, having to do that! Think of my having to do it, if it were Tad that I were giving up forever, never to know how he looked or what became of him or whether he married or what sort of girl he married? Oh, Hal, it sounds so awful to me."

"You must remember, dear," he told her, "that, cruel as it seems, it's best for the child's chances in life that it should be so. I expect this Mrs. Murtha must be a very wise woman and a very just woman as well as a very good one. Suppose a child that's been adopted grows up, and all of a sudden a father or a

mother who may be unworthy or wicked or disgraceful turns up from nowhere and makes unhappiness for him and trouble for the people who've given him a home. For the sake of the decent ones, there are a great number of unpleasant contingencies which must be reckoned with and guarded against."

"Oh, I suppose it's maybe right for some cases. But this case is different."

"Wherein is it different?"

"I'm coming to that now. As delicately as I could I asked this Mrs. Ledbetter what she knew about her boy's father and mother, and she said, pursing up her lips, that he's never had a father, that he was born out of wedlock. And she said she didn't know who the mother was, that she'd never seen her and had never wanted to see her, either. Oh, I could tell—she felt that she might be contaminated if even she came into the same room where that poor child's mother was. I didn't know there were such people left in the world! And then—then she spoke of him as a—love-child."

Again little Mrs. Denham flared up. "What if he is a love-child? I guess being a love-child means that he needs love—needs it more and needs more of it than other children do, even. She said to me, this woman did, that she was perfectly willing to tell me these facts because she didn't want to take advantage of me—that maybe I wouldn't care to have my son associating with him after I knew all the circumstances and the shame that was hanging over him. She used that word, too—shame. As if I would or could care! It was an insult to me, to all motherhood for her even to insinuate such a thing. And then, Hal, she went on to say they had decided that when the boy reached an understanding age they would tell him exactly what he was. She said they looked on it as a perhaps painful but a solemn duty. Think of it!—a duty to try to poison a child's mind against his own mother. And yet I've no doubt they look on themselves as being good people and reasonably kind people. They pay their debts, I suppose, and go to church and obey the laws."

"It takes all kinds to make up the world," said Mr. Denham. "That's a bromide but it's true, as most bromides are."

"Then maybe that's what's the matter with the world," she answered. "I found out something else, Hal, something almost as bad as the rest of it is. At first it sort of slipped out of her, but then, realizing she'd gone that far, she went ahead and practically admitted the whole thing. They've repented of their bargain. They thought they wanted a child for their old age, but after they got him they began to be uncertain and now they're sure they made a mistake. He annoys them; he gets on their nerves. Not even all the repression they put upon him can keep him from being a boy sometimes; she practically said so. They think he's sulky and that he's sullen, that he doesn't appreciate what's being done for him, that he doesn't seem to be able to understand what's being done for him.

"I wanted to rise right up then and scream out at her that the trouble was and the crime was that they didn't understand. Because they haven't tried to make a son of their own out of him; they've only made a poor little charity ward out of him. They've denied him the one thing his little heart is craving for. And then along there she said the cruellest thing of all. Hal, she said—I'm trying to remember her exact words—she said this: 'I believe, Mrs. Denham, that the sins of the father are visited upon the children even unto the third and the fourth generation, and I fear—we both fear—that the evil blood that's in this child's veins will yet rise up to destroy him in spite of all that we can do.'

"She's trying to make excuses, you see. The truth is, Hal, that they are tired of him. They want to get rid of him. They'd get rid of him tomorrow if they could do it without violating what they think are their obligations



Can mother make it clean?

Indeed she can—quickly and safely, with the extra help of Fels-Naptha!

Even dirt ground into the very fibres of a fabric, lets go and slinks away when Fels-Naptha tackles it.

Naptha—that great dirt-loosener—works hand in hand with splendid soap in Fels-Naptha. Working together they give you the extra washing value that you cannot get in any other form. Dirt lets go quickly. Clothes come clean safely.

The Fels-Naptha way takes less strength from you.

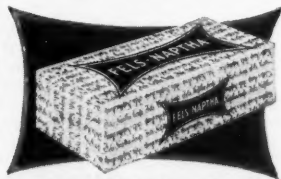
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TEST Fels-Naptha's extra washing value. Send 2 cents in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



Smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha

Do you board or have an apartment? Fels-Naptha is so convenient, safe and helpful for the little daily washes of handkerchiefs, stockings and underthings—even with cool or lukewarm water.



The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy Fels-Naptha in the convenient ten-bar carton.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is splendid soap and naptha—two safe, useful cleaners in one golden bar, working together to save you work, and to save wear-and-tear on clothes. Isn't this extra help worth a penny more a week?

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you prefer. You are bound to get good results any way you use it. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm, or hot. Be sure to include Fels-Naptha in your camp kit this Summer. It makes short work of cleaning clothes and dishes.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © Fels & Co. Philadelphia

or without being critized. She openly hinted as much. Not that she needed to. I read it in those little, hard, suspicious, self-righteous eyes of hers.

"But, oh Hal, it's the expression in his eyes that I'm thinking of. I'd give my right arm at the shoulder to make that darling boy happy once more; just to take away the shadow that hangs over him and stares out of his face, baby that he is. And I could do it, too. I could do it in a month's time. Oh Hal, it's terrible to see such a look on a child's face. He'll never get rid of it, either, if something isn't done for him soon. I know—I'm a mother. It will live with him all his life; when he's older it may do something terrible to him—make him desperate or callous or cruel.

"He ought to have a chance for his own sake, for the sake of that poor mother of his, whoever she is, that cried over him and hated so to give him up. Hal, we've never had but one child and we've always wanted more than one. Tad needs companionship and oh, how this other one needs it! Hal—"

He halted, turning so as to face her, but she went on swiftly:

"Hal, you see him—you talk with him, then decide. It could be done, lawfully I mean, if they were willing and we were willing and that precious boy were willing, couldn't it?"

"That part of it—yes," he said. "But look here, Belle, we're poor people. We may always be poor."

"We're not poor. We're rich. In the things that count we're richer than kings. Compared with those Ledbetters we're millionaires a hundred times over."

"Well, judging by what you say about them, I wouldn't care to trade with them—what we've got for what they've got," he said, "but the material things have to be considered. You're being swept off your feet by a great pity. I love you for it but, Belle, we must—"

"Don't say anything yet." She put up her hands in an entreaty. "Just wait until you've seen that little fellow. Just wait until you've taken him on your knee and kissed him in the folds of his neck behind." She pointed with a forefinger. "Look through that dining-room window there. We want to give our boy yonder a chance, don't we? Can we expect a full share of blessings for him when there's another boy at our doors just begging for a chance? If that other boy were somewhere far off—if I had just heard about him, say, and hadn't seen him—I wouldn't suggest such a thing. But for him to be right here at our own doors!"

"Hold on, honey," he counseled; "probably I'm an idiot for not putting my foot down on this crazy notion of yours right now, but I'll wait and see the kid before I decide definitely on anything. By the by, speaking of kisses, I could use one right now from an even greater idiot than I am. . . . There! . . . But mind, I'm not committing myself. Wipe your eyes now and let's go on in. It's getting chilly out here and I guess supper must be 'most ready."

The reader has guessed it. There was a period for reflection and a period for overtures and a period for negotiations, all three of them short periods though, and then there was a simple brief proceeding in the nature of a legal proceeding and the thing was done and the whole town was talking about it. That fluttering shabby little Denham woman over on Mills Street had actually gone and taken the Pliny Ledbetters' adopted child off their hands, and she with one able-bodied child of her own already and still wearing her last summer's coat-suit at that, and her husband just one jump ahead of the sheriff, too, so everybody said. Well, he must have been as big a fool as she was to let her coddle him into such a performance as that.

That, in effect, was what the town was saying. There were a few exceptions to the rule. In every community there are some who have the larger vision which enables them to look on, past dollars and cents, into the far land where dreams are born.

Anyhow, the Denhams had this strange brat saddled on them now, and the town hoped they'd be satisfied with that for a while. But they didn't keep him long, and the fact that they didn't gave the original nine-days' wonder a new lease on life. One Monday in the latter part of November, not three weeks after the ceremony of the legal transfer of custody at the court-house, Mrs. Denham received by telegraph a larger amount of money than she was used to handling in one lump sum—this news leaked out and spread rapidly—and the same night she caught the Manhattan Limited when it came through from the West, taking the ex-Ledbetter child with her, and when at the end of four days she returned, she was alone.

You bet you there was plenty of talk then. You take the entire transaction—these people being in such a sweat to get hold of that little tyke, and he being a lawyer who'd know how to work such schemes, and then having all that money wired to her and she putting out for the East the very same evening and now coming back all by herself. Sensation! Mrs. Pliny Ledbetter, for one, was forced to believe there must have been something sinister in it. Naming no names, she spoke of baby-farmers. But everybody knew of course who she was thinking about when she said it. She went so far as to call up this Mrs. Denham following the latter's arrival, but did she get any satisfaction out of her? She did not. Not one particle of satisfaction did she get. Several of her friends openly advised her and Mr. Ledbetter to swear out a writ or whatever you called it and drag those people into open court and make them tell. But the matter didn't progress that far. They decided, on contemplation, just to let the whole affair drop. It dropped, but a mystery it was and a mystery it remained.

So far as we know, only to her husband did the woman make revelation of what had happened during her absence. He met her at the depot with the indisposed second-hand flivver that he was paying for on the instalment plan, and she came down the steps of the halted sleeper with her eyes shining and her cheeks all ruddy from the heat of the car or from excitement or from jubilation or something; it was hard for the onlookers to decide which. Her husband, having given her a warm greeting—really, the man acted more like a sweetheart than a husband—immediately contradicted his loverlike behavior by a speech which many would have called deliberately ungallant.

"Honey," he said, still with his arm around her, "do you know what your face looks like? It looks like two brown pansies in a can of tomatoes."

She didn't seem to resent his misplaced effort at humor. She was, as the saying goes, too full of herself.

He helped her into the front seat of the invalid car, pitched her handbags into the rear and climbed in after her, and as he drove away with no telling how many curious eyes following them as they went, he said to her:

"Now we can talk—go ahead and spill the big news. I got your night letter. St. Paul had nothing on you when it came to epistles. Two hundred and eighty words—I counted 'em—mostly adjectives, at that. But there must have been a lot of it that you couldn't send by wire."

"Oh, Hal," she said with that little catch in her voice working overtime, "there was, there was. It'll take a week for me to tell you everything."

"I suppose you realize, don't you, that between us we've conspired to break the letter of a legal instrument, a covenant deliberately entered into before a county judge and now absolutely violated?" He put a make-believe terror into his warning. "They could prosecute us for that."

"I wouldn't care if they put me on the chain-gang for the rest of my life," she proclaimed, and pedestrians, catching the exultant lilt in her voice, if not the words she used, turned to stare at the passing Lizzie and its two occupants. "Not now I wouldn't. Neither

would you, Hal, if you could have seen that meeting between those two. Why, he knew her, Hal—after all these years he knew her. Never tell me again there's nothing in mental telepathy because I know better. Why, all the way there I could feel that mother's yearning for her boy pulling at us stronger and stronger, drawing him to her. And she—Hal, she's wonderful."

"All that you said she was in your night message, eh?"

"All that and more. Hal, I don't know what she may have been at some time in her life, what temptations she had, or what she did. I don't know and I don't care. But this I do know—she may have let her body be soiled once, but she kept her soul white and it's white still and it shines out of her breast like a star. She's a good woman if ever I saw one, and a great woman. And oh, what an adorable mother she's going to make for that darling Jamie of hers! And what a son he's going to make for her!"

"And what a life he'll have! He'll have everything. He has it already—everything that money can buy and everything that love can think of—a governess and a teacher and that lovely, lovely home to live in and that mother to do for him and bring him up right. Hal, she makes fifteen hundred dollars a week—more than we have in six months—and I believe she'd like to spend it all on him. Just to see them together there reconciled me to giving him up. But we'll see him again sometime. She wants Tad and she wants us to come to visit them; she said so time and time again. She said it timidly the first time. I guess down in her heart she was afraid that—that because of things—we might not want to let our own boy know her. She wasn't afraid long, though, I'll warrant you that. Oh, Hal, just to see her sitting there in those gorgeous, luxurious surroundings with him in her arms and she singing away to him in that wonderful voice of hers like a bird—like a mother-bird!" The late traveler broke down altogether here.

"Gee!" stated Mr. Denham fervently, "the way you tell it makes me powerfully sorry I missed that reunion. It certainly does. Tell me, if you can remember—there must have been one picture, one big high point that stands out in your mind from the rest of the experience—what was it?"

"Oh—I know," she said, after a moment, and the eyes he just a little while before had likened to brown pansies were swimming as she lifted them to him. "It was when I told her how last Sunday evening—could it have been only last Sunday? So much has happened since then that it seems like weeks—how last Sunday evening the two children were sitting on the floor, you remember, looking at the pictures and the comic supplement in that New York Sunday paper you'd happened to bring home, and how all of a sudden Jamie jumped up and came running to me with the photograph section in his hands and how he screamed out to me:

"Oh, here's the pretty lady that used to take me in her arms and kiss me and cry over me."

"And how sure he was even to the plumes in her hat and the curls in her hair—it's bobbed now—and how on a chance I made you send her that telegram in care of her theater telling her that if it meant anything to her that a little adopted waif said he remembered her as coming to see him in that Home, why, that he was here with us, and how she wired the money—but of course she knew already that part of it—I seem to be getting all mixed up but I guess you can't blame me for that—well, anyhow, I think when I told her how Jamie had recognized that old picture of hers that was the best scene of all.

"She made me repeat it to her over and over and over again—how our living-room looked and what Jamie said and what we said and Tad, too. She couldn't hear it often enough. And then, each time, she'd cry and I'd cry and we'd have such a perfectly beautiful time crying together! Oh, Hal, there must be a good Providence that directs these great things to

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Five Hundred and Twenty Girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr

tell why they are using this soap for their skin



More than half of the 927 girls who replied to our questions are Woodbury users

WE wanted to know how the American college girl takes care of that clear, fresh skin of hers. What soap does she use? Why does she choose it? And what are the qualities about it that especially appeal to her?

It was to learn the answers to these questions that we selected two of the most representative groups of American college girls for a special investigation.

927 girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr answer the questions

Nine hundred and twenty-seven girls replied to our inquiries, giving detailed information about the brand of toilet soap they use and why they use it.

The results were extremely interesting.

Fifty-seven different brands of soap were used. But while 407 girls scattered their choice over 56 different kinds of soap—the remaining 520 girls all used Woodbury's.

Their reasons, in their own words

Three hundred and fifty girls gave the purity of Woodbury's Facial Soap as their reason for using it, or spoke of its mild, non-irritating effect on the skin. Fifty-two girls told of specific ways in which

Woodbury's had helped them to overcome faults in their complexion, and to gain a clear, smooth skin. The remainder said, for the most part, that Woodbury's simply agreed with their skin better than other soaps.

The following are characteristic phrases used in describing the effect of Woodbury's in ordinary cleansing:

"The only soap that really agrees with my skin and does not dry it up."

"Keeps my skin soft and clear and leaves a feeling of freshness."

"Doesn't seem to irritate my skin as some soaps do."

"Seems to give me good color in my cheeks as no other soap can."

"Found that it made my skin clearer, my color brighter."

"Has worked wonders with my skin."

"My mother uses it," or "Mother suggested it," were answers commonly given in telling how the girls had come to use Woodbury's.

Seven girls reported that their physician had recommended Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.



College girls, with their fresh, rosy faces—how do they take care of that clear, youthful skin of theirs? Of 927 girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr, over 50% are using Woodbury's

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Cut out the coupon and send today for this new FREE offer!

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Name.....

Address.....



turn out this way. There just has to be. It has to be ordered. It couldn't just be chance or coincidence or luck.

"Still, I expect the picture I'm going to carry with me the longest is the picture those two made just before I started back home. It was last night after dinner just before I started for the station to catch the train and he was getting ready for bed and she was getting ready to go to the theater and she was singing to him—crooning over him, that's

really what she was doing. I know they'll be doing the same blessed thing every night from now on. And I was so happy for him and so happy for her and for her happiness that I made a perfect spectacle of myself, just as I am doing now. I came away with that picture. Before that I'd thought of her as a sort of Magdalen, a Magdalen purified by suffering and love and repentance. But to me she wasn't the Magdalen any more then—not after that. She was the Madonna with the

Child! You don't think it's impious of me to say that, do you, Hal?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. Hallam, Sunday editor of the Courier, remarked to himself several times that fall, and at each time of its revival the notion was indeed very soothing and very comforting to him. "Yes, sir, I'll bet you I've provided that up-stage Jane with a way to spend some of the long winter evenings which will shortly be upon us!"

That Royle Girl by Edwin Balmer (Continued from page 93)

nothing. She glanced across at Oliver and saw that, if he was disappointed, he was relieved too.

"All right," Oliver encouraged her, having lost sight of Baretta, whom she kept in view over Oliver's shoulder as the host proceeded along the rows of tables of his guests.

His back was turned, but when he was about thirty feet away he halted beside a group of friends and bent over, affectingly poised as he chatted with a girl; and Joan Daisy, watching, suddenly caught a glimpse of the profile and flaxen-colored hair, with electric light shining upon it, and of the shoulders drawn up in the mannerism and posture of the person whom she had seen through the window of Adele's flat. Like Ket, Baretta appeared at this instant; but he was identical with the image of the man etched in her mind, in this same affected posture as when he had bent over Adele.

Joan Daisy gasped and gaped but she was absolutely sure of him; for the confusing film which had clouded her memory was cleared away. Oliver pushed around his chair to see what startled her and they both met Baretta glancing back at them. Promptly Oliver coughed and leaned down, as though he had dropped something on the floor, kicking Joan Daisy's foot meaningly.

"We'll be outside in a minute," he whispered. "You ready?"

Joan Daisy nodded, with lips pressed tightly, as when Baretta had addressed her, and with her eyes aglow. No longer was she relaxed nor did she wish the feeling of security; she was sure that she had seen the man who had been with Adele and so she could free Ket. Yes—and strike back at Mr. Calvin Clarke, who had come to Ket's flat for the State, and who had never believed her. Her lips twisted and she clung to the table edge at twinges of the soreness of her soul from the hurts and insults of the trial; and Oliver thought that she utterly had forgotten where they were and that she would speak out.

"Just a minute," he begged. "I must get my check."

He signaled for the waiter, catching the eye of Frankie Zenn, who regarded him fixedly but who made not the slightest response other than to signal the waiter not to approach.

It was this which first warned Oliver, and later Joan Daisy, that Tut's Temple entertained another visitor whose presence was being studied in relation to theirs and which led to their discovery, while Oliver's check was still withheld, of the arrival of Assistant State's Attorney Clarke.

Knowing that he had come alone, except for the taxi-driver whom he had instructed to wait, Calvin did not reckon upon other persons forming an erroneous and, as it turned out, also a far-reaching interpretation of his appearance at the Temple. Of course it was a fault of Calvin's that he dealt too confidently with what was in his own mind, ignoring or not even suspecting the ideas in the heads of others.

Frankie Zenn and George Baretta were, on the contrary, a pair of enterprising gentlemen who had elevated themselves to agreeable, if somewhat precarious, positions of affluence and authority through the circumspect exercise of a habit of making a liberal allowance for the intentions and motives of others.

At an hour considerably earlier than Joan Daisy Royle's appearance at the Temple, both Baretta and Frankie Zenn had come into possession of the information that one of Considine's friends had "squealed." They knew that the Ketlar murder had been described, in damaging detail.

This was an affair concerning which George Baretta was extremely sensitive; for it had been a personal and not a business killing; also it had been a shooting of a girl; moreover, it had never been necessary. The girl had made him mad when he had been drunk enough to be in a "trigger temper," and before he controlled himself he had gone too far.

At the time he had expected immediate trouble; but two circumstances had saved him—the fact that Ketlar himself had been fooling around that night, and that Adele Ketlar's friends were ignorant that she had had an affair with Baretta. But some of his friends knew; and it had put an unpleasant power into their hands. So tonight the squeal was out; and Baretta and Frankie Zenn had been wondering what, if anything, was to be done about it, when the girl who was the witness for Ketlar and had sworn to having seen a stranger with Adele, walked into the Temple with a reporter. Now Calvin Clarke had come.

Baretta and Frankie Zenn presumed that Clarke, whom they instantly recognized, had come prepared to take them; they did not imagine that he had entered without supporting squads posted about the place, until word was brought to them that apparently such was the case.

Calvin seriously misconceived the situation created by his arrival because he still believed in Ketlar's guilt. He did not quickly discover the Royle girl; indeed, he failed to find her until half of the company of the Temple had disappeared. The waiters, under orders, were whispering to selected patrons "Looks like a raid," and the favored ones immediately departed. Calvin discerned this; and he had obtained also a glimpse of Baretta before the proprietor had favored himself at the very first moment after he had learned that the rear door was not covered. Frankie Zenn imperturbably remained.

Why, if Baretta expected a raid upon the place or if he feared trouble over the Considine affair, did not Zenn fear it even more? What tonight personally and particularly threatened George Baretta? Likely he had heard, Calvin reckoned, that some of his former friends were saying that he had shot Adele Ketlar; but why should a rumor such as that upset him? For one reason only—if it were provable. So Calvin was shifting some of the certainties in his own mind when he caught sight of the Royle girl at a table with Oliver.

She was seated, wearing her coat and hat, ready to go out, as also was the reporter. Oliver advanced and Calvin met him at the edge of the cleared dance floor.

"She's identified him positively, sir," Oliver whispered importantly.

"Who?" asked Calvin.

"George Baretta; he was the man in the flat. It's positive," repeated Oliver.

Calvin looked at the Royle girl and his stubborn confidence in his own opinion collapsed. He saw her seated, waiting for him to come to her, quivering in her sureness of

proof of her truth. She stood up when he did not approach, and joined Oliver.

"I saw him," she said quietly and distinctly. "He's the man I saw with Adele."

"You're taking him tonight, sir?" asked Oliver, believing Mr. Clarke had come with a squad.

"Take her home," said Calvin.

"You don't want her here?" asked Oliver.

"Take her home," Calvin repeated, his mind suddenly of no service to him as he gazed at her eyes. He felt himself become hotly excited, though he controlled his appearance; he wanted to push the reporter to the door and he wanted to seize the Royle girl's wrist—her white, slender wrist and hand—and lead her out under his own protection.

"We'll go outside," said Oliver to her; and they added themselves to the throng at the doors.

Calvin went to a telephone booth conveniently placed for the use of guests. His coin in the box brought no response; the line was dead. "Wire cut," he thought and tried a second public booth before seeking the office where he found, not Zenn, but a black-browed subordinate in charge.

"No phone tonight," this substitute commented, after Calvin attempted vainly to use Baretta's wire. "All outa order."

Calvin returned to the empty hall and visited the front door which stood open and brought him the sounds of starting cars. Darkness, except for the moonlight, was over the pylons; the garish lights had been switched off.

"No taxis," complained a youth. "And no phone."

Oliver and the Royle girl had gone, Calvin thought, until he stepped back into the hall and encountered them both. "Somebody's grabbed our car," Oliver explained.

"I have a taxi waiting," said Calvin.

"Don't fool yourself," advised Oliver. "Nothing's waiting but a couple of frozen flivvers; neither of 'em'll start and they're locked anyway. We've been all around. You got nothing coming?" he inquired, his exploration having disabused him of the theory that Mr. Clarke was supported.

"No," admitted Calvin.

"Then it's on hoofs for me to the next phone," Oliver announced. "I got to call my office. See here, what statement will I send in for you? You're not saying there's nothing to this now?"

"No," said Calvin.

"Well, what do you say about her?" Oliver demanded, seizing the arm of the Royle girl roughly.

No roughness was intended but Calvin resented it. "I'll have a statement tomorrow," he replied.

"I want it tonight," insisted Oliver.

"I won't give it tonight," Calvin refused, with his stubborn mind severed, it seemed, from his extraordinary emotion which warmed him with satisfaction when Oliver released the Royle girl's arm. Yet his mind kept control, for he wanted to replace Oliver's hand with his own and take her to his protection; and he did not, but simply said to her, "We'll go home now."

She addressed to him the first word she had spoken since she had told him of her identification of Baretta. "How?" she asked.



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AS MRS. LIVINGSTON FAIRBANK OF CHICAGO SEES IT

"*TODAY women are better groomed, just as they are healthier and more efficient than ever before. Their skins, particularly, are kept clear, fresh, youthful. Pond's two delightful Creams are responsible for thousands of lovely complexions.*"

Mrs. Livingston Fairbank.

ONE may always recognize Mrs. Livingston Fairbank's winsome smile in her box at the Chicago Opera. One sees her at the Twelfth-night Balls which mark the height of the social season. And her Sunday evening musicales, at which one meets and hears a distinguished company of artists and musicians, mingling with the music-lovers of Society, are occasions of rare delight.

Mrs. Fairbank had just returned from Palm Beach when I encountered her on the Boulevard one March morning.

"How could you leave blue sea and magnolias for this—dust, soot and gales?" I asked her, gesturing at the atmosphere. "They're disastrous to one's skin. But you seem to thrive!" I added. "You're like a Dorothy Perkins rose this morning. Did Palm Beach teach you a new secret?"

"When you've lived in Chicago as long as I," laughed Mrs. Fairbank, "you'll know you can have a perfectly good complexion—even a lovely one—right here, in spite of unfriendly elements."

"What do you do," I begged her, "to keep so unblemished in the midst of soot and dust?"

"I JUST use Pond's Two Creams," she answered, "the very same two that I found so many of my friends were using. A simple method—requiring only a few moments each day." And then she told me how: Every day, and more frequently than once if you have been out a great deal, cleanse your face, neck, throat, arms and hands with Pond's Cold Cream. Let it stay on a few moments. Remove every vestige with a soft cloth which reveals how much dirt



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MRS. LIVINGSTON FAIRBANK

of a Chicago family whose wealth and prominence date from pioneer days. She is a leading favorite in Chicago's most exclusive social set, because of her social charms and her lovely lyric soprano voice.

To the right, the music-room of her apartment at 999 Lake Shore Drive, which commands a superb view of Lake Michigan. On her dressing table, Pond's Two Creams.

Among the other women of distinguished position who have expressed enthusiasm for the Pond's method are:

Her Majesty, Marie, The Queen of Roumania; The Lady Diana Manners; Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt; Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop and Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr.

the pure oils of this delicate cream have brought from the depths of your pores. Do it all over again. Now close the pores with a dash of cold water or a light massage with ice.

If your skin is dry, use more Pond's Cold Cream after cleansing, before retiring, and leave it on all night. Your skin will be softened, yet toned to elasticity, too. And how white and soft your hands! If your skin is oily, Pond's Cold Cream will free the pores from all accumulated oils.

THE complementary step in the Pond's Method of skin care is to smooth over the skin of your face, throat and hands a gossamer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a soft even-toned finish, a new lustre. It protects it—denying the power of wind and sun to coarsen and burn, of soot and dust to mar the fineness of its texture. And it keeps the soft whiteness of your hands! Now, too, your powder and rouge go on with smoothness and blend with natural charm. So always use it before powdering and before going out.

Try Pond's for yourself. The unfailing results which have commended this method to Mrs. Fairbank and the loveliest, most perfectly groomed Society leaders everywhere, will also endear these Creams to you.

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Mail coupon for free tubes of these two creams and a little folder telling how to use them.

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THE TWO CREAMS society women are using today



Maybe smoke, too, is "thicker than water"

When a Londoner insists that his pipe shall be filled with an American tobacco, the makers of said tobacco confess to taking his insistence as complimentary.

Mr. Hengle reaches across three thousand miles of sea to get what he wants, and incidentally to hand us this bouquet:

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Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks for your reply of February 20. I hardly expected that I could deal with you direct, but I thought I would have a try, at any rate. I am going to find out just what the duty is on your splendid tobacco. I am a heavy smoker, have been all my life; in using your tobacco I find no ill effects from it in any way whatever. I can't say that for any other brands that I have tried, and I tried them all before I settled the question that Edgeworth was the best of the whole assortment. No matter where I go, I always take an extra supply to last me until I return.

I am

Respectfully
Ed. S. Hengle

While the taste for Edgeworth is not universal, Mr. Hengle's letter is evidence that it is international. The fact is, Edgeworth appeals to a certain class of pipe-smokers. These smokers are spread pretty much over the world.

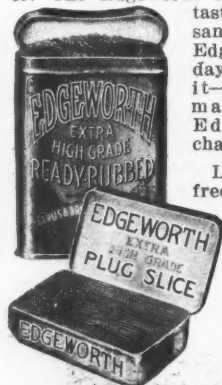
And one thing these smokers are sure of: The Edgeworth they smoke today tastes exactly the same as did the Edgeworth on the day they first tried it—years ago in many instances. Edgeworth never changes.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4F South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



"Come outside," bade Calvin and he set off for a scrutiny of the sheds where Oliver had found the frozen flivvers. There he came upon a short, stocky man unlocking one of the cars.

The fellow looked about and bent to crank and prime as Calvin approached and he was rewarded by a few explosions which soon had the engine running. He raced it loudly and in the noise said, "I'm Neski, Mr. Clarke."

"H'm," said Calvin, peering closer, and recognized him for a plain-clothes officer who had been working with Seifert.

"You better get in," suggested Neski, himself slipping into the driver's seat of his car, which was of touring model with top and curtains. "Baretta and Frankie Zenn've made themselves scarce. They'll not be back."

"Wait," bade Calvin; but the delay was short, for Oliver and the Royle girl had heard the motor.

"Who's he?" Oliver questioned Mr. Clarke cautiously.

"I know him," Calvin replied and Oliver followed the Royle girl to the rear seat. Calvin got in beside Neski, who backed and swung onto the road, headed not east but west.

"This is the best way," he explained, crowding the motor. "It'll be quicker tonight."

"It won't be," Oliver objected. "I got to get to a phone right away. I got to call my paper."

Neski shoved out the curtain beside him and peered back along the road; thereupon he increased the speed of the car for several hundred yards until suddenly he put on the brakes and drew up at a lonely dwelling where a dim night-light flickered.

"Pound these birds out of bed," Neski invited. "They'll have a phone." And he reached over the seat, flinging open the rear door for the reporter.

"Wait for me a minute?" Oliver asked, stepping down.

"It'll be no minute. You can buy a ride in for five spots or flag a bootlegger," Neski dismissed him unceremoniously, and started the car. "Shut that door, please," he requested the passenger remaining in back.

Joan Daisy felt the palpable approach of danger. "We oughtn't to leave him, ought we?" she protested.

"He's all right," rejoined Neski. "Maybe he's the one in luck. Go on; shut the door."

She obeyed, since there was no object in leaving it swinging with Oliver left far behind. Again the driver crowded the motor and the car rushed away at its top pace.

The driver—Joan Daisy did not know his name or anything more about him than she had heard in the three words from Mr. Clarke—pushed out the curtain as before, and after his glance back, he worked at his throttle in an attempt to increase the speed.

Joan Daisy knelt on the seat and gazed out through the little rear window and discerned far behind a car without lights which was keeping up with or gaining upon them. She watched it, trying at the same time to hear the words which Mr. Clarke exchanged with the man whom he knew.

"Hold on!" warned the driver loudly; and she did but was flung to the side of the seat as the car swung to the left and, refusing to be straightened to a new course, skidded and spun about until it headed almost directly up the road down which it had been pointed.

"Don't turn again," bade Mr. Clarke's voice. "Go ahead," and the driver hurried the car across the road upon which it had been traveling, and onto a branch to the north.

Joan Daisy gazed through the isinglass in the side curtain and saw the other car about a block away, as she reckoned—of course there were no blocks out there in the country.

"Yes," said Mr. Clarke's voice distinctly; and she realized that he had been looking back and was informing the driver that the other car turned after them.

"I guess so," replied the driver, in a voice which told that he guessed no longer but was sure that the unlighted car pursued with

ugliest purpose; for Baretta's reputed method of ridding himself of persons dangerous to him was to shoot from a car; and Joan Daisy, kneeling and looking back, knew it.

She clung with strained hands to the back of the seat and her heart half choked her with its throbbing, but, queerly, she looked back as if upon a terror approaching another, as if a frightful thing was to be done to some one else, not to herself.

"Get down," said Mr. Clarke's voice; and he brought her to herself.

She felt herself firmly held; she turned, his hands guiding her, and she faced him as he knelt in his seat with his arms over the back of it, grasping her.

"I think they'll shoot," he said, speaking steadily as he had before. "You get down on the floor."

"What are you doing?" she asked him. "Get down," he begged and his hands pressed her down as a glare of light darted through the little window and the snow alongside was agleam.

The driver of the other car had flashed on his headlights and a spot-light played on the rear curtain and through the little window. Looking back into the glare, Calvin saw the car swing to the side as it came closer and he called to Neski, "Now!"

They had agreed, Neski and he, to keep to the road as long as they were ahead; but before the car was overtaken, Neski would turn into the fields. Calvin had given the signal for this and he braced himself for the jolt, or perhaps the overturn, when the little car left the road; and with one hand he held firmly to Joan Daisy. He expected firing at any moment, with bullets ripping through the flimsy canvas of the rear. He carried no pistol so he had taken Neski's.

He was flung with the leap of the little car as Neski swerved it from the road and upon the bumps of the frozen field; he heard shots, heard the wind-shield crack and wood splinter, and he thrust Neski's pistol between the curtains and fired.

It was almost at random, he realized, with no chance of hitting while the car jounced in the frozen furrows; he withdrew his hand; the other car too ceased to fire. It had run on the road past the point where Neski had taken to the fields; it was, Calvin saw, a much larger and heavier car and it carried, to judge from the volley of pistol shots, three or four gunmen.

With his left hand Calvin clung to the arm of Joan Daisy. "You hurt?" he asked her.

"No, are you?"

"All right?" he asked of Neski.

"Yeh. What they doing?" Neski could not take his eyes from the obstacles of the ground.

"Coming after us," Calvin reported, for the big car followed into the field; and he released Joan Daisy to have both hands for reloading the pistol.

"Keep down," he begged her.

"What's the use?"

No use, he realized when he saw, as had she, that the frozen ground supported Baretta's car, which was cutting across ahead of them. "Go left," said Calvin to Neski.

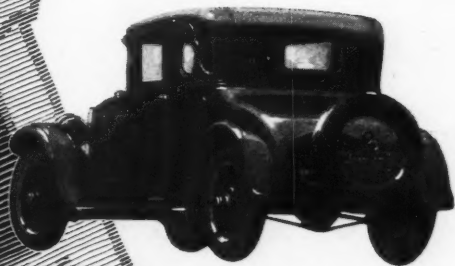
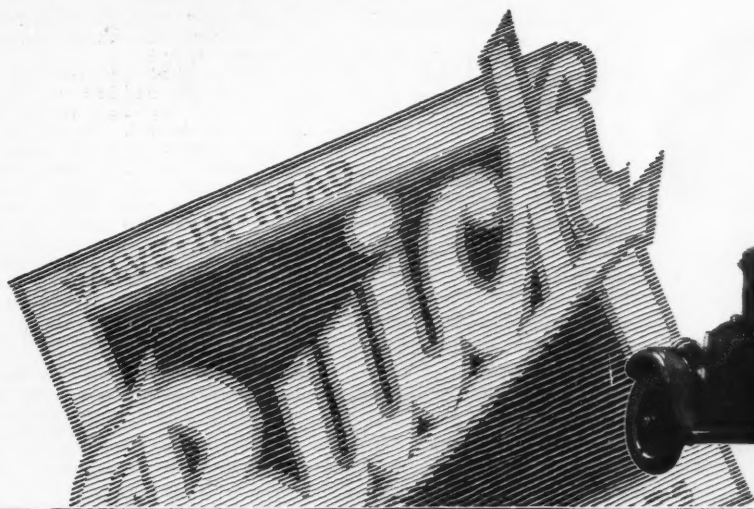
"Fence there."

"Go ahead."

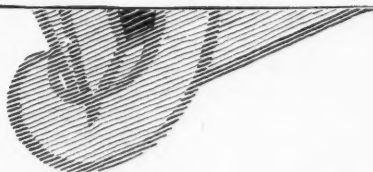
"Sure," said Neski. "Sure. Give me my gun when we stop."

Calvin held it, reloaded, and he counted, as he used to in imaginary battles when he was a little boy, how each cartridge could finish one man; but he knew that they would not; he knew that the men in the other machine first would finish him and Neski and Joan Daisy. He had become a witness, and soon would be a lifeless victim of one of those ferocious sallies of cold-blooded, merciless city savages who, though he had gathered evidence against them and tried to prosecute them, never had become quite credible to himself.

"Get down," he begged Joan Royle, though knowing it was no use in the end; but he had to do something to protect her so he seized her and again pressed her to the floor as he heard



BUICK BEAUTY



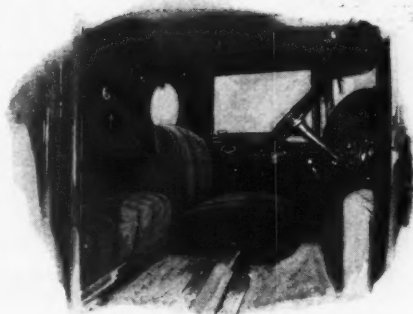
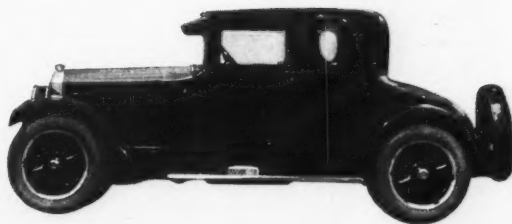
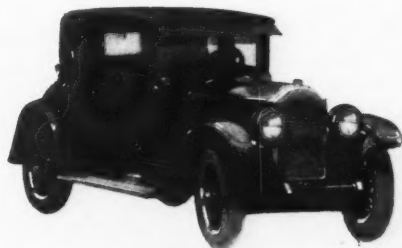
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Now, when you see one parked in front of some fine home or passing on the highway, you see only one of the many features which have made Buick the most widely owned of quality motor cars.

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There's a film on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it. *Beneath it are the pretty teeth you envy in others.* Ordinary methods won't successfully remove it.

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tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

That film, too, absorbs stains . . . stains from food, from smoking, from various causes. And that is why your teeth look "off color."

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Old-time dentifrices could not successfully fight that film. So most people had dingy teeth. And tooth troubles increased alarmingly.

Now new methods have been found. And embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent.

It acts to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it. No soap, no chalk; no harsh grit dangerous to enamel.

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1828

crackling under the wheels and the car lurched deep, flinging sidewise, and did not right itself but went over.

Wood and glass and ice—though he did not recognize this until later—shattered about him; his head was struck but his shoulders took the heaviest blow. He and the car and the glass came to rest; he was under the car, pinned down upon hard, sharp ground, not flat but steeply sloped, unless he was very dizzy. Edges of glass touched him everywhere, altogether too much glass for the wind-shield; so he came to realize that he was lying on the side of a deep ditch which must have frozen over when full and later had emptied, leaving a thin surface of ice through which the car had broken.

He spoke to the Royle girl and heard her voice; she claimed that she was all right; and he felt her hands at his shoulder. She proved able to move, having been in the space between the seats when the car capsized, so that she was not caught under the rear seat as was he by the front seat. Neski, beside him, fared like himself and lay at the bottom of the ditch under the steering-wheel.

"Where's the gun?" Neski groaned, swearing.

Calvin felt for it, remembering that he had clutched it when the car went over; it must be at hand, he thought, and he must find it to fight the savages who in cold blood and without a moment's mercy would kill them all. The engine had stopped and in the silence Calvin heard the crunch of wheels slowly approaching on the icy ground; it came very cautiously, that motor-car of gunmen, and as it drew alongside some one began shooting.

His first bullet tore through the bottom of the dashboard; the second splintered the bottom of the front seat; the third struck almost in the same place and the next came a little rearward as the gunman deliberately and accurately raked the wreck from end to end.

Another pistol took up the task, perhaps in the same hand; perhaps another gunman fired in his turn.

Calvin struggled and stifled himself, gasping in helplessness under the horror of these methodical shots. "Down," he whispered to Joan Daisy. "Down as low as you can."

For the bullets all struck above them. The metal of the car in part protected them but their chief shield was that which had overturned the car—the depth of the ditch. The gunmen underestimated it or else could not fire lower without shooting into the ground, for neither Calvin nor Joan Daisy nor Neski was hit.

"Where's my — — gun?" Neski demanded; and Calvin's fingers fumbled for it amid the ice.

The pistol shots ceased. Calvin heard the gunmen's car maneuvering. Likely they had come to the edge of the ditch and were backing before making a turn. The shots came again and the car was nearer; bullets struck into the ditch but they were strays, deflected from the frame of the car. Still nobody was hit though more than two automatics must have been emptied.

The gunmen's car again drew alongside, maybe twenty feet away, Calvin thought; and somebody put shots into the wreck, methodically once more, at spaces of about a foot from end to end. Throughout all this the ditch had given no sign of life at all; so the gunmen's motor-car halted; the shooting stopped; a door opened and somebody stepped down, his feet crunching the crusted snow. A gunman was coming, Calvin knew, revolver in hand to explore the ditch and make sure of his work.

"My gun," Neski demanded, "my — — gun."

"Quiet!" gasped Calvin but knew that the voice was heard.

Movement in the ditch also was to be heard; for the Royle girl was trying to crawl up between the rim of a door and the ice on the side of the slope. Calvin said no word to her and she none to him. He thought that if she, being

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These letters are typical of thousands
which tell of the amazing power
of one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will

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a girl, cried out for mercy, they might tell her to crawl forth and might not kill her immediately; but she did not cry out, though the gunman crouched at the edge of the ditch.

Instead of a cry from her there roared a pistol; it roared and flashed again and again, as fast as a trigger could be pulled. The Royle girl fired it up at the form on the edge of the ditch in the moonlight; and the form toppled back.

Calvin's lungs filled with breath and his groping fingers clenched, ending their search for Neski's gun which the Royle girl had.

Revolver shots, scarcely to be heard after the deafening noise under the car, spat from the machine in the field and sang upon iron and steel. The Royle girl slid down into the ditch.

"Hit?" called Calvin. "They hit you?"

"I hit him," she cried. "I shot him!"

"They hit you?"

"They didn't! I shot him; I shot him over!"

Calvin's pulses pricked and swelled wildly with her triumph. It might be for only the minute, but she had shot one gunman; the next minute others might come from the car.

They fired into the wreck but no one else visited the edge of the ditch; no one else left the car except, it seemed, to drag into it the man who had advanced to the ditch and who, after being shot, had been left to get himself back to the car, coughing.

The transmission grated and the car moved away.

Calvin's strained muscles relaxed and he lay, feeling the weight less crushing upon him. He was pinned by his shoulders and stabs of pain centered in his shoulders; but his head was clear and his hands and feet could move. Neski, held under the steering-wheel, coughed; Neski's ribs were broken probably, Calvin thought; but Neski remained conscious. With much difficulty he found cartridges to reload his revolver and handed them to the Royle girl, praising her meanwhile.

She made no reply and Calvin spoke to her sharply, imagining that she might be fainting. "I'm listening," she told him. "Are they coming back?"

How she responded to the thrill of danger, Calvin thought; how she had risen to fight; how she had taken her triumph, though in the next instant she might have been killed!

"You got one sure?" asked Neski.

"I got him over."

"Nobody'll be back," said Neski. "Not them. They'll lay for you somewhere else. Too much chance for us here."

Calvin's head was awl with his unsettled certainties tumbling over one another; he tried to arrange his thoughts, rallying them to some new idea upon which he could depend; and he raised, for the rallying point, a conception of the Royle girl, clean and true.

He felt her trying to better his position. "I'm all right," he said; then he heard her crawling out. "Where are you going?"

"To look around."

She did so and reported, "Nobody's in sight."

He felt a scarcely perceptible shift of the pressure upon him and he knew that she was trying to lift the wreck. She recognized the impossibility of this and desisted, sensibly, when he spoke to her.

"I'll bring help from the road," she said.

"Look out for th' road," warned Neski.

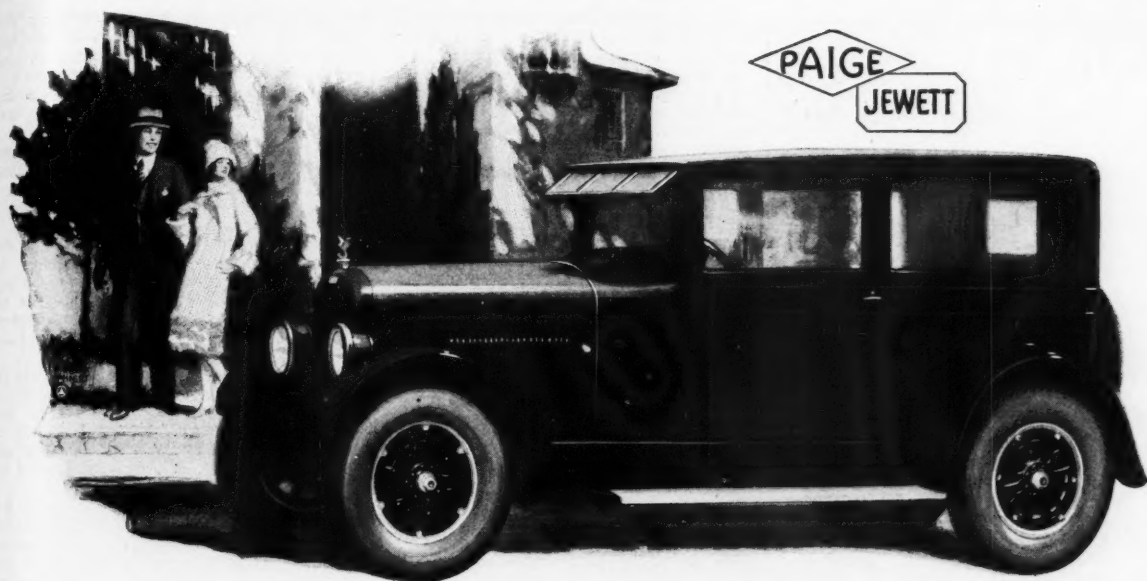
"Go to a house," said Calvin; then he added,

"Wait."

"What is it?"

"I've been wrong about you, all wrong, wrong," he acknowledged to her.

He heard no reply but a footstep and whether nearer to him or away he did not know; soon he heard her steps cracking the crust between the furrows as she hurried off. He quivered with cold and with fear when she was gone, imagining a sudden swoop of the black car from behind a barn, or gunmen lurking in some hollow of the field and shooting her down. They would return, then, for Neski and himself.



Jewett Announces

The Newest, Smartest Coach—\$1260

THERE'S an air of newness and refreshing beauty about this new Jewett Coach. And the reason is obvious. It is new—in every detail of its construction. In name and design it's a coach. But in the qualities that make for permanence—long life—roadability—it so far surpasses the average coach that comparison only accentuates Jewett's leadership.

Examine it! Admire it! Everything about it gives evidence of the long, careful study that Paige-Jewett engineers have given to this popular type. Among the first to acknowledge the strong public tendency toward coach design—yet restrained on the side of soundness—Paige-Jewett engineers have refused to give the name Jewett even to so popular a type until they were able to build the proved qualities of fine closed cars into the new Jewett Coach.

So the Jewett Coach appears—new as this morning's newspaper—the very last word in body artistry and completeness—a step ahead of the crowd.

You'll recognize in its design the smartness of many far costlier cars. Rich color enhances its custom-built appearance. New type upholstery—introduced by Jewett in the Coach combines beauty with long wear. Doors are wider. There is room to enter or leave the rear without folding either of the front seats.

You'll experience a deep satisfaction in this car's sedan-like roominess—for here at last is a

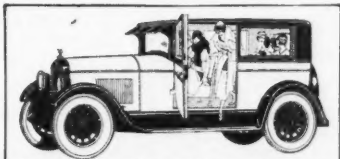
coach that is really built for five. And built strong—with sedan construction throughout—not ordinary "coach" construction. That means you can drive this new Jewett Coach as you would drive any Jewett closed car—with the same confidence in its ability to take you swiftly and comfortably wherever you choose to go—and bring you back, satisfied with your car. Long life is its greatest asset.

And the Amazing New Jewett Motor

As new and thrilling as the Coach itself. The same big, powerful six that has carried Jewett to the very top of its class—now improved by Paige-Jewett engineers to give still greater performance—25% more power!

Just open the hood! You get the reason there for Jewett's great power. It's the biggest motor ever put into a moderate priced car—with power that's ample for even these husky cars. Smooth, responsive power that you'll never find wanting—regardless of driving conditions.

Now you can have this remarkable new motor in America's newest and smartest coach—the New Jewett. And for the shrewd buyer who will accept no compromise for high quality—the new Jewett Coach offers a double opportunity. The quality of the finest sedans with the intimacy and convenience of coach design. Enclosed car comfort at practically open car cost. It's an opportunity you'll go a long way to even equal. (540-A)



Doors three feet wide permit access to rear seat without disturbing passengers in front. The Paige-Jewett one-piece ventilating windshield not only lifts but can be tilted outward if desired. Double belt moulding, rounded back, colorful, permanent lacquer finish, new type upholstery, are other unusual features of this newest coach at only \$1260. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes (Lockheed type) optional at slight extra cost. All prices F. O. B. Detroit, tax extra.

GENIUS

...while you wait

Genius is too often like the poet's lady — "uncertain, coy, and hard to please." Mennen Shaving Cream is a stroke of genius, but it hasn't a trace of temperament.



I know a few baseball pitchers who reach the heights only when the sun shines hotly. Mennen Shaving Cream strikes out the whiskers regardless of the water's temperature. Tepid, luke-warm, or cold water suits Mennen's as well as hot.

A certain matinee idol must have a sympathetic audience to do his best. Mennen's gives you a perfect performance even if the water is hostilely hard or aggressively alkaline.



Many race horses are unable to run fast unless track and weather conditions are ideal. Weather never makes Mennen Shaving Cream too hard or too soft in the tube. Mennen's is always the same creamy consistency—ready to give a zippy, gorgeous shave.

The poet sighs for a lifetime in which to complete the perfect sonnet. It takes Mennen Shaving Cream just three brief minutes to make your shave an epic of efficiency.



Anywhere, anytime, under any circumstances, Mennen Shaving Cream will give you absolute beard softening by the white magic of dermutation.

Druggists have Mennen's in 50c tubes.

Millions of men use Mennen Talcum for Men after every bath and every shave. Luxuriously soft, cooling and absorbent. Tinted to match the color of your skin. 25c.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

\$100.00

The cap stays on, the cream comes out! Coin a name for this Mennen invention. \$100 to the winner. Contest closes July first.



He cast off that image. He listened and hearing nothing he imagined tomorrow with himself and her both alive; and Ketlar.

Ketlar! Of course, it was plain that Ketlar was innocent, whatever the jury might have voted. Tomorrow it would be Calvin Clarke's duty, if he lived, to inform the judge of the new evidence and to ask the discharge of Ketlar; whereupon Ketlar, freed and no longer with a wife, would certainly seek Joan Royle and claim her.

Calvin's breast swelled and his muscles drew taut and he strained so that Neski supposed him to be struggling to free himself.

"No use," said Neski, swearing. "You can't lift it."

Joan set off, not to a house, for none was near, but toward the road; at her feet were dark spots in the snow which she knew were blood, though they looked black in the moonlight, and she followed them till they stopped at the tracks of the automobile. Whom had she shot? she wondered. Baretta, or Frank Zenn, or some gunman whom she had never seen and who had never seen her or Mr. Clarke or the driver, but who had obeyed a bidding to go to the car in the ditch and kill everyone underneath.

The anonymity of the brutal business, when she thought of it, increased her terror, which shook her with violent spasms of shuddering as she walked. Her neck hurt and her legs twinged when she stepped; she was cold and felt more helpless than she had under the car when the bullets were striking above her.

Walking between the tracks of the gunmen's car, she discovered that they had driven directly to the road, which was about a hundred yards away, and had swerved to the left just before their wheels had climbed to the concrete. So they had gone toward the city.

The road was empty in that direction but far away to the northwest was a pair of headlights. She retreated toward the wreck, but returned to the road after a minute and was rewarded by the sight of the high, broad bulk of a truck in no wise resembling the vehicle of the gunmen; so she hid her revolver and stepped to the middle of the road, stopping the truck, which proved to have a crew of two strong men to whom the weight of the wrecked car was no unyielding obstacle.

She sat on the floor of the truck beside Neski, who lay upon a pallet improvised from old burlaps and pads, with which the van was provided. Calvin Clarke reclined, propped up by pads against the side opposite her. An oil lantern swayed and bumped on a hook overhead, giving them light; for the tail-board of the truck was drawn up tightly against the cold and also against the eyes of overtaking cars.

The scurry of tires and the drone of an approaching motor set Joan Daisy shaking with fright; it drew Mr. Clarke's attention to the tail-board; and it interrupted Neski's talk. The car passed and Joan Daisy relapsed to quieter quivering; Mr. Clarke's gaze again rested upon her, while now and then he agreed, monosyllabically, with Neski, who had become voluble of opinion under his pain.

There was no doubt, to Neski's way of thinking, that she had hit the leader of the gunmen, who would be Zenn, if Baretta himself had not been present; otherwise it was Baretta. Upon no alternate theory could Neski account for the prompt abandonment of the field and the failure of the car to return.

"You bumped the bird that was interested personal," Neski complimented her.

She glanced at Mr. Clarke in the eerie, swaying light and saw that he had no thought for Neski's talk because of his study of her; and whereas, upon the witness stand, she had confronted him and faced him boldly, now she looked away.

He was not Mr. God-looking at all, leaning against the dirty pads and with his right shoulder queerly crumpled and his arm limp; he looked bewildered and boylike, his face cut and streaked with blood and his coat torn; but the boy whom she saw was plainly charging

responsibility for his disaster and hers and Neski's to his own mistake, which he had acknowledged; neither by word nor bearing did he seek excuse or extenuation for himself.

Joan Royle was not used to seeing one thus call himself to account when affairs went wrong.

"It may require a day to complete the confirmation of the facts," Mr. Clarke said to her. "Besides, today is Sunday; but by tomorrow at the latest Ketlar will be freed, whatever the jury may report."

"Tomorrow," she repeated and he imagined that she deplored the delay, but actually she was not concerned for Ket, who was in jail, safe and sound and removed from the expedition of this night in which she had ceased to be an antagonist of Calvin Clarke and had made common cause with him.

Neski talked on but Mr. Clarke and she sat silently facing each other, her back to one side of the truck, his against the opposite. Her feet, in dancing slippers, nearly touched his shoes and he and she glanced at each other and looked down at their toes which tossed together when the truck jounced.

She had gained tonight the freedom of Ket and the vindication of her friendship with Ket for which she had endured insult and humiliation throughout the months since Ket had been jailed, but she sought satisfaction in no renewing of her hours with him; no moment with him made seizure of her soul. She looked down at her silk slippers and Calvin Clarke's blunt boots and she recalled how he had appeared at first to her when he had come for the People of Illinois to question her, and she, trusting to him, had told him the whole truth, but immediately he had approved the arrest of Ket for murder and had ordered her held as an accomplice.

How she had hated that Mr. Clarke! She did not hate the Calvin Clarke with blood-streaked face and with arm helpless. She had beaten him and "shown him up," but she felt no joy of triumph over him. Pangs of triumph thrilled her breast, but it was triumph over what she had done with Calvin Clarke and for him in his cause against those who had tried to kill him and her tonight.

The truck slowed and she trembled, drawing nearer to him; as she imagined another meeting with gunmen; but the stop was at sight of a Chicago policeman and in obedience to Mr. Clarke's directions to halt at the first city patrol box.

Calvin arose and, without accepting help from either Joan Royle or the patrolman, made a report over the police telephone wire.

"Who was the bird she bumped?" Neski inquired of him, when he returned to the truck; and he answered:

"The department hasn't heard yet."

They were driven to a hospital and Mr. Clarke accompanied Neski to the emergency room, after seeing Joan in charge of a nurse.

"Make sure she's not hurt," he instructed the nurse, avoiding speech with Joan Daisy herself. "Take care of her."

In spite of his new tone, Joan Daisy was reminded of the night when he had given her to Mrs. Hoswick's care to be held for questioning. The nurse bathed her face and brushed her hair and advised her to lie down, as had Mrs. Hoswick; but Joan Daisy could rest no better upon this night than upon that. Her mind then had roved restlessly to Ket, accused and arrested for the murder of Adele; now it visited the emergency room where she imagined Mr. Clarke under a surgeon's hands.

The nurse brought a pot of tea and Joan Daisy was sipping a cup when Mr. Clarke reappeared and she saw his shoulder drooping and his arm as helpless as before. He had washed his face and brushed his hair but had had not a thing done to his shoulder. Neski had broken ribs and internal injury, probably not dangerous, he said.

"I'm glad," exclaimed Joan Daisy. "What about you?"

"Are you ready to go?" he asked her

"I? What do you mean?"

Private Secretaries of FAMOUS MEN



.... Toward the end of the afternoon, when speed and accuracy count so much in the day's success, I often congratulate myself that I chose the *light-running, easy-writing, never-failing* ROYAL.

Rose Weinstein



... Secretary to CHARLES D. HASTINGS
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"I've a cab at the door," he said, in his quiet, stubborn way. "I'm taking you home."

"Not you!" she cried and, seeing him flush hot, realized that he mistook her objection. "You've got to have yourself attended to," she explained.

"I will," he promised, "afterwards."

"Now!" she insisted, and suddenly, before she knew what she did, she pleaded, "Please, won't you?"

"No," he refused. "Collar bone's broken; nothing much more. People play football with that."

"I'll not leave this place till you're attended to," she told him, with all the positiveness she could muster.

"I'll not be attended to until you're home," he replied and she felt her positiveness no match for his. Moreover, the nurse aided him, saying, "A bit more of a ride, if he's careful, shouldn't matter." And he asked Joan Daisy, "Will you pour me some tea?"

Her hand holding the little pot trembled. "You pour it for him, please," she said to the nurse, and sank into her chair.

He ignored the cup, which the nurse filled. "You're tired through," he said to Joan Daisy and his own face was white as he gazed down at her. "You ought to be in bed now. Stay here tonight!"

"No," Joan Daisy protested, forgetting his determination. "I'm going home."

"I'll take you."

"Have your tea first," she begged, and she stood waiting until he drank it.

"I wish," he said, when they were alone, side by side in the cab, "you would simply rest."

"It's absolutely impossible."

"Because of me?"

"I shot somebody tonight," she replied.

"Maybe I killed him."

"You ought to hope so," said Calvin. "I do."

"Yes; but do you feel sleepy, hoping that? I mean, even if you weren't hurt, would you?"

"No."

"Would you've slept tonight? I mean, if Mr. Oliver hadn't called you and told you about Baretta?"

"I would have expected to."

"Hoping you'd killed Ket?"

"What do you mean?"

"You wanted to have Ket killed; you asked the jury to kill him; so you hoped they'd do it, didn't you?"

"I was wrong, completely wrong in the whole matter."

She was silent for a moment and he felt her tensely erect beside him and he could see vaguely her clear, pretty profile in the light which streaked through the cab windows.

"Of course you were born and brought up to it," she resumed, startling him.

"To be wrong?"

"To be so frightfully sure you were right. I never saw another human so sure. How could you help it, with Queen Anne's War and John Adams's administration and Antietam forever in you? And you weren't so wrong at that."

"You mean I was not so wrong about Ketlar?" he asked.

"Oh, no; you were wrong about Ket; but you certainly are right about the rest—Chicago and the law and civilization. I told you that evening—it was after the trial of that 'Garian person who'd burned up his store; remember?"

"I remember," said Calvin.

"You and I were in the court-room afterwards. You'd come after some papers."

"I came back to see if you had waited."

"Oh, did you? . . . I told you that I got your idea in the speech you made to the jury about Chicago and the State and the country. I thought I did get it; but I didn't. But I guess I have it now; if I haven't, I'm hopeless."

"You see," she resumed after a minute, "I'd only read in the papers about Baretta and Frankie Zenn and the hold-ups and

shootings and bombings all over Chicago. They were just reading matter to me. They weren't to you; you knew; you knew," she repeated and he felt her shaking, "you knew they rode after people in cars and shot to kill—and nobody touched them. You couldn't touch them, for you couldn't find anybody who'd talk. So you got sort of crazy, inside you, to stop the murdering going on; and when you found Adele and the police took you to Ket and me and you caught us both lying, you went after us for all that was in you."

She stopped speaking, though her thoughts leaped on and on, as he could see from her intensity.

The rear wheels of the taxi had tire chains, and as they scraped in the ruts of frozen snow, one became displaced so that a link struck a mud-guard and clanked regularly with each whirl of the wheel. He noticed that it set Joan Daisy's head to nodding and he asked:

"Shall I have that chain taken off?"

"No; I like it. It beats time."

"To what?"

"The tune in my head."

"One of Ketlar's?"

For reply she sang softly with marked, thrilling measure the theme of Elgar's great march.

"I love it!" she cried. "You've heard it?"

"Yes."

"Didn't it make you want to—do something wonderful?"

"I liked it," he said.

"Like Rimsky-Korsakov, too?"

"I don't know much of his music."

"He's another doer! And there's an American named Schelling. They played a great piece of his at the Orchestra. There's a red-headed boy from Michigan who composes music; his name is in the concert program. Sowerby it is. Of course he's studied; he's been at the great conservatories. Ket must try to make him do."

Calvin drew off into his corner of the cab, with his heart thumping jealously. He was taking her, he realized, to the flat above the flat to which Ketlar would return tomorrow.

"We're within a couple of squares of a house of some friends of mine," Calvin said. "Let me take you to them."

"Why?"

"They're near and they can look after you. Some one ought to look after you tonight."

"Why?"

"You're done up."

"I'm not."

"You'll find you are."

"Then I'd better be home when I find it."

"These are good friends of mine," he urged.

"Let me take you to them."

"I want to go home—home," she mused. "That's my home, that two-room flat. That's where I live, Mr. Clarke. You never can believe it means anything to me."

"Very well," said Calvin; and she settled into her corner silently.

At the entrance of the building wherein was her home, she begged him to return but he accompanied her up-stairs past Ketlar's flat, and up the second flight of stairs, upon which he had followed her on that other night, watching her slim white heels rising from her slippers.

She unlocked her door and yet he was loath to leave her. She switched on the light and he saw that her bed stood in its form of a couch.

"No one's here to help you," he protested.

"Mama's in there," Joan Daisy said, glancing at the closed door of the bedroom.

"Wake her!" commanded Calvin.

Joan Daisy shook her head. "I won't wake her; anyway, I couldn't."

Calvin recollected why she couldn't; he recollected his complete contempt for the man and the woman whom this girl vainly had tried to arouse on the night of her arrest. He glanced

at the closed door of the bedroom wherein he supposed one parent to be sleeping drugged and the other drunk, but his contempt for them lacked its previous completeness. For the woman, however she nullified herself, had borne a daughter who had become not a kept consort of Ketlar and an accomplice to a murder, but a dreamer and a determiner of great things.

Joan Daisy cast off her coat, discovering how nearly done she was when she felt the relief of the weight of it.

"What can I do for you?" Calvin asked as she stood slender and small in her dancing dress, with shoulders and white arms bare. "Joan Daisy, what will you let me do?"

"You know what I want. It's to have you go along and see to your shoulder."

Calvin stooped and felt with his strong hand under the edge of the couch. He had no acquaintance with day-beds but he understood that they drew out somehow; so he pulled and the couch broadened.

"Good night," he said, straightening.

"You'll see about yourself right away?"

He promised, "Right away"; and she went to the door with him.

"When you hear who he was, please phone me," she asked.

"I will, if it's not a time when you'd be asleep."

"I'll not be asleep."

"You must be."

"I can't."

He extended his left hand and she gave him first her right hand and then, since their clasps did not meet, she put her left hand in his. "Good night; go to sleep, Joan Daisy," he said, scarcely able to speak for the pulse-beat in his throat.

Down-stairs, past Ketlar's door, Calvin tramped and out to the cab where he turned and looked up at her light. His glance roved about the building and he was reminded of his feeling of offense at it. He felt none tonight. When he settled himself in the cab, his thought traveled to his own home and to the table on Thanksgiving Day and his walk alone in the woods toward Haverhill, where his great-great-grandmother Selina, Timothy's wife, had fought the Indians after Timothy had fallen. Calvin always had imagined her tall, broad-shouldered and brown-haired like many women of his family and of the type of Melicent Webster. Closing his eyes, he saw the scene in the woods and he saw Selina a small, quick, dark-haired girl who snatched up the gun and fought.

His taxi swung down Sheridan Road toward the north entrance to Lincoln Park and the moon shone on a man upon horseback, with the horse reared and the man leaning over in the saddle, rallying and calling to his troops. It was Sheridan, stopping the rout on the road from Winchester: "You're going the wrong way, boys! Turn; turn; you're going back!" In bronze he rode; eternally there, at the end of the boulevard which bore his name, he rallied and inspired his troops, for all to see.

Where the road again turned stood Abraham Lincoln, the son of Illinois. And who had Calvin Clarke, in all the list of his fathers from Queen Anne's War to Antietam, to equal him? With Schubert and Beethoven, Wagner and Mozart, in letters of stone, stood Lincoln in this home of Joan Royle's which was no two-room flat but was all the city.

What difference that no blood of theirs flowed in her veins? What difference that no brittle Bible recorded physical descent from them? Her soul they had molded and made.

Calvin sank back, a quiver, as he thought of her in that flat above Ketlar's; he would drive his mind from tomorrow, when Ketlar would return to her awaiting him with her dream for him; her hands for him—her slender, soft, strong hands both of which Calvin had clasped. Her lips would be Ketlar's too; and Calvin let himself imagine no more.

Joan and Calvin and Ket—each reaches the end of his or her personal rainbow Next Month—an instalment that will come to you in the mail if you will fill out the handy coupon on page 19.

The QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS The KING OF ENGLAND'S daughter The QUEEN OF SWEDEN

*How their precious possessions
were restored to dainty
loveliness*

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

"When the King and Queen of the Belgians visited this country a banquet was given their majesties at one of the famous New York hotels. As I am an old newspaper woman I got one of the guards to let me go up to the banquet floor.

"I met one of the parlor maids sobbing bitterly, closely followed by a housekeeper who also seemed distressed. I asked what was the matter and the housekeeper explained that in some unaccountable manner the wrap that the Queen left in the dressing room had been

soiled by a hotel attendant. The Queen always wears white and this particular garment was of beautiful heavy brocade trimmed with white fur.

"I suggested sponging it with Lux, and finally persuaded them to let me do it. I sponged it with lukewarm water and Lux, until all soiled places disappeared. I rinsed it the same way and pressed it with a warm iron over a clean cloth.

"When I removed the cloth there the wrap was spotlessly clean—saved by Lux!"

Kathrine Stone Brown, L. I.

THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN

"There had been a state dinner at the home of the Marshal of the Court of Sweden. The following day when I happened to be with the wife of the Court Marshal, one of her maids came into the room holding some priceless doilies of cobweb fineness—sadly soiled. Her Ladyship told me the doilies had been lent her for the dinner by one of the Ladies-in-Waiting to the

Queen. She would have to return them personally with apologies!

"Here I interrupted: 'If you don't mind I would like to save the situation!' (confident that I could safely depend on Lux).

"The precious lace doilies were handed over to me. When the little things had dried I examined them and indeed, I felt proud. I could see no trace of soil whatever."

Mrs. S. Fagrell, Calif.



Now the Big
New Package too

THE KING OF ENGLAND'S DAUGHTER

"When the people in Ireland heard of the intended wedding of the King's only daughter, they decided to send some of the beautiful lace for which Ireland is famed.

"After it was ready, the most rare and beautiful piece was found to be soiled. There wasn't time to make another and without this the other pieces would be incomplete. The workmanship was so delicate that to trust it to any

one but an expert might ruin it altogether.

"At last an old Irish woman pleaded to be allowed to cleanse it, stating she knew of a wonderful preparation that would remove spots without injuring the most delicate fabric.

"Great was the joy when the lace was returned free from soil and as beautiful as ever. When questioned the old woman announced she had washed it with Lux."

Mrs. Wesley M'Leon, Mich.

IN ADDITION to the well-known uses—washing silks, woolsens, fine cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum. Lux won't harm anything that water alone won't harm. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Ushering in the greatest period in furniture design, Queen Anne craftsmen replaced stiff, massive XVII century pieces with styles of grace and ease. A room of that time at right.



Above, Karpen adds new comfort to Queen Anne beauty. Sofa and chair in mohair and damask contrast with the tapestry and brocade of open arm and William and Mary chairs.

Choose your library furniture as you select a book—by name

WOULD you buy a book, no matter how fine its cover might be, if it bore no writer's name, had no title and its contents were sealed to you?

Chairs and sofas that will lure you to relax are as important to the pleasure your library gives you as the books you read. And in upholstered furniture, as in a book, it is the value beneath the cover that counts.

On every piece in the Queen Anne group shown above, as on all Karpen furniture, you will find a mark of inner quality as reliable as the author's name on a classic. This is the Karpen nameplate.

Finding it, you also get perfection in line and color united with the utmost in dollar value.

Producing the world's largest output of upholstered furniture enables Karpen to cut costs to low levels impossible to smaller makers of quality furniture.

Whether in buying a single piece or a suite for your living-room, hall, library or sun-room, avoid risk by looking for the Karpen nameplate. Remember, an attractive binding may cover a trashy novel.

We will gladly send you the name of a Karpen merchant in your city and *Livable Rooms*, a free booklet C-J of color suggestions for home decoration.



Find a Karpen nameplate on every piece.

Why not ask for them today? Write to S. Karpen & Bros., 801-811 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, or 37th Street and Broadway, New York.

Karpen

FURNITURE

FREE: WRITE FOR THE NEW BOOKLET, C-J OF COLOR SUGGESTIONS FOR HOME DECORATION

UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE: HANDWOVEN FIBER
ENAMELED CANE FURNITURE: WINDSOR CHAIRS

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A Rendezvous in Paris by Frank R. Adams (Continued from page 87)

worth fifty thousand dollars in cash to me."

"How?"

"Because I'm going to offer them to that English hussy for exactly that sum of money. I know she has it because Paul left her that much at the expense of his own neglected wife. Now I'm going to have it back or publish these letters in the leading newspapers in London."

Aside from the unpleasant nature of his errand Steve had rather liked the idea of a jaunt to Europe with his expenses paid. He had always wanted to go back, especially to Paris, which he remembered only from one scant twenty-four hours' leave. He wanted to find out if the gay friendliness was real or merely something that had existed in his own starved imagination.

But now all the zest had gone out of the party. This girl Dana Starr had so swiftly adopted him as a friend that he could not come out with the cold-blooded proposition which he had traveled all the way across the Atlantic to make. What he really was going to do he did not know. Thinking of that and of Dana Starr's wistful, wasted youth he got thoroughly lost. A night-hawk taxi finally scooped him up and returned him to his hotel.

One-thirty at the Ritz. It sounded like a magic tryst, an engagement to write a song about. It did not seem at all like an appointment to break a butterfly on a wheel. Steve even found his heart beating a little faster as the hour approached. This girl who had lived and learned so much had seized on his imagination. Undoubtedly it was her sophisticated helplessness which attracted him—that and wanting to know how the story was going to turn out.

She came in shortly after he arrived. Yes, certainly she had one dress that was presentable. It was a slim one-piece frock, *bleu poudre*, no sleeves, severely simple. Her make-up was just faintly noticeable according to the smart mode, and over her heart she wore one flower, a white camellia. Steve was quite certain of all these details because he stared at her a long time before she saw him. He would never have dared address her on his own initiative for fear he might be making a mistake. Away from her shabby home surroundings she was quite a different person.

Gloved, hatted, coiffed she was less comprehensible to an exclusively masculine intelligence. With her armor on she was more insolently insular, more sophisticated, harder. It took Steve a moment or so to realize that she wore her outward mask as a protection against sympathy.

She fitted better into the atmosphere of the restaurant than she did in the grimy surroundings where Steve had found her. This was the sort of thing to which she ought to be accustomed. Indeed, she seemed to know half the people in the place. Her progress to the table which had been selected for them was a series of cordial greetings from smartly dressed women and impersonally admiring men.

Not a word was said of the affair of the night before. Steve sensed that the conversation about the legacy was not to be resumed until the social preliminaries of luncheon had been carried to a successful conclusion. That fitted nicely with his own idea of postponing the evil moment when his words would change her opinion of him, make her perforce regard him as an enemy instead of as a friend.

He suspected, too, that beneath her air of indifference to food she was hungry and wished to spare herself any emotional drain until after she had fortified herself.

Hungry! It seemed impossible that this so correctly turned out woman of the world should know so bourgeois an emotion, yet he was certain that he was right. Steve therefore ordered a substantial luncheon with broth and chops for features instead of the salad that she tentatively suggested.

"My higher education has been neglected," he offered as he overruled her nomination. "I have to have regular food and I'd rather

you joined me. I claim no fine perceptions of the virtues of salad."

"My friend, you have fine perceptions of an entirely different and more valuable sort."

She had lovely arms, not mature, curving in cool pallor. Her flesh was like that of a school-girl. And she must be twenty-five at least. Age would never touch her at all until it overwhelmed her entirely, one felt.

There was an orchestra which played inescapable American fox-trots. Steve did not want to talk much yet anyway. He was trying to work out the way to tell this girl about the letters. It was even more difficult now that he knew that, despite her poverty, she was socially important.

And then, suddenly, there was no necessity for telling.

She looked up from her dessert. "My father invested the legacy," she informed him.

Steve was set back by the abruptness of the plunge. "Your legacy?" he echoed.

"Yes."

"But you said you had not received it."

"True, but he had."

"And signed your name on the acknowledgments?"

"He had them signed, anyway."

"But, my dear girl, that is forgery—a prison offense."

"But, my dear man, one doesn't send one's father to prison. So there."

Steve contemplated the disaster aghast. "You say he invested the money. Can you get some of it back or was the investment of a permanent nature?"

"Absolutely permanent. He bought varicolored celluloid chips."

"All gone?"

"Quite. That's why he was so peevish last night. It took a goodish bit of cheering up to keep him from killing himself. He was awfully cut up because he had really intended to double the money for us and then never gamble again."

Steve was so knocked out by the enormity of the calamity that he could only sit in glum contemplation of her hopeless future.

"It's all right, my practical American friend. I'm no worse off than I was yesterday at this time. You see, I never actually had the money."

"But your plans? The little home five minutes from the Bois, the *apérifit* at Fouquette's?"

She shrugged. "They are not for me. For some one else. Perhaps for you. You are going to Paris before you return. Hunt up Fouquette's. I don't know the address but any taxi driver can find it. It's near the Arc de Triomphe somewhere. Sit there alone some sunny afternoon and leave a vacant chair for me to come and sit beside you."

"Will you?"

"In spirit."

"Every afternoon at five-thirty," he proposed.

"*Oui, tous les après-midis à cinq heures et demie,*" she repeated.

Steve's lips were talking nonsense but his mind was trying to deal with a very definite and grave problem. If Dana Starr did not possess the legacy, if she had no resources at all, as was obviously the case, how could she satisfy the demands of that distant avenger, Alice Post? There was not much use in trying to make Alice be lenient. Alice would merely think that he too had fallen victim to the deliberate charms of a designing woman. No use trying to put Dana Starr across to any other woman. She was so obviously the cultivated perfection of what men secretly want a woman to be that no member of her own sex could afford to acknowledge that anything about her was right.

Even now the thing that she said—"I'm sorry, *mon ami*, that I have disappointed you."

"Disappointed me?" It was rather ridiculous for him to be so concerned about a trouble

which was really exclusively hers. And yet who could vision her bravely facing poverty, the humiliations of an improvident parent, a haphazard existence—difficulties that a strong man, with ability and the authority to make his wishes obeyed, might well fail under—without a pang of sympathetic pity? She was in such an inescapable maelstrom. With a father like that! No wonder no man had married her.

"Don't be discouraged about me," she pleaded. "I'm sorry I've clouded your day. Because really I can be rather gay. I mean to have you remember London pleasantly. Come on, let's. It would be fun for me too."

Steve turned a little red light on his disposition with a couple of brandies and soda, and they started out. It was the pleasantest day of Steve's life. Red letter good times are always had uncomfortably close to annihilation. Some of us can remember that.

It was late that night when they said good-by.

"You're brave," he told her.

"I won't be in a minute, when you're gone," she confessed. "Think of me a little kindly. It will help."

It was a simple farewell. He wished he might prolong it. To let her go was so much like sending a child into a dark pit. But he had no further claim on her. So he tried to banish her great eyes from his memory, black pools of ink all ready for the writing of tragedy. But they haunted him as if they were conscience ghosts of a duty unperformed.

He had not told her of Alice Post's ultimatum. Why burden a sinking ship with an extra load? When Alice took her vengeance it would probably kill this girl, but she might as well live till then without the definite torturing knowledge of her impending fate.

That was something he felt that he must prevent from happening in some way. He almost owed it to Paul, whose kindly thought had gone so far wrong.

Finally he did the only thing he could think of to do. After that he crossed the Channel to Paris.

It pleased Steve to explore that part of the city, "five minutes from the Bois," which Dana Starr had told him about. He felt that he would recognize the neighborhood from the way it might fit her. When he found the tiny apartment that had her spiritual insignia written all over it he had a whimsical inspiration to rent it for a month and live there. It was quite inexpensive and there was a good servant left over from the preceding tenants, a couple who had been honeymooning there.

Strangely enough, having a place all his own to live in made Steve lonely. He who had always lived without companionship now craved the society of fellow human beings. He regretted that he had not gone to a hotel. But it was too late to change now. His meager finances did not permit of temperamental indecision.

Perhaps it was the atmosphere of intimate happiness which the last tenants had left behind them that disturbed him. There was a seductive air about the place, almost a tangible perfume. Truly it was no place in which to be alone. Steve ignored the suggestion of the concierge that he get himself an "*amie—une petite fille des noces,*" and solaced his solitude by never staying there at all until he could come home so tired that he could sleep anyway.

For that reason he came to know his Paris fairly well. Unfortunately he did not enjoy it as one should who is spending his last cent on a holiday. He rather suspected that Paris like Paradise was designed as a habitation for two.

He found Fouquette's and, like the fool that he was, he terminated every afternoon's ramble at one of its sidewalk tables. They made fair cocktails there and the "Quinquina Vouvray" had a pleasant after effect. Benedictine, highly recommended by the garçon, he eschewed with all the resolution of the anchorite

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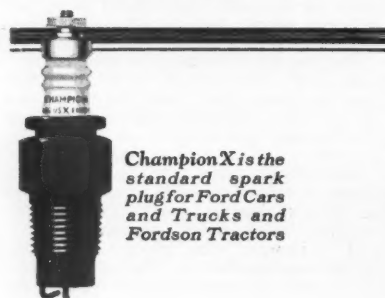
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Anthony (subsequently sainted for not actually carrying out his young ideas).

His month was nearly up. So was his money. There was a steamship ticket for back home. He had a reservation for the next day but one.

This would be his last cocktail at Fouquette's. There was a little chill in the air. Perhaps another rainy season was about to start. Just as well to return to America where one did not encounter the ghosts of illusion stalking in broad daylight.

"Deux Martinis," he told the waiter and indicated the place across from his own. "Il y aura une autre."

The waiter smiled. Steve's double order was already a recognized idiosyncrasy to the establishment. The force was a hollow one but he might as well keep it up. Time enough to be sensible when the ship cast off.

The two cocktails, on their inevitable price-marked saucers, arrived. Steve lifted the first tiny glass to his lips.

"To a lady whom nobody——"

"Cinq heures et demie, juste," she said a little breathlessly as one who has hurried to keep an appointment.

Her voice had a husky elusive quality such as one might expect to find in the voice of a ghost. Steve did not stare. He had seen her there too often. Her face was little clearer now than he was accustomed to see it. A mist hung over her always. It was the far-away mist of romance.

Not that he was laboring under any delusion. Steve knew that Dana Starr was actually there. She wore the same shade of blue, but this was another dress—and a hat crammed with apparent carelessness far down over her black chrysanthemum hair.

He was seeing the materialization of his wildest desires. There was no doubting his senses. But why had she come? There must be some far from personal and romantic reason for her being there.

"Say something, Sir Faun. Are you glad to see me?"

"I did not expect ever to see you."

"Nor did I expect to be here. But I knew of no other way to find you."

"Did you wish to find me?" he asked directly.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because," she began and then smiled whimsically, "because I want to correct a statement I once made to the effect that chivalry died after the war. I was wrong."

"What makes you think so?"—mystified.

"This." She laid a folded note upon the table between them. "Read it."

Steve picked it up gingerly. He had already recognized Alice Post's handwriting and he suspected.

My dear Miss Starr:

In consideration of your return to me of the monetary equivalent of the legacy which my husband, in a phase of mental aberration, wrongfully bequeathed to you, I am sending you herewith the originals of your letters to him. So far as I am concerned I shall hope never to hear of them again. Any fond memories of my husband and of your affair with him which you care to cherish you are welcome to. I am doing all that I can to forget that so infamous a creature has ever dragged his slimy length across my life.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Alice Post

Steve looked up guiltily. "You wouldn't understand Alice. I had forgotten that she knew your address or I——" His voice trailed away at the look in Dana's eyes.

"Dear man," she said, "why did you go to so much trouble to save something which is really valueless to me?" Steve looked his inarticulate misery. "Never mind. I suppose that is a difficult question for a Sir Galahad to answer without committing himself. I'll ask you an easier one. Will you walk with me a little through the purple shadows of Paris

to a place not five minutes from here which has been my home for many years, no matter what shabby hotel or apartment I've laid my head in?"

They strolled companionably through the dusk. It is thus that the pavements of Paris should be walked—with leisurely steps and in good company.

She led him to the neighborhood he had himself picked out from her description. "It's somewhere in here," she said. "Look at the name of the street—'rue du Montjoyeux' Street of the Happy Hill. Wouldn't you like to live here yourself? Will it be quite all right if I ask the concierge of one of these buildings if there are any apartments to let? I've always wanted to see what they looked like inside."

Steve thought that it would be "quite all right" and carefully piloted her by indifference to the building in which he lived.

"Mademoiselle wishes to view the apartment which will be vacant tomorrow," he told the dame who acted as Cerberus. "He had already arranged with her about his departure."

"How did you know that there would be an apartment vacant tomorrow?" Dana asked him as the concierge led a waddling way to Steve's quarters.

"There's always an apartment just about to be vacated in these French buildings, I've found. I suspect it means that if they think they can get more rent from you they will kick out some poor devil of an undesirable tenant."

"Voici!" The ancient opened the door as if it led to Eden.

Dana Starr stepped across the threshold. "I like it. Isn't it comfortable? I knew I had a home here somewhere." She strolled to the table and picked up a book. "Fancy, finding an English novel here." She opened the covers to the fly-leaf. "Why," she breathed, "you live here yourself. I don't understand. And yet I do a little. I even expected to find you at Fouquette's at half after five. Stephen Cavanaugh, look at me." She took the two lapels of his coat and compelled his direct gaze. "Are you glad that I really came?"

"Yes."

"How much money did you have left after you bought my tarnished, shop-worn honor back from Mrs. Post?"

Steve laughed. "Nothing except just enough to live here for a month."

Dana looked at him with eyes that began to cloud with tears. "You fool," she accused, "you damned, adorable fool. Did my reputation mean so much as that to you?"

"Why, yes."

"If it means that, will you take it and keep it for me?" She stepped closer to him, her eyes pleading now.

"Forever?" he asked incredulously.

"And ever."

The concierge, with that innate delicacy for which the French are noted, had decided that this was the time for her to leave the room.

It seemed as if there was no relief anywhere from parched thirst save by contact with her soft little mouth. And yet he had to speak eventually, to tell her ruefully, "I haven't a cent, beloved woman. You're choosing a poverty-stricken husband."

"I forgot." She smiled and fished something out of her pocket. "I wrote and told Mrs. Post what you had done and repudiated the entire transaction. I sent her the letters and told her to have them printed on hoardings if she liked. Nobody in London who knows me would be the least surprised. I think I ruined the whole party for her because she didn't write again but merely had her attorneys send you this check in my care. Here it is."

"But that's yours."

"No, dear, yours."

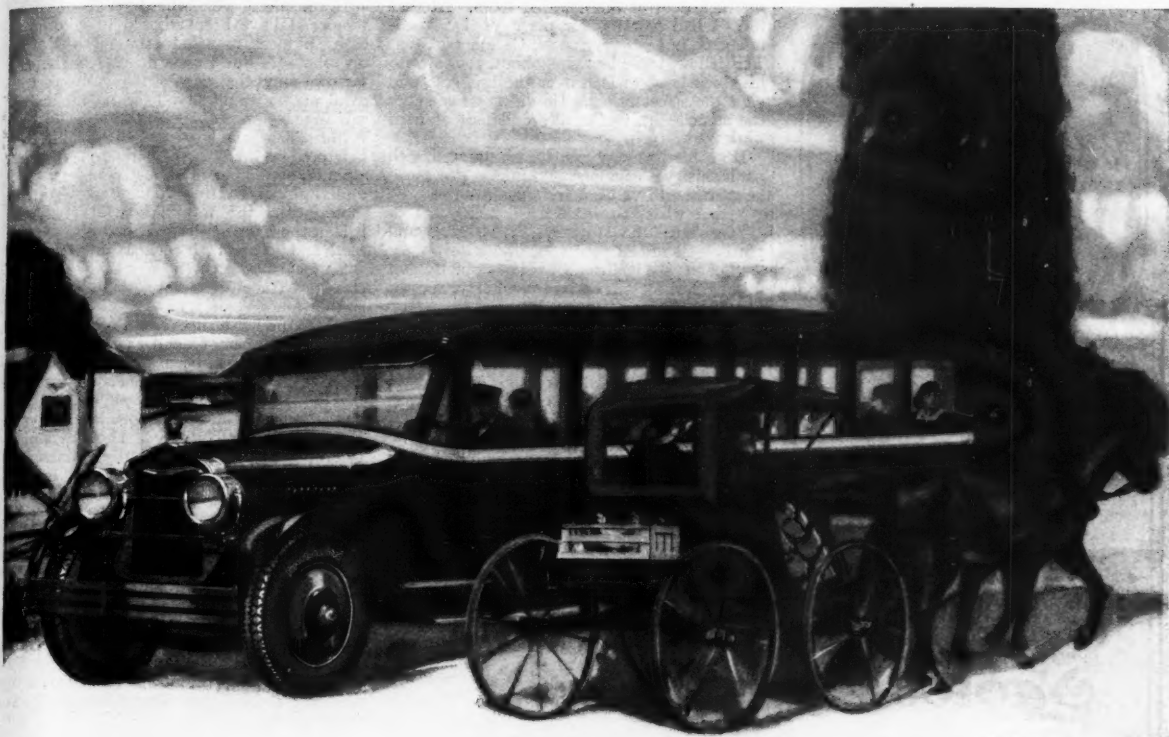
"I insist, yours."

They squared off argumentatively. And then they both laughed.

"How silly. It's ours."

So it was. So was everything, including the world, Paris by moonlight, happiness—every heart-breaking lovely thing.

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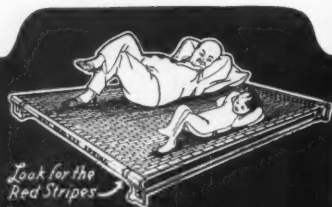
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I Learned to Control My Temper (Cont'd from page 43)

the high door of the painting room. At that time I had working for me a gawky, good-tempered but not very useful Cockney laborer. This fellow, while lounging about, took it into his thick head to lean over the half-gate and view the street below. He did not remember the stencil—fruit of a day and half of hard work.

He came to me presently, white-faced with panic, his eyes goggling. "Lumme, guv'nor!" he gasped. "I've been and done it now!"

"Done what, Tom?" I asked mildly.

"Guv'nor," he stuttered, "I've gone and plurry-well ruined your stencil!"

"Let me see it, Tom," I said as quietly as I could. The set was wanted in a hurry, and the idea that the stencil was ruined was more than I liked to face.

The man brought it. If he had actually torn it up in his hands, he could not have destroyed it more effectively.

"All right, Tom," I said calmly—I remember how small and clear my voice sounded. "I don't suppose you meant to do it."

If I had hit the man, sworn at him, kicked him over the gate into the street thirty feet below, I could not have punished him more. He almost wilted. As far as faithfulness is concerned, I have never had a better servant. Long Tom, who was something of a scrapper, used to long for some one to insult me so that he could beat him up to prove his devotion.

In spite of this achievement, two years later in sheer rage—I might almost call it madness—I was nearly to kill a man. This was the last of my outbursts, for I got the fright of my life.

The beginning of the quarrel was trivial in the extreme. The object of my fury was a brother soldier. He was a man of small education, who always seemed somehow to resent that fact that I had more knowledge than himself.

One day, during the Gallipoli campaign, in my absence on duty Billings took from my dugout some water I had saved to wash my vests with. It was only water of the worst description, surface water, and twice used at that. But on the peninsula water was extremely scarce, and I had hiked a long distance for this big tinful of mine. All the petty irritations the man had put upon me came back to me. I went berserk.

When I came to myself I was on top of my man and had my fingers deep in his neck. He was purple in the face, and I was reaching for a big stone to knock his brains out. Then I realized, in the midst of my nausea, that I had been within an inch of manslaughter, or actual murder—and that in the face of the enemy. I won't elaborate the point. I shall leave it at that.

Billings, when he got back his breath, acted magnanimously. My dugout was pretty isolated and the scrap had not attracted any attention. Billings sat up and eyed me curiously.

"Coo! I might have known you were a blinkin' madman," he said with profane ornamentations. "C'mon down and see if we can souvenir a dish o' tea!" And that was the finish of the business as far as he was concerned.

As for me, I swore then that I'd never lose my temper again. I swore it by all I held holy. And for nearly ten years I have kept my oath.

The Billings episode came, as I have shown, after I had been trying hard for a long time to be rid of my temper, and it served to sharpen up what I may call the technique of my efforts toward self-control.

It often happens that bad temper in a man is the result of something physical. I have seen a bad-tempered man become a reasonable being after the removal of gall-stones. I know of a man who lost his irritability when he gave over drinking alcoholic liquors, but on the other hand I have seen an ill-natured total abstainer become a good-natured man after his doctor had made him take to drinking beer and wines.

In consulting with other men about my bad temper, I have been advised to give up the eating of meat, to eschew strong drinks, to give up tobacco. But I came to the conclusion in my own mind that none of these advices would avail me. I would have to work out my own salvation.

Most men have a spice of the devil in them, I fancy, in the way of temper. A normal amount of temper is almost a necessity, for, under proper control, it can act as driving force, it can help determination. It is only when it is in the habit of getting the bit between its teeth and bolting with one that it is a weakness.

"A real man," says the hero of Owen Wister's classic, "The Virginian," "ought to have a sizable amount of temper, but he ought to think too much of it ever to lose it." I have quoted from memory, but that's the gist.

That phrase has been a help to me, and I have been aided from sources equally strange. I have found help in Chinese philosophy. "The wooden cheek, the eye of porcelain," says the Doctor in Fernald's play, "The Cat and the Cherub." Here you have the Chinese safeguard against loss of self-control put in a nutshell, for the Chinese idea is to cultivate serenity.

At any rate, this was the basis on which I latterly began to cultivate placidity. To the things that were wont to annoy me and make me angry, I turned the wooden cheek and the eye of porcelain—as far as I could. I found that if I could control my face and not let people see that I was angry, I was getting toward stifling my emotion. With my heart pounding and my throat hurting, I would turn toward the annoyance what I imagined was a mask of calm.

After a while this trick became easy.

But here I sensed danger. I saw that I was just bottling up a lot of bad blood. What I had to do was to stop getting angry altogether, cut the thing clean out of my system. I was afraid that if I ever had an outburst of rage it would be worse than ever. I simply had to become honestly good-humored. I tried to see the fun in every situation.

At first I had to act a part. I pretended to myself, as well as to others, that I was a jolly sort of fellow. I pretended to myself that there was nothing in the wide world that hadn't a funny side to it if one looked hard enough. I took up that attitude and stuck to it even when rage was trying to make my inside work up and down like an elevator.

I learned to smile with my mouth. I'd force my lips up at the corners. Then I learned to smile with my eyes.

Here was the point where I encountered real victory over my evil spirit. When I began to find that my eyes felt warm and aglow, I knew that my amusement was real. I really saw the joke of the thing then. I had won.

Purposely I have left out a very great consideration that may have helped me toward habitual good humor and serenity, for I hope that without it I would have won through just the same. It is this:

When I left Gallipoli, about a month after being so near to wearing the brand of Cain, I was carried on a stretcher. Inside me was a bullet, which was found to be so badly located behind my heart that it could not be removed. I was to find a deeper reason for "the wooden cheek, the eye of porcelain" than a native or acquired irritability. I had to face some years of pain from a pseudo-angina pectoris, days and weeks without sleep, and I had to get about my job in life with as straight a face as I could muster. My own doctor forbade me even to laugh heartily lest I crumple up and die. What of one of my tearing rages with such a disability?

I look back to the days of my bad temper and I think with dismay of what it has cost me in wasted energy, wrong impulses, lost opportunities, and in health itself. The inexorable law of nature holds good, the inflexible rule of

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[This advertisement is addressed to every automotive jobber, dealer, and gasoline distributor in the United States]

BOYCE-ITE was the sensation of 1924. Twenty million cans of this remarkable gasoline improver were sold. As a result of records now before us backed by laboratory research, we are prepared to offer the following astounding guarantee:

"REGARDLESS of the mechanical condition or design of your motor, or the grade of gasoline or oil used, if after adopting Boyce-ite treated gasoline as your standard motor fuel you ever again find it necessary to remove carbon, have that carbon burned out and send us the bill! A check will be sent you immediately."

Now, we stand back of this guarantee in any way you choose to interpret it.

We know there will be many cars which, because of mechanical defects or conditions such as carburetor adjustments, or hard carbon deposits already formed, will be unfavorable to Boyce-ite, because Boyce-ite never has been nor ever will be a "cure-all."

We know also, some unscrupulous persons will impose upon us under the terms of such a broad guarantee but, that guarantee stands!

Stop and think what this means. You are no longer selling a product called Boyce-ite, you are selling a service called Boyce-ite—a service that once and for all relieves the motorist of the thousand and one troubles caused by present day gasoline. It ends all arguments about the merits of Boyce-ite.

Now, there is a reason for this Boyce-ite guarantee—experience has shown us that the average motorist is not greatly interested in any statements regarding Boyce-ite by scientific authorities.

Here's what the average motorist is interested in—

"Will my motor operate more satisfactorily, more economically and over a longer period of time, with fewer trips to the repair shop, when Boyce-ite treated gasoline is used, than with any other motor fuel I can buy?"

The Boyce-ite guarantee is the complete answer to that question.

Under this unqualified guarantee, which you are now at liberty to use, all arguments about Boyce-ite are forever swept aside.

Boyce-ite makes good in every car or we will.

Boyce-ite Blu-Green Gasoline may be obtained direct from the pump in over 100 important cities.

Boyce-ite ingredient in the small handy container may be obtained almost everywhere.



BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.

compensation. How shall a man overindulge any of his passions without loss? And I paid for my ill nature with happiness, for readiness to take offense is death to friendship.

To any who may be afflicted as I was, who may be losing as much in health and happiness as I did, I give this advice:

Get down in quiet with yourself and have it out with yourself. It may be that your bad temper is the result of something wrong physically. It may be that your habitual diet is unsuitable. Get to the root of the matter by all the means you can. Consult a physician if need be. But it is infinitely more likely that your ill health, if any, is the result of your bad temper than that your bad temper is caused by ill health. To come down to absolute rock in the matter, you are probably suffering from nothing more than taking yourself too seriously. After all, are you of so much more importance in this world than other people that what makes them smile should put you into a rage?

For myself, I am profoundly thankful that I have been able to exorcise my personal demon. I get more fun out of life and seem to have more purpose in it. My friends smile when they meet me and, I think, are pleased to see me. They talk to me with less reserve.

I enjoy my life. I have more poise, am more sure of myself. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, of which I have my full share, I can bear with a prideful equanimity. I am rid of a humiliation that almost denied my manhood, for how shall a man be captain of his soul who is slave to any of his passions?

And here is the supreme assurance I have of my complete cure: Nowadays, in a just cause, I can afford to be angry.

I Have to Know 57 Trades

(Continued from page 75)

would be up to ma. I turned down the car.

As we have no automobile my husband usually spends Sunday afternoons snuggled deep in a stuffed chair. One of these times, reading a magazine, he noticed that the room was chilly. Naturally. We'd bought an old house and the heater was a poor affair. Next day he filled out and mailed a coupon. He fell for this "heater that was different." Even a gentleman with a fair amount of gallantry could take a hint from the colored picture of a slender beauty in a yellow satin evening dress gracefully posed beside a massive object resembling a safe. Herbert put in the new boiler. Now when a writing fellow gets absorbed in a train of thought, heaven help the furnace. And heaven delegates me—I become a coal heaver.

But here is a trade that is not manish. I am sometimes an actress. Some days my stage is on every floor of the house. When my cook has a sore throat I can give her a gargle, and lie to her that I am only too glad to be her substitute. I leave her bedside and do a scene for the children on the second floor. Five minutes later I am in my drawing-room playing a different rôle, the high note of which involves being either a glad-hand man or a room clerk in a hotel. Laughter and tears lie close together in our daily living, and a child can be maneuvered one way or another. A clown mother can make a joke at a critical moment to spill over emotion in a laugh. A mother often has the family's feelings in the palm of her hand.

But the situation is not always delicate. Daddy observed a path was being worn across our yard.

"We must put a stop to this short-cut business," said the head of the house, remembering the bill we paid for new sod last spring.

Although by common agreement there are no fences in our section of the town, I pleaded for wee ones at strategic points. But daddy thought it would spoil the looks of the place.

The KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD



The Peregrinations of the Pecks

After a delightful trip across country from Pinehurst, the Pecks have arrived in St. Louis, where we see them stopping for a few minutes on the picturesque waterfront to allow Jim the younger to add one of the famous Mississippi River steamboats to his collection of snapshots. The two young Pecks are getting a liberal education, father is having a wonderful time and the change of scene and release from housework are doing mother a world of good. The whole family, therefore, is enjoying the trip immensely.

THE KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD is the *only* tire in which the bead is built in as an integral part. Since it is this new Integral Bead construction that makes the flexibility possible, it follows that no tire built by the ordinary method can offer the same combination of mileage and comfort.

Rugged, dependable and easy-riding, here is indeed the best tire that even Kelly has ever built.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES



Unfailing

TODAY more than 6,000,000 Boyce Moto-Meters are in use because leading automotive engineers and designers recommend them as an unfailing protection for the motor. These men know that the modern gasoline engine in all its perfection is still at the mercy of human carelessness. Radiators must be kept filled, fan belts tightened—and other causes of overheating forestalled.

The Boyce Moto-Meter which the manufacturer places on the radiator cap of the car you buy is his further aid to you in keeping the motor always at its high state of efficiency.

Before your eyes as you drive, it is his assurance to you of a sweet running motor.

A model for every car \$3⁵⁰ to \$15⁰⁰

The MOTO-METER COMPANY, INC.

Long Island City, N. Y.

THE MOTO-METER COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Hamilton, Ontario

BOYCE MOTO METER

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

The name "Moto-Meter" is the registered trade mark and the exclusive property of this Company

"Your car deserves one"—too

He recommended that I "simply mount the box" and tell people we won't have it. Who says I am not a traffic cop?

There is no short cut to success, but a fellow can get ahead faster if his wife is a good rooter for him. If the cheering section at a football game has an influence on the winning team, why can't that principle apply in pushing a man ahead in the world? That's why you might have seen me the other day poring over a book on salesmanship. Maybe I am a salesman and advertising agent combined. Sometimes I think I am.

If I am not a salesman, at least I can make a stab at taking care of stock—the junk an insurance appraiser calls house-furnishings. And whereas a railroad station provides a room and a one-job man to look after this, the Lost and Found Department, I've got to carry it in my head. On my typewriter table at this moment is a pair of little white gloves. My baby Hope will want me to know where they are just before dancing class next Wednesday. There on my desk is a Latin book which will be needed this afternoon to the point of tears. And as I write this my husband calls from the sun porch:

"Where are my gold cuff links, darling? You know, the pair you gave me when we were engaged." He says it so nicely that I begin to search without a murmur.

My line of trades is longer than I could possibly show you in this article. Many Jills all over America could make longer lists.

A good wife knows she is no martyr. She never forgets the spiritual dividends. But here is something, oh husbands of women, that will keep you from tumbling down and your Jill from tumbling after.

When you come home with your fingers burnt or your soul bruised, your Jill more often than not does what your mother used to do: she "kisses it to make it well."

Jill may be tired at the end of a perfect day of hard work. It may have been one of those times when she feels that twenty-four hours with their 1440 minutes have run away and she has been eaten up by little things.

When Jack comes home he can do one of two things. He can tell Jill she has been putting and in this way set her to pondering. Or he can perform a miracle. There isn't one of us Jills, oh you blessed Jacks, who is so sophisticated, so high-brow, or so stupid and dull, or so frivolous that she doesn't know this: one little sentence from you, showing that you see what we have done and that you find it good, will take away every ounce of surplus fatigue.

I learned how to coax that kind of understanding. It took years of experience and a deal of thinking to accomplish this. And when the light broke it was because in a flash of intuition I realized that I must talk his language.

My husband tells me, of an evening, that a mass of detail has come to his attention today. "A heavy burden of work," he calls it. Radiating something very like satisfaction, he adds: "But at the end of the afternoon the desk was cleared."

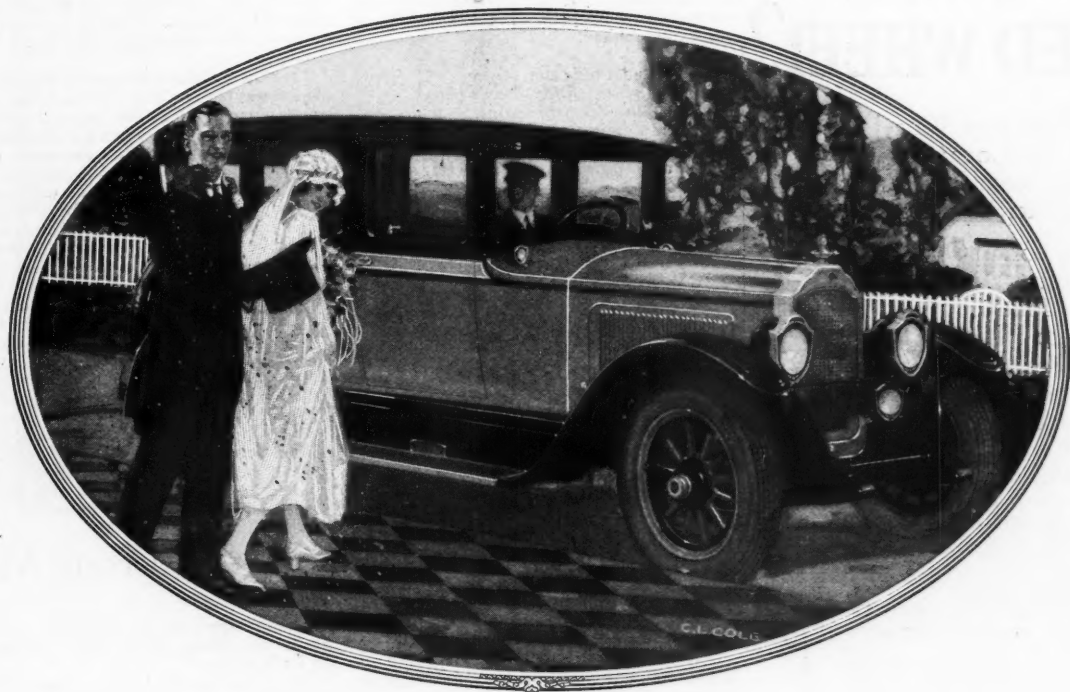
"For heaven's sake," I soliloquized suddenly one evening, "the same thing is happening to me." Only, the clearing of the desk in my case is less frequent.

In my childhood home we used to hear mother say, "I must get at this or that." We coined a word—*musgedat*. When my mind swims up to consciousness early in the morning the musgedats come into it relentlessly, like cogs in wheels. Unless I have a pencil and paper at hand I am desperately afraid I'll forget something.

One difficulty is that we are constantly being yanked off the track indicated by the list. When I hear a child calling in a distant part of the house, "*Mo-ther*!" I must investigate. I never know whether the cry means that a child wants a nickel for chewing-gum or that the house is on fire. Instinct makes us forever tender-mouthed in this respect, for motherhood is partly fear.

Can't you see how it hurts our feelings when you call us fuzzy-minded?

A Very Different Six for Those Who Want the Finest



To discerning motorists, all that need be said of the luxurious new Willys-Knight Six is the fact that it has the only type of six-cylinder automobile engine ever invented that actually and literally grows quieter, smoother and more powerful with use . . . That said, nothing need be added!

WILLYS-OVERLAND, Inc., Toledo, Ohio - - - WILLYS-OVERLAND Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada

The New
WILLYS-KNIGHT
SIX

WILLYS - OVERLAND - FINE - MOTOR - CARS

Did You Ever See a Gas Range with a RED WHEEL?

THE Red Wheel of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator stands for easier, better baking.

The Lorain Oven Heat Regulator is found on the following six famous makes of Gas Ranges: Quick Meal, Reliable, Clark Jewel, Dangler, Direct Action, New Process. Lorain automatically maintains any desired oven heat for any length of time after you "set" the Red Wheel.

With a Lorain Self-regulating Oven you can cook Whole Meals in the oven while you are away, can fruits in the oven by exact temperature, and develop your own favorite recipes so that you will never experience a failure.

If you'd like to try a Lorain "Time and Temperature Recipe," send for a copy of the latest recipe from our Research Kitchens—"Strawberry Shortcake."

AMERICAN STOVE CO.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
1122 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 14 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Unless the Regulator has a Red Wheel it is NOT a LORAIN.



The cleared desk at the end of the afternoon is my goal, the same kind of goal that speeds my Herbert through the days. But I almost always have to carry over from one day to another an incomplete list of duties.

I submit the following as a bona fide list taken from the note-book that lives in my pocket. The items checked indicate one day's accomplishment. Those that remain are musgudats. Please note that there is an element of good judgment in choice and refusal constantly in play.

- x Ashes out of heater.
- x Dishes washed for sonny's party.
- x Fold forty paper napkins.
- x Wash dining-room table and rub with furniture polish.
- x Marketing at the cash-and-carry store.
- x Children's shampoos.
- x Hem Hope's dress before dancing class.
- x Bake gingerbread.
- x Iron white waistcoat.
- x Groceries to that sick woman.
- x House allowance check cashed.
- x Washing soda and boiling water for stopped-up sink.
- x Wind the clocks.
- x Rub down woodwork I painted last week.
- x Charge radio batteries.
- x Count the laundry.
- x Find arithmetic book.
- x Mail satin slippers to forgetful departed guest.
- x Guest room beds made.

Accept invitation to Johnson dinner.
Empty the scrap baskets.
Library book overdue.
Tidy broom closet.
Mouse traps.

My husband and I, you see, were tackling important complementary jobs but using the same methods. Only his terminology was different. He says he makes a daily exhibit of unfinished business, checking up with new business before making decisions on his "mass of detail."

The thrilling bridge that now unites his mind to mine was built because I realized that I must translate my chatter about my activities into his terminology. But before I could enlighten him, we had to learn that discussion is not squabbling, argument is not whining, and proving a case has nothing to do with tears.

Then I could talk in a way that gave him no notion that I was "looking for credits" and indulging in shallow whining. I could show him that home-making is a profession. He understood—God bless him!

Many other Jacks can understand too, if they will. The minute Jack conveys to Jill the fact that he thinks well of her job the light is clear between them. She knows she has a profession. And by the miracle of his understanding, her strength is as the strength of ten.

The give and take necessary in a successful marriage has been applied concretely in the middle-aged, burden-bearing period of life. The result is a partnership that is richer and better than the fervor and romance of early love.

The Woman Who Married the Wrong Man

(Continued from page 61)

patch separating the two farms was an almost impassable barrier of them—worse than the wicked hedge in the old fairy tale that grew up before the castle wherein the Prince tried to rescue the Sleeping Beauty.

Knox paid scant attention to his neighbors through the remainder of that first month. Getting his kennels in breeding shape, furnishing his house in crude bachelor fashion, becoming acclimated to home and environment, kept his attention on his own affairs. June began. Other tillers of the soil in the valley were making ready for summer crops. John Knox took it into his head to walk his sixty acres after luncheon one afternoon and along toward three o'clock reached the lower edge of that west mowing—and the brambles.

He stopped suddenly.

He had heard a queer noise—a sort of chopping, thrashing noise, accompanied by distressed breathing, half mumbled talking, the little bursting sound as of roots coming resentfully out of soil. Once or twice something that resembled the noise of a scythe-steel striking flint reached him amazingly close. He frowned, pulled the meerschaum from his strong teeth, disregarded the fronds which scratched at his corduroys, struggled to balance himself on the loose stone wall, parted the giant thorn stems carefully and looked down.

"How do you do?" he said calmly.

A woman's figure whipped upright.

Like a startled deer she posed there, eyes wide, lips parted, stiffened arms pushed out away from her coarse, heavy gauntlet gloves covering both her hands. She wore a cheap blue wrapper and her shoes showed holes. But the wrapper was open at her sunburned neck and breast; not the hardest manual labor could have robbed her comely body of its perfect contours.

"Did I startle you? I'm sorry." The man smiled whimsically.

The woman wore no hat; a strand of her wavy black hair came down across her eyes and she made her first movement when she brushed it back with the cuff of the gauntlet holding the sickle. Her first pallor, despite the sunburn, began to seep away; the blush on her face now was hectic.

"I didn't know you were—anywhere round. You're Mr. Knox, aren't you, who's bought the Beckett farm?"

"Yes," he responded. "I suppose it's time that neighbors got acquainted."

She dropped her eyes to the sickle in one hand, the briar root in the other. She looked at the sickle as though it were a strange thing which she had not observed until this minute. As for the root, she opened her fingers and it fell with a swish at her feet. John Knox saw fresh blood on her forearms where the thorns had torn them. She pressed the sickle-handle between her left arm and body, pulled off the right gauntlet, tried to twist up the taut hair and pull together the bodice gaping shamelessly.

"I've seen you from a distance when you were building your dog houses." She dropped the gauntlet and leaned over to get it with a gesture of amazing feminine grace. It seemed to cause her to notice her shoes. The movement to pull the skirt down so they would not show was instinctive.

"Aren't you doing rather heavy work for a woman?"

"I've been trying all this spring to get the lead on these awful brambles. I thought if I cut them—thinned them down—this year their pollen might not make any more headway down into this mowing—" Then another interruption to recover the sickle.

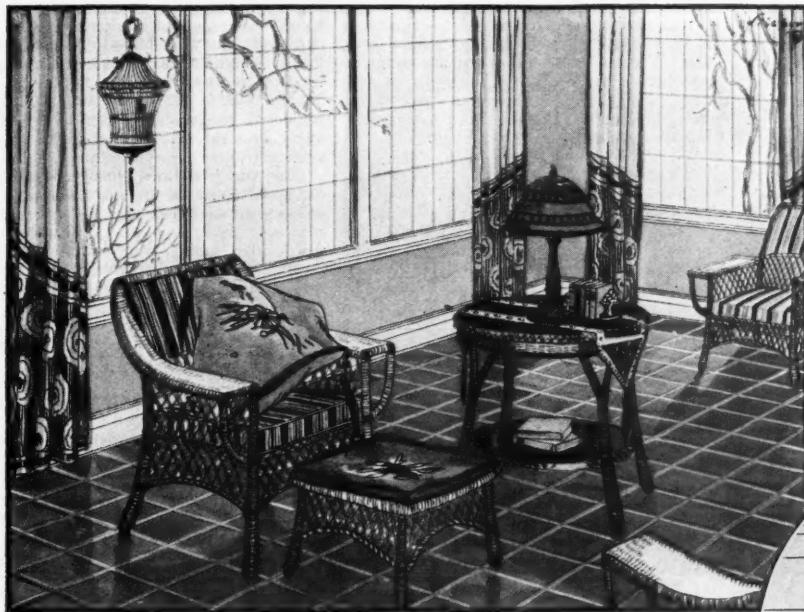
"But I should think your husband—"

"Oh, Peter gets terribly little time to give to the farm; he runs the light station you can see off down there in the hollow beside the river."

"Let them go," John Knox advised her. "It's not a woman's work—really it isn't. I've been looking over the inroads of the briars on my own property and decided to have a gang of men up from the village shortly to clean them out. When they work along this wall, I'll have them fell yours on the other side." He said this, and yet his honest eyes were for her Maud-Mulleresque figure—his thoughts on the grace of her carriage, the charm of her voice, the carefulness of her diction.

"Will you?" Her eyes, like his own, were brown. And large. She gazed up at him now with the candor of a child. Perhaps she too was transfixed by the picture before her.

YOUR FLOORS—AND THEIR CARE



A new, easy waxing method for floors and linoleum

Read what one of the leading linoleum manufacturers says: "An application thoroughly rubbed in provides a film of wax over linoleum which hardens and prevents dirt from being ground in. It is much easier to clean a linoleum floor that has been properly waxed because the dirt is readily wiped off. Wax also preserves linoleum and takes off a good deal of wear."

"Feet that walk over waxed linoleum floors do not actually touch the linoleum—they touch the thin film of wax. And as the polish deepens

in tone, the linoleum floor looks more beautiful."

Now knowing that every housekeeper wants her floors and linoleum to look clean and fresh, the manufacturers of

Johnson's Wax have devised a new method of waxing that is barely more trouble than using a carpet sweeper.



Just pour a little Johnson's Liquid Wax on a Johnson's Lamb's-wool Wax Mop and spread it thinly over the floor with easy, even strokes. After applying the liquid wax, let it dry for four or five minutes before you use the Johnson's Weighted Polishing Brush.

As you guide the weighted brush over the surface, the whole work of polishing and rubbing is done for you. Just move the weighted brush back and forth a few times and, lo and behold—you have that same smooth, glossy finish that used to take hours to produce.

And you've accomplished it so easily—without stooping—or touching your hands to the floor or the wax.

You will find waxed floors economical—doorways and "traffic spots" can easily be rewaxed without going over the entire floor. This eliminates costly refinishing.

Ask your dealer to show you the Johnson \$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit at a special price of \$5.00. You owe it to yourself to get one of these work-saving, home-beautifying outfits.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN



\$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit—\$5.00

Department, drug, furniture, grocery, hardware, and paint stores are authorized to offer you this \$6.65 outfit for only \$5.00. It consists of:

- 1 quart Johnson's Liquid Wax \$1.40
- 1 Johnson's Wax Mop . . . 1.50
- 1 Johnson's Weighted Brush 3.50
- 1 Johnson's Home Beautifying Book25
- \$6.65

If your own dealer cannot supply this outfit write us for the name of a nearby dealer who can.

Any store displaying this sign can furnish the above outfit. These stores also carry a full line of Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes



JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

"Tell your husband to come up and see me," he said at parting. "And come up yourself. I'd like to show both of you my dogs."

"You live alone, don't you?"

"At present, yes. But I'm expecting a former Japanese employee of mine to arrive from California the middle of the month. He'll keep house for me and assist me with the farm."

"You come from California?" Something wistful lurked in her voice.

"I moved up here from New York. But I've lived in California. I made a fair amount of money out there in real estate and decided to come East before I lost it."

Well, that was how it started.

She must have reported the episode immediately and frankly to her husband, for he came up that night before Knox had finished his evening meal.

"The wife told me you and she busted into each other in the bramble patch this afternoon. Thought I'd come up and look over your dump."

John Knox cringed at the husband's address. He was a sandy-complexioned, sallow fellow, this Peter Harden, with a ludicrously small, round head, narrow shoulders, big hips and mammoth legs. A battered straw hat was jammed down on his diminutive skull, his eyes were a washed-out blue, he wore a three-day growth of flaccid yellow beard on weak jaws reddened by something other than sunburn, and the rest of his well-ballasted figure was covered with blue denim—shirt and overalls. He grinned foolishly at John Knox and cast furtive glances about the premises.

"You're quite welcome," John Knox said gravely. "But why didn't you bring Mrs. Harden?"

"She had her work to do to the house. Swell layout you've fixed for a lot o' purps. Irish terriers, ain't they? Lemme look 'em over. I know all about dogs. I kin give you a lot of valuable advice."

He did. He gave John Knox so much advice that the New Yorker found himself laying plans for the morrow's work while the sandy one talked with the vast importance of small-headed men everywhere.

"Didn't bring none o' that good New York hooch up with you, did you?" grinned Peter Harden asinine when the hilltop darkened and still the caller did not leave.

"I don't drink," Knox answered stiffly. He began to feel sorry he had loosed this voluble intimate upon himself.

When Harden had shambled out to the road at last, John Knox sat out on the ell porch till the vast dome of sky was a blaze of stars. Queenie lay contentedly beside him, her hairy muzzle over his left leg. Now and then the dog raised her head to growl at noises out in the back road, up in the brambles beyond the east garden.

Finally the man gave a long, jagged sigh and spoke to the dog in a voice that held knots.

"The world is funny, isn't it, old girl?" he groaned. "O Lord! O Lord!" Queenie thumped her four-inch stub tail sympathetically. "An addled, addled world," he breathed. "As Byron says, 'where all, save the spirit of man, is divine!'"

A moment later the ell door had closed, the bolt was shot. A gleam of lemon-colored light flickered for a time in Aunt Mary's homestead. Then the night-world was abandoned to the glory of the stars.

He overtook her a fortnight later, walking up from Maynard's General Store in the Hollow. She colored painfully when he insisted on carrying her heavy paper bag of provisions.

"Well, I've made a start on the brambles," he declared, instinctively catching at her arm when a stone rolled her ankle. "We'll work around to that west meadow wall before long."

"Yes?" she responded. There was nothing offending in the way she withdrew her arm.

"Your husband's become almost a fixture up on my place nights. Why doesn't he ever ask you along?"

The dark hair blew prettily about her candid

face. John Knox wondered if these were the best clothes she owned. "We don't have much chance to go round together," she explained.

"There's a lot of work to do, you know."

"You like it—off here on a farm?"

"I think it's perfectly splendid. Honest I do! I wouldn't swap it for the city for anything. I guess I was meant for the country. Some people think country life is harsh and sordid, that there's nothing but work, long hours and loneliness. They lack the temperament, I suppose, to appreciate its finer, better side—"

"What better side? How?" John Knox had lifted his eyebrows. This woman was well educated; brainy, possessed of imagination.

"The sweet freedom of everything. The calm. The grandeur of it. And the clean, sturdy virility. Somehow it gives you the conviction that you're earning your living in a way that counts. Instead of consuming only, as people do in cities, you're producing. You're living wholesomely, naturally, sincerely—close to nature—without veneer, without false pride. It helps you to keep your thinking straight, to keep a sound mind in a supple body—"

"But don't you find it lonely at times? You seem to remain pretty much on your farm."

"During the day I scarcely find time to think about it. And at night I'm too tired. But it's a fine, healthy weariness. The kind you wake from in the morning feeling rested. You never feel so in the city. I know. I lived there twelve years. Peter didn't want to come back and having to do it has bothered him a lot. But I enjoy every minute of it. There's a liberty about it that often gets me by the throat."

Liberty! John Knox was painfully thoughtful all the rest of the way up the hill. They reached the Harden place. In the big opulent maples it seemed as though millions of birds had settled. They were fretting, scolding, fluttering, at times breaking into wonderful song.

"Apparently the robins have a preference for your maples," Knox remarked whimsically.

"More country compensation. I feed them twice a day—that's probably the reason. I have fifty to a hundred of them down around the ell stoop every morning. It's quite a sight to see them. You wouldn't suppose robins could become so tame." She took back her provisions with pretty grace. "Your Japanese man hasn't arrived yet, has he?"

"No. I'm afraid he's going to disappoint me."

Her naive gaze grew troubled as he turned to go onward. "Tell me," she begged in a voice revealing embarrassment, "does Peter bother you much, coming up the way he does?"

"No. No. It's quite all right."

Yet as John Knox climbed the rest of the hill and turned into his yard, he knew he had lied.

The summer wore on. His crew of men did not get around to cutting all the brambles. The tangled thicket of thorns between the two farms remained. "I'll get around to it this autumn," he promised himself. But he didn't. There was fruit in the Beckett orchard to be gathered, the place to be made snug and warm for the winter.

His Japanese servant was detained on the Coast. Through that autumn and winter, John Knox lived in the hilltop house alone. At rare intervals he saw Rebecca Harden through the Indian summer. Through the winter he did not see her at all. He had wanted to send his men down to assist her with her scanty crops, or go down himself, but feared for the possible comment that might injure her. During two weeks of January he read in the Daily Telegraph that she was ill. Often at night, just before seeking his bed, he would look from the west windows through a patch in the furry frost down across the intervening acres of snow. A tiny light gleamed in the naked Harden house; often Knox wondered if it came from her chamber. And her robins—where were they during those long, gray, nipping days of country winter?

"I've got to quit this," he told himself. "It's morbid."

He tried sincerely to do it. Queenie had a new litter of pups in March—little furry balls of clumsiness who ran sideways, tails straight up, all about his kitchen floor. Peter Harden kept away during that winter and that helped, too. Knox only met him once—a cold, starry Saturday night when he was returning late from Paris. The man was floundering along, somewhat off the beaten sleigh-tracks.

"My God!" cried the dog fancier. "I wonder if he's drunk?" But Peter shambled safely into the side door of his house and it slammed crassly behind him.

The days warmed finally. Patches of dirty soil appeared on the mountains, pussy-willows grew coarse, the Beckett Hill back road ran rivulets of mud. By the time it dried, the robins were coming back, the pastures were turning green, the maple sap was running copiously and wood smoke hung above distant sugar houses.

She was out in the yard one morning, hanging some snow-white clothes, when John Knox passed by. She waved a hand to him with a familiarity that pinched his heart.

"I heard you were ill this winter," he said sociably, pausing a moment. Banal comment! Fifteen or twenty pounds her comely figure had lost. Her face too was pale and her eyes more childlike and wistful than ever.

"Those things happen," she responded.

"This year I am going to cut the brambles—"

"Peter told me you've lived absolutely alone all winter. How did you ever stand it?"

"With plenty of smoking tobacco, books and a dog, a man may stand anything."

"Books? Yes. I wish—I could get more time—to read books . . ." Then she seemed to shake herself, put three clothespins in her mouth and lifted a heavy sheet for the line.

Then came that balmy night in late April when he dreamed about her. It was a bad sign, that. And events followed swiftly.

The robins were nesting again in the Harden maples—a small metropolis of them. He had removed Queenie, Jack and the new puppies out to the runs. A late afternoon walk around his property to inspect the ravages of winter had brought him back by way of the Harden bramble patch. "There's no kidding myself this year—I've got to clean them out or they'll ruin everything," he growled.

And that night he dreamed of a tangled thorny thicket, miles and miles high, interlaced, savage, impenetrable. From its center scream after scream had come. He had torn his way in, deeper, deeper, deeper. Almost imprisoned by the vicious fronds himself, he had finally fought his way to where he saw Rebecca Harden. She was caught, trapped, lacerated—her soft white flesh pulsing rich red blood. She appealed to him to come and free her. He fought, thrashed, cursed. An awful tumult seemed booming all around him. Then Peter Harden had materialized in that thicket. The briars did not seem to bother him at all. His flushed yellowish face smirking evilly, he had pulled back a particularly vicious frond. Just as it started to whip at John Knox murderously, the latter had awakened . . .

On the edge of his bed he listened stupidly. An unearthly howling was coming from the kennel house—it had mingled with the tumult of his dream. He sprang up, thrust his legs in trousers and his feet in boots. He caught up a flash-light and revolver as he passed through the kitchen.

Jack and Queenie were canines enraged. They jumped, snapped, showed horrible teeth a-slobber with drool. Knox cast his flash-light about the puppy pen. There were only three and there should have been four. An instant later he found the rent in the chicken-wire; a triangular fold had been cut out with nippers . . .

The vanished puppy was worth a hundred dollars but he did not think of its value. Who could have robbed him? No footprints were visible. The balance of that night disclosed no clue. Even Queenie, loosened, could not follow the trail.

How to escape the commonplace troubles that soft food brings to gums

THERE is no doubt that gum troubles are due to soft and creamy food. There is no doubt that this food of yours takes from your gums the exercise that nature counted upon to keep the blood within their walls in healthy circulation.

These facts are known. They are attested by highest authority.

But, since your food fails as a stimulator of the gingival tissue, is there anything which will help to repair the lack and to keep your gums in a sound and healthy condition?

Yes, there is. Massage. Ipana Tooth Paste. With these aids, you can, in just a minute or two a day, build the health of your gums when and while you brush your teeth.

Repairing the damage that soft food does

"We can safely infer," says an eminent British authority, "that inefficient mastication is a potent cause of pyorrhea; and the chief cause of inefficient mastication being the eating of soft foods, we must also conclude that the latter practice is chiefly responsible for the disease in question."

Today, dentists are thoroughly awake to the importance of proper care of the gums. At home as well as abroad, dental opinion checks on this point: that if we are to keep our gums in health, stimulation and massage of the gums must be made a part of the daily care we give our teeth. Important as it is to keep the enamel of our teeth clean and white, that alone is not enough.



with Ipana after the regular brushing.

How massage with Ipana helps to build sound gums

For, because of its tonic effect, Ipana helps the massage. This it can do because of the presence of ziratol, an antiseptic hemostatic known and used by dentists throughout the country. It is ziratol that gives Ipana its remarkable power to tone and to strengthen weak, undernourished gum tissue.



Modern food, soft and creamy, deprives the gums of wholesome stimulation.

Ipana is an aid to the dentist, not a substitute for him. Ask him about its properties, its fine cleansing power, its delicious taste. Then switch to it for one month. See for yourself how good, how effective it really is.

Get a tube of Ipana today

Despite the coupon on this page, the best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. The ten-day tube can only start the good work. A full-size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums and a clean, sweet and wholesome mouth.

Perhaps your own toothbrush seldom "shows pink"—perhaps it never does. Still, the best time to fight gum troubles is before they start. You can build no better foundation for the health—present and future—of your gums and teeth than to brush them twice daily with this delicious dentifrice.

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Knox mended the rent and continued angry all the morning. So hereafter he had to guard against thieves! He was putting up some shelves in the wood-shed about half past ten when a flash of color outside brought him bolt upright in amazement. Rebecca Harden was coming in the yard!

She was bareheaded, her shoulders covered by a shawl. Once the man saw her face he knew her in deep distress. But not till he beheld what she had in her arm did the reason dawn upon him. He stepped out and faced her. She did not meet his eyes, however—the first time, by the way—as she said:

"One of your little dogs got out last night and showed up in our yard this morning. I've brought him back."

"I understand," John Knox said simply.

She raised startled eyes to his face then. Their glances met. Slowly, slowly her complexion went ashen. He noted the painful throbbing of a little artery in her throat.

"Won't you come in and rest a moment?" he invited as he took the missing puppy.

"No, thank you, I've got to get back. I left little Hubert alone." She looked down at her reddened hands, twisting her apron, up at his face, out toward the road. She drew in her upper lip and bit on it cruelly.

"If I can ever help you in any way," he said huskily, "please let me know." It was the only declaration of his feeling that ever escaped his lips.

She stumbled from the yard and disappeared around the lilacs. He stood fondling the woolly little dog. "I'd cheerfully have given you to her," he said, "if there was one chance in ten million she'd accept you."

And that afternoon when Peter Harden came up across the south mowing from his work in the river lighting station, a grievous complex ensued in the household down the hill.

John Knox was scooping cold oatmeal into a trough for the dogs when suddenly up across the quiet fields in the sunset came the staccato detonation of a shotgun. Its echoes racketed across from hill to hill; almost before they died came a second explosion. The last was followed by a woman's shriek.

John Knox ran out to the corner of the barn. Down in the Harden front yard some dramatic thing was in progress. At the end of a few seconds required for the ejection of shells and the insertion of new, two more sharp echoes clattered across the sunset. Twice, three times, came that woman's awful scream.

"My God! has he shot her?" Knox cried in stark terror. And an instant later he was out in the road.

In the Harden front yard were Peter and his "woman," the latter prostrate over the steps. She might have been flung there brutally while Knox was speeding down the grade. Peter Harden was walking the spaces beneath the maples, his steps uneven, reloaded gun ready for more shots up into the trees.

And around and about man and woman—swooping, screaming, circling, darting—fifty or a hundred robins were crazed with the slaughter in progress. A dozen birds had been killed already. More were flopping through the uncut grass with shattered wings or legs. A nest blown from a protruding bough had spilled tiny blue eggs upon the walk; they had broken in milky daubs.

"What's the idea?" roared big John Knox.

With a startled curse, the man with the shotgun whirled on the intruder. He lowered the weapon sinisterly, its muzzle still smoking. "What's it your business? Get back to your farm!"

"He's just doing it to be mean!" wailed the woman from the steps. "He knows I love the birds! They're all the pets I've got."

"Shut up!" bawled the husband. "Go in the house!"

John Knox saw red. "Take that thing out of my face or I'll bend it double!"

"Get out of here or I'll kill the both of you!"

"Kill and be—"

"Wait! Don't!" The wife had pulled herself to her feet. Against John Knox she fell,

P

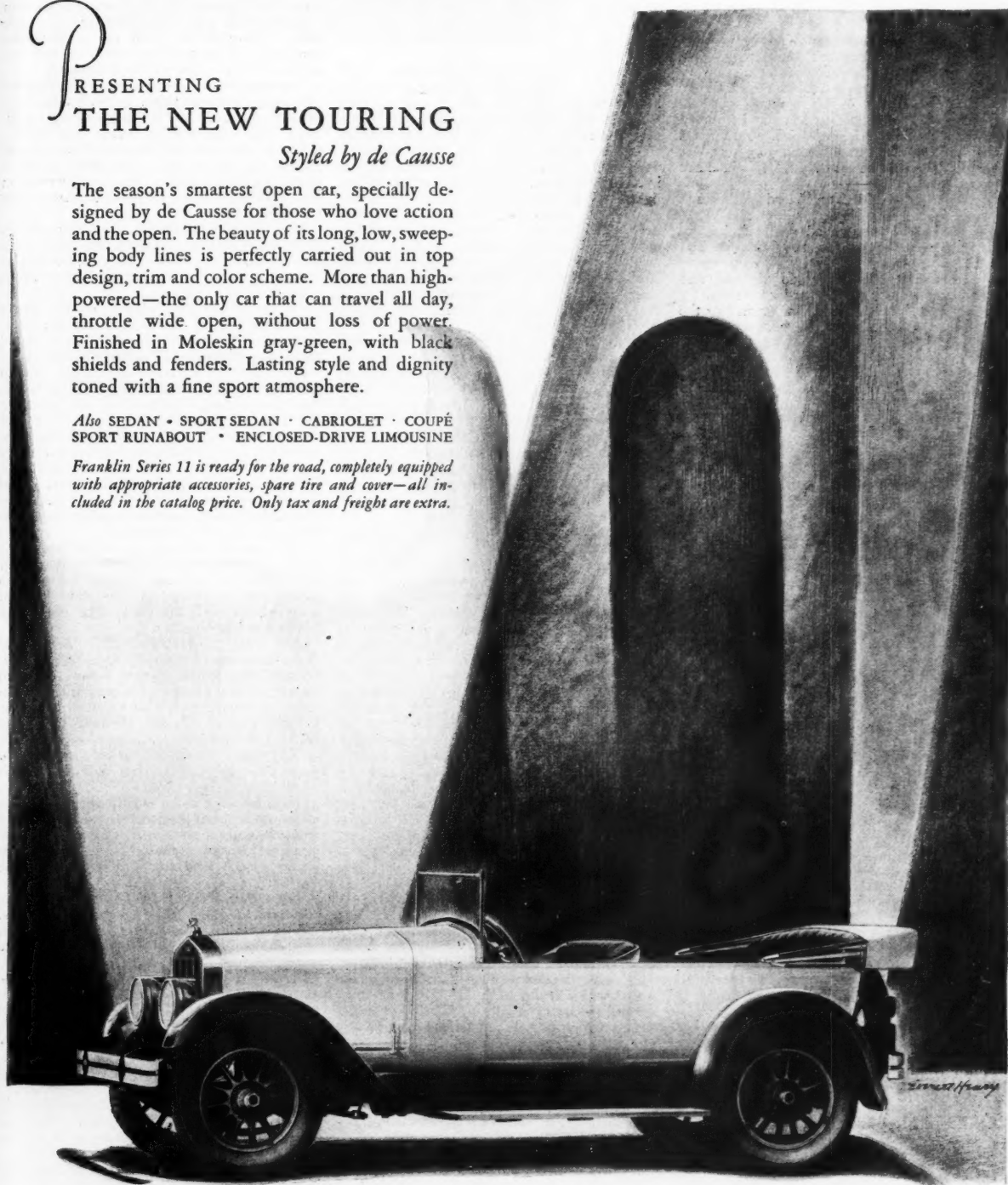
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clutching at his arm. By superhuman effort she controlled herself. "Please go," she implored. Two dead robins had dropped from her lap to her feet. "I shouldn't—have taken back—the dog—"

"So that's it!" bellowed Knox. And the next minute he had struck Peter Harden in the chinless face with the yellowish whiskers.

Harden went one way, his gun another. Blood trickled out of his mouth. He was groggy with the blow and made befuddled attempts to reach his weapon. But Knox kicked it into the brambles.

"You hound!" he cried. "No! I shouldn't insult a hound by—"

"Please!" begged Rebecca Harden haplessly. "You'll only—make it harder—for me."

A young girl with an adenoïdal face came running around the house, the first time that Knox had seen the relative. She crept up to Peter, finally helping him to his feet and around the corner of the near-by veranda.

And about and around John Knox and the woman who was left, the robins shrieked, scolded, volplaned along the ragged ground.

"I'm so sorry," choked the wife. "What must you think of me?"

"Come up to my house," Knox suggested. "You can't stay here while he's so murderously drunken. I'll send for some one to stay with you."

It seemed to clear her head, that offer. "No," she said with dignity. "I couldn't do that."

Again their eyes met. The woman appeared to sway. She made an appealing, piteous gesture of utter futility with her hands, then dropped them flaccid. Her pretty head drooped.

Knox made no further attempt to touch her. He simply waited, eyes writhed, huge chest heaving like a bellows.

"Perhaps things may not always be so," she whispered huskily at length. "But—it's not for you or me to say."

Twenty minutes later he stood Peter Harden's shotgun in a corner of his own kitchen and looked around at the house he had tried to make into a home. The irony of it! He knew in that moment that only a woman may make a home. The place, despite his dogs, was a husk of a home and a mockery in his life.

Ten days later he stood in our newspaper office down in Paris. "I want to put an ad in the Telegraph to sell my property on Beckett Hill," he announced. "I'm pulling up stakes and going away."

"What's the matter?" asked Sam. "Farmin' too much for you or didn't the dog business pan out as you thought?"

"It gets too darned lonely out there, and the servants I expected failed to appear."

None of us knew then of the tragic little drama which had been under dénouement on Beckett Hill through the past eleven months. Not then, I say. The past month intervened before some of our womenfolk got the true details from Mrs. Harden herself.

"How much do you want for the place?" "Anything. I want to get rid of it—forget I ever lived there. I'll accept any terms a reliable person will make me."

"Bill," said my partner when Knox had gone, "that chap is pretty hard hit. Don't suppose, do you, that neighborly propinquity with Pete Harden's wife has got anything to do with his new misery? Lord, what a pair they would make! How the devil do you s'pose she ever fell for Pete? I hear he's drinkin' so much the Foxboro people are thinkin' of firin' him out of his job."

"Many a better woman than she has bet on the wrong male before now. It would be a blessing if Harden did get drunk enough in that station to electrocute himself. I'll lay you a little wager that woman's heart is about breaking to go up to that quaint old house of Aunt Mary's, with the moss-roses and all, and look after that fine big giant and his dogs."

"Why don't she go? The law could fix it." "Neither of them are the type, and you know it. Wonder how soon he'll leave?"

By seven o'clock the following night John

Knox had his belongings packed, the crates ready once more for his dogs. He had not seen the Harden woman for days. He did not want to see her. Perhaps he felt he could not trust himself. Once he tried to write her a letter but tore it up. He would simply go and that would be the end of it.

The May country was ghastly quiet. Once across the prematurely darkened hills he heard the whippoorwill, like a wail of dead hopes, a note of blighted aspirations. Little yelps came up to his open bedroom window where he stood, where the puppies rested uneasily together. Night insects cheeped down in the frowsy lilacs. For half an hour soundless lightning had been playing in the low northwest where sunset had painted the thunderheads with maroon. Now Knox heard the muttering bowls of thunder. Between them the hot night was otherwise so quiet he could almost discern the ceaseless hum of the machinery down in the power-house where Peter Harden dozed in a brilliantly lighted crypt of white bricks.

In the house down the western back road one or two lamps were burning. *She* was there. *She* had lighted them. Tomorrow night those lamps would be but beacons in memory. What were her thoughts, he wondered, through quiet, muggy nights such as these when the Vermont thunder-storms blazed over the mountains and she looked ahead into her loveless future—slave for that red-faced boor who perpetually called her "his woman"? And she had liked the country, too. She had meant it when she had told him.

It came to Knox that the moon and stars had gradually been blotted out by clouds. A thick, velvet blackness had spread over the mountain world in which nothing moved but the swinging sparks of the fireflies. An oppressive stillness lurked on the air. The thunder mutterings grew louder, more ominous; a great devastating dragon seemed creeping nearer and nearer, biding its time to strike. In the upper west window where he waited, the man could see one of the lamps in the Harden home blink out, but those far down along the river in the power-house stayed brightly.

Grim fantasies played across the background of his mind, honor-locked yet twisted with yearning. Supposing such a storm came heading down the valley some night, played over it, dropped a bolt of lightning on the cable-strung power-house, electrocuted Peter Harden? How would he, Knox, ever know the woman was free for himself at last? Such things happened. Was he doing right in going away beyond danger of any further association?

The quarter-hours fled on. Knox became fascinated, watching the storm approach. All objects in the room, even the oblongs of the south windows, had long since been blotted out. Once the sharp plop of a window-shade startled him badly as a fitful breeze began stirring in the vanguard of the storm, and it dropped upon the sill. He stepped across and ran the shade up out of the draft.

He heard the thunder louder now; the lightning looked nearer. Roadside trees began to rustle nervously out in the velvet blackness. Once an automobile tore wildly down the hill into distance, its tail-lamp a baleful red eye in the void. The breeze quickened in gusts. Whirlpools of dust were swept up from the road. The tangled bramble thickets thrashed crazily.

Then obliquely across the sky, horrible in its electric barbarism, zapped an eye-splitting rip of lightning!

It was several seconds before the serried booming of thunder ensued. But the storm was coming—coming in earnest—coming directly down the valley and over the houses on Beckett Hill. Another vivid flare! Another!

"Lord," breathed the watching man, "I don't like the sound of this. It gives me a feeling of something terrible about to happen!"

The world was suddenly quiet—eerily quiet. A moment before, the air had been hot, even suffocating. Now it was cold—a chill that pierced to the bone.

A great gale hit the maples and twisted them rakishly. A sudden sand-cloud swirled up and into the chamber, banging the curtains, slamming doors through the place, dropping a cheap calendar with a clean-cut flop to the naked floor. Down in the yard the pups yelped nervously. They might go inside where it was warm and dry. And yet they yelped . . .

The man knew he should shut the windows and make the house tight. Somehow he could not. He began to fear the storm and yet it invited him. He felt as though the coming deluge might wash him clean even as it would cleanse the countryside. Two more whips of blood-tingling radiance. Shorter intervals in that heavenly cannonade where the heavy guns were moving up.

Zit! Zit! Clackity-clack!—boom! In a long, horrible sizzle of lemon fire, John Knox saw the trees bent double, the dust blinding as it rose in swirls. Then the first great drops came down like hail.

On the foliage they played, on the mossy roof of the near-by porch, even into the room. Harder, louder, faster! Spray began to roll in, moistening his face, dampening his clothes.

Zit! Zit! Clackity-clack! Zit! Boom-oom-oom! The awful thunder jarred the house, the window-shades billowed at the watching man's ear-drums. The gale made a wash of water, twisting, turning, spraying through the upper air. Detonation after detonation sharper and harder rocked house and neighborhood. Trees, outbuildings, mountains flashed out of Stygian night, stood for a sickening instant in unearthly daylight, were as quickly smothered with an avalanche of charcoal.

In a daze, Knox began to wonder how much wilder that storm could grow before it reached its zenith. The rain washed into the windows with a mighty sweep. A blind came off and went sailing with the gale. The dogs were howling madly—

Zit! Zit! Clackity-clack! Zit! Zit! Boom-oom-oom! Crash! Orange fire enveloped the world. John Knox staggered backward, every hair on his head stiffened upright, an awn of gooseflesh all over his body. Crash! Crash! Crash! He fought his way back to the window . . .

"My God!" he cried. "What's that sheet of flame down there in the river valley toward the south?"

Well, morning came eventually—once more clean-washed, sun-flooded. Breezes blew softly from the ends of the earth. Farmers plowed straight furrows of odorous sod. Birds sang. Crows winged with saucy, excited cries along low hillsides.

They found Peter Harden's charred body in the ruins of the burned power-house around eleven o'clock. John Knox worked with the best of them, uncovering the debris of twisted wires, piping and machinery.

At a quarter to twelve he came into the Harden yard. The widow—who did not yet know herself to be a widow—met him at the edge of the old well where the cattle were watered. He nodded his head, that was all, when she read the worst in his eyes.

She swayed slightly and he caught and sustained her.

"It must—have been—God," she whispered, though the voice was not her own. "To think—he should have been taken—by a bolt of lightning—"

"He was not taken by a bolt of lightning, Mrs. Harden."

Her eyes opened wide; her lips came open also. "No?"

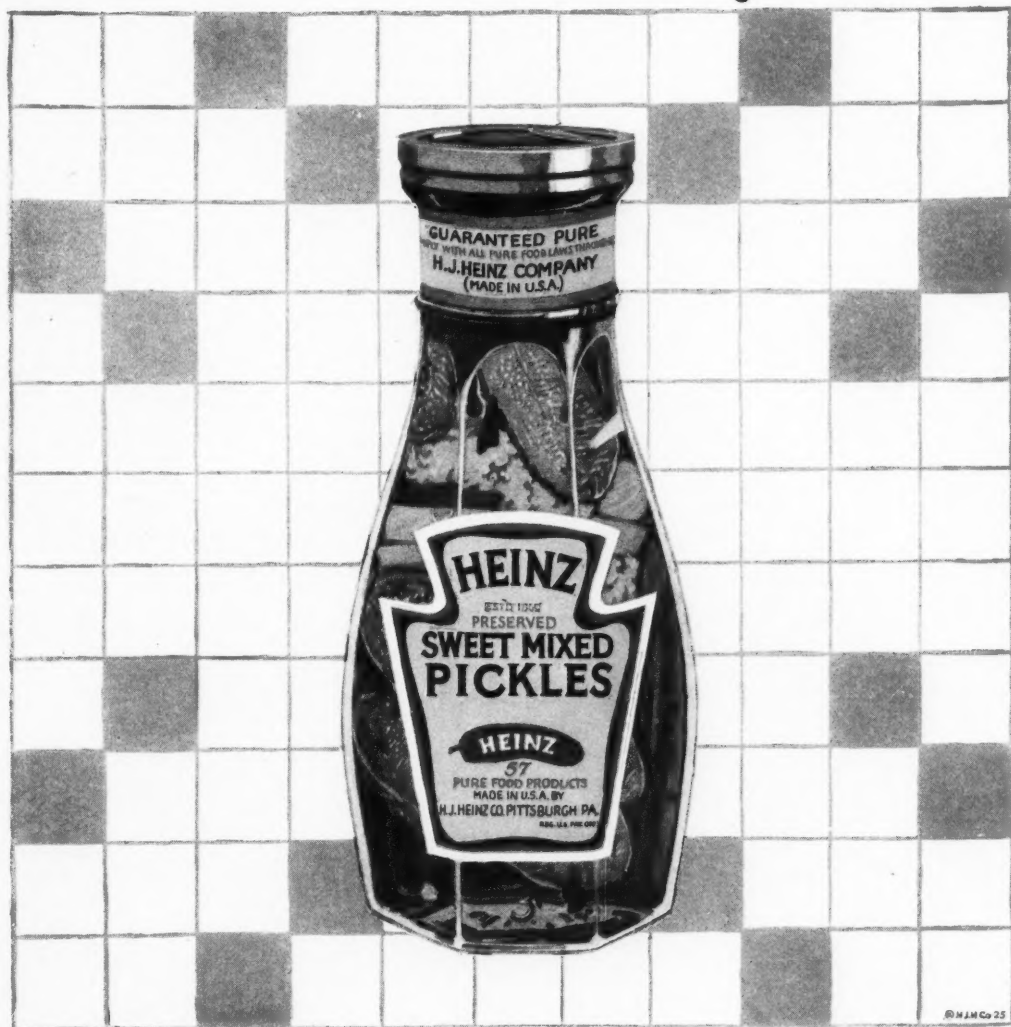
"The chief engineer says that if it had been a bolt, certain instruments on the switch-board would have been wrecked. They were not."

"Then what caused—the fire?"

"Two robins had built a mud nest on a shelf of the cornice where the feed wires came out of the wall. The muddy nest, dampened for the first time by the deluge, made a flaming circuit between two mammoth primary wires and your husband was apparently too fuddled to get out."

"Robins?" she cried brokenly. "Robins!"

A word of five letters that means fifty-seven



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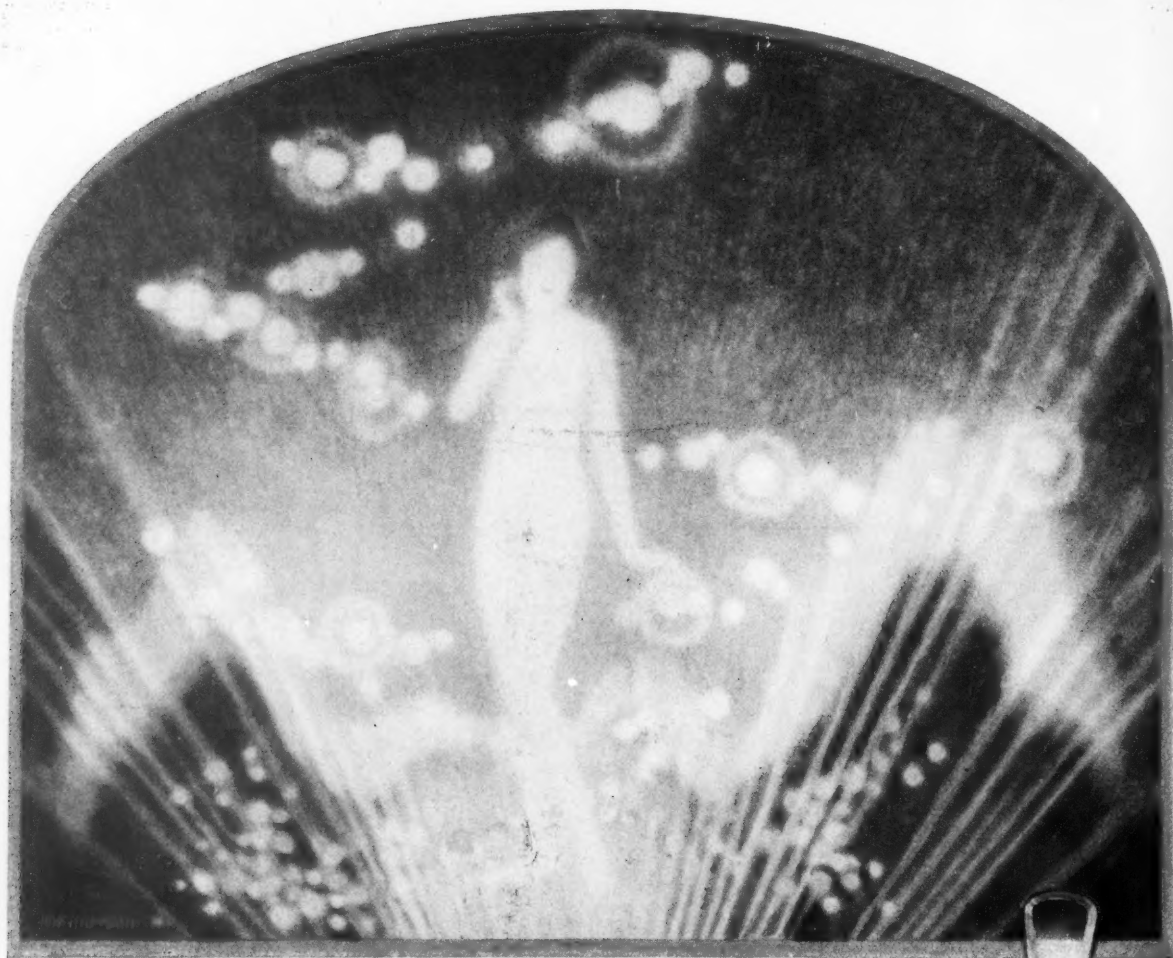
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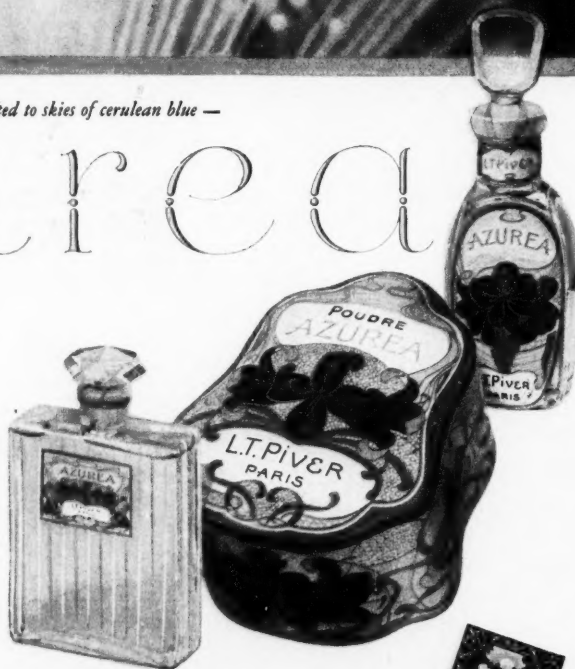
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A Self-Made Father and His Son (Continued from page 69)

experience somewhat excruciating. Sooner or later, for instance, there always arises the relation of a child to property. And by property we usually mean money. Somehow, in our time and civilization money has a more sacred quality than other forms of property.

Let a child take something from the pantry without permission and, though he is reprimanded and punished for it, his offense is never treated as seriously as if he had taken money. But money—ah, there the culprit has broken into the Holy of Holies. Now, as I have hinted, to the ungrooved mind of the child there is no difference between taking jam or pastry unauthorized when he wants it, and taking money.

In common with many others, I was one of those foolish parents who did not remember that my boy needed pocket-money. Having been early a bread-winner in my own boyhood, I early had money in my pocket. The fact that I had to turn it into the family fund in no wise precluded its jingling in my pocket, at least at times. And a boy's pocket, particularly if he earns the money himself, is like a banker's hands.

Emerson somewhere reminds us that as the money passes through his hands, the banker always and infallibly retains a certain percentage of it. It may be a small percentage, one-half percent here, one percent there, brokerage, interest, commission. But some of it always clings to those prehensile hands. Similarly, though I have not developed into a banker, I always remember having a supply of small coins in my pocket. They may have been of copper, but I was never without them.

Well, it took me some time to realize that my son is a boy precisely as I was, and that he needed actual coined money in his pocket.

One day I had some small change lying on a table beside my bed. I had changed my clothes and had forgotten to put the coins into the new pockets. I remembered leaving the coins, but I found only a part of them there when I came to look for them. Where were the coins? A maid was questioned, but she had not been up-stairs. When the boy came in I asked him whether he had taken the coins. The seriousness of mien which we all assume in the presence of money, as though it were sacred, frightened him perceptibly. He hesitated in replying. Finally, however, he said that he had taken the money.

Why? Because all the other boys had money and could buy marbles or ice-cream if they wanted it. He had none. I turned cold with chagrin, I remember, and I saw about me a chaos of cruelly crumbling hopes.

I punished the boy at the time, and I still have a feeling that some one ought to have punished me instead. For if anyone was guilty in that transaction, it was I. First, because I behaved as though my child, to whom there could not be any difference between money and a red apple on the pantry shelf, was a bonded accountant caught in defalcation. And, second, I had in a measure deprived him of one of the necessities of existence.

In this world and in the present civilization no human creature, man, woman or child, can subsist without some currency in his or her pocket and still remain a free and self-respecting human being. I explained to my son the heinousness of his offense, but I felt at that moment that some one ought to be rubbing into me the gravity of my own. Since then he has had an allowance and his conduct toward money has been perfect—that is, virtually indifferent.

So that if I felt called upon to advise parents I should enunciate solemnly this golden rule: If you wish your son to be honest, see to it that he has pocket-money. The sum need not be large, but it must be his own.

"Will he spend it wisely?"

Age-long query. The answer is, doubtless, no. I, for my part, admit that I find myself constantly wondering and dubious as to my

son's expenditures. I keep forgetting how I spent money at his age—boyishly, no doubt. If man cannot live by bread alone, it is unreasonable to expect more from a boy. And I am not speaking merely of sweets and similar gustatory lures.

I cannot forget a certain experiment I attempted in emulation of some scientifically inclined older boys who had money for electrical and mechanical toys. Under some strange delusion that mercury possessed mysterious properties and motive power, I acquired a phial of quicksilver, stuck two pitiful little copper wires into it through the cork and expected something to happen.

That quicksilver was my gross of green spectacles. And like Moses in "The Vicar of Wakefield," every boy, I believe, must have a gross or several gross of green spectacles to his discredit—until he learns to buy more wisely. I am coming to the conclusion that the unformed mind positively demands those follies for its formation. Those absurdities have to be built into character like coral. I have many follies to my own account and I do not wholly regret them.

But—and this is a very important "but"—I earned the money myself, for the green spectacles and the follies.

My son is not earning any money. I do not give him any opportunities for earning it and I am glad that as yet he is not an earner. Nevertheless I find myself overwatchful against his plunging in green spectacles. I know he must make his own mistakes, and learn from his own experience. I know also that my overwatchfulness is detrimental to him. One hears much today of the dangers to youth, and some of those dangers are very real. But the dangers I fear most so far as concerns my son are that I might impair his dignity as a human being and undermine his will.

People used to write about "the diseases of the will." But I have arrived at the conclusion that a healthy child contracts diseases of the will only under the pressure of too great dominance by its parents. And a warped or damaged will is a handicap I dread for my son more than wilfulness, much more than poverty. And because I have had my own way to make almost from childhood and had perforce to develop a certain will-power, I find I must watch constantly against pitting my own against the more tender, less developed will of the boy, lest his should snap and break irreparably.

And another thing that I discovered as damaging to a growing personality, is to laugh at a boy in season and out of season. A sense of humor, the ability to laugh at ourselves, is essential to every human being in this imperfect world. But ridicule is a searing, scorching treatment for the tender shoots of a nascent individuality.

There is one case in particular where ridicule is perhaps most injurious.

I still remember the little girl who sat in the desk in front of mine in the class-room, and there came a time when her Saxon curls, good ordinary curls, suddenly turned more fascinating than gold. Gold might have stimulated curiosity or greed. But these gave rise to dreams, magic, wonderful. And when she turned round to smile out of eyes that went quite naturally with such curls, a hitherto unknown agitation possessed me, and I believe my school work suffered almost a total eclipse for a time. Perfectly good Saxon blue eyes that girl possessed, but why should they cause such commotion inside a decent average boy, inclined to be studious and otherwise unremarkable?

I came back from the blackboard with chalk on the back of my coat and like the natural child she was she asked me to turn round and she dusted it off. I thrilled from head to foot under her touch. My face must have blazed as with a fire of confusion; I suddenly felt both happy and conspicuous

to the point of anguish. And who shall say what journeys I took upon the slightest errand in order to pass her home, in the unappeasable hope that I might catch a glimpse of her face, or at least a light in a window of the house that incredibly, fantastically contained her as an inmate? I recall the boldest act of my life—asking her to skate with me—and my hands shook so I could hardly hold hers.

Well—an ailment like mine could not long remain concealed. Members of my family discovered it and all, excepting my mother, made my life a burden to the earth by insidious references to "Paula." First anger and then a dreariness came over my spirit. I was no Orpheus. So far from descending into Hades for my Eurydice, I began to avoid her, even to pretend that I had forgotten her existence. I became a man of sorrows and the sorrows drew about them a cloak of youthful cynicism—than which I think there is no more pitiful picture. Actually, for the number of years of my adolescence, until I was in college, I became a misogynist—a hater of all womanhood.

In that respect, at least, I was resolved that my son should not experience my own pain. Sex is the most delicate of all of life's relations and the friendship of the sexes among the young, rightly understood, makes for some of the best that life has to offer. If I am not as grave about his feminine friendships as is my son himself, he at least shall never know it. He shall never be able to say that I laughed at or ridiculed what to him was serious. I do not differentiate much as yet between his friends masculine and his friends feminine, but above all I aim to look upon them as he looks upon them, and I sedulously discourage concealment.

Grave problems all of these, but I only wish they were all the problems. For instance, since I paid for my education by my own work and effort, I know the value of that hard-won experience, so that upon the one hand I wish my son to gain at least some of that experience so priceless in after life. But upon the other, I have a dread of subjecting him to hardship, of robbing him of the freedom and joy of boyhood and youth, as in large measure I was robbed of mine. I have a fear of scotching his fine young ecstasy by too much labor. Making one's own way in the world from early boyhood is doubtless an experience full of dangers and pitfalls, but I have yet to see the boy of any spirit who does not long to see the pitfalls, even though he does not desire to fall into them.

I find myself recommending those tingling, piquant experiences as a bracing tonic and a salutary for everybody's sons—excepting my own. I keep recalling the darker more dangerous sides of the path and the risks suddenly loom black and menacing. How narrow was my escape in that place or at that other turn of events! Other people's sons may well be thrown into the water as the readiest means of teaching them to swim. But my own—no.

For him I desire graded lessons and the aid of wings. And yet because I was deprived of much wholesome outdoor play which I ought to have had, I find myself urging it upon my son as a stern duty, forgetting that play must be spontaneous. I dread seeing him too soon independent, and yet I should suffer acutely if I failed to perceive in him any independence of spirit. Indeed, so close is my watch over my son, that I am constantly fearful of depriving him of his natural moral growth and development. Perhaps I project myself too keenly into his life—after all, a new and independent life.

A philosopher has said that a happy youth is in itself an end. That is something I dare not forget. And I know that no one must guard against infringing upon his son's life and individuality so much as the so-called self-made father—so much as I myself. But am I wise enough for so great a problem? I wish I knew. I have learned many things about my son, but how many more I have yet to learn!

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The Heart of Juanita (Continued from page 53)

of the Saint Monica Club—a delightful hotel it is really, for girls, in San Francisco. Girls fight like tiger-cats to get in there—there's a waiting list a yard long. I want you to be my guest there," Jane Chatterton finished very simply and kindly, "until you are placed in some position you really like. We'll let Anne Russell get off, we'll say nothing to her about it, and then I'll send you in. And I know you'll love Mrs. Harrison, and she'll love you."

"But, Mrs. Chatterton, I can't let you make yourself responsible for me—it's too much to expect—" Juanita began proudly and youthfully. The other woman was apparently paying no attention to her, although she was watching her with speculative, absent eyes.

"What are your prospects, Miss Espinosa? You were left practically alone?"

"Quite alone. I've no relatives at all."

"And no money?"

"Well, just enough for an emergency."

"I see. This ranch then, where you were brought up, didn't belong to your mother? It was mortgaged?"

"No. But by some family arrangement it was left to cousins of my father."

"I see," Jane Chatterton paused. Then she said with a smile, "I was a working girl myself, you know, before I married Mr. Chatterton." This was nice of her, friendly, Juanita thought, and deliberately intended to be friendly. "I know exactly what your problems are, and what the pleasure and excitement of feeling oneself independent is. And that's why I want you to let me be your *maraine*—your godmother," she corrected herself, "until you get on your feet."

"You're very kind, Mrs. Chatterton," Juanita said, still somewhat doubtful.

"I'm not kind at all!" the other answered cheerfully, in evident relief. "I'm doing exactly what I want to do, which always puts me in a good humor. Now for the present, this being Christmas Eve, we'll not say anything to anybody. Mrs. Harrison tells me she won't have an inch until after Christmas. Then she's to telephone me, and when I hear from her I'll send for you."

"When—when do you expect Miss Peters?" Juanita asked a little timidly.

"Miss Peters?" the other woman asked in her turn.

"Your new secretary," elucidated Juanita, a little surprised at her vagueness.

"Oh? Oh, yes. Miss Peters, of course. Why, she's coming early in the new year—perhaps before that. I'm expecting a wire almost any day," Mrs. Chatterton responded. "I do feel most grateful to you," she added kindly, as Juanita stood up. "I do feel grateful to you for making this so easy for me and for Anne. The situation isn't of my making and I have to—hurt somebody. I'm sorry it's—you."

"I appreciate your kindness to me, too, Mrs. Chatterton," Juanita said awkwardly, because she was deeply touched.

"Not at all—it isn't anything." They were both standing now, and Jane Chatterton, who was the taller of the two, bent a little to take both of Juanita's hands in her own, and smiled down at her. "And whatever happens, you aren't to worry, my dear. You're to remember that I'm your—friend. There are too many uses for nice girls nowadays to have any one of them so silly as to—worry."

With the last word Juanita felt herself dismissed from the library, and knew herself dismissed from her first position as well. But somehow the personality of the woman with whom she had just been talking dwarfed every other consideration. Juanita felt herself excited, oddly elated; she felt her heart welling with pure, unreasoning adoration of this superbly adequate woman; she found herself trying to remember what she had said—Mrs. Chatterton's words, her tones, were all clearly graven in her memory. No danger of forgetting them!

No question, either, that whether she continued to employ her or send her away, the mistress of the house liked Juanita. She had been putting every ounce of her personality into that dismissal; it had not been easy, matter-of-fact, to her. And that Juanita found heartening, found thrilling. Whether one liked her or didn't like her, one wanted most absorbingly to matter to her.

Juanita couldn't, in spite of her most deliberate efforts to do so, feel discouraged or feel blue. It was Christmas Eve; there was cold, clear, furry moonlight out of doors; everything within smelled of violets and evergreens.

And Kent had dinner with Anne Russell and Juanita, a thing he had not done before. The little table in the plain dining-room that looked out on the side of the house and the laurels was candle-lighted, and they duly had a small turkey and a mince pie.

He was rather quiet, but seemed happy; Juanita thought that at no time before had she seen so rested, so contented a look in his eyes. He carved for them, and Anne Russell seemed happy too. Juanita was deeply satisfied. After the meal they sat talking for a good hour, playing with nuts and raisins and candies, and then Kent asked the girls if they were going to church in the morning, and both said yes—Anne at eleven, Juanita before breakfast.

"Who drives you?" he said to Juanita. She explained that she wouldn't think of asking any of the men; she liked the walk. "I see," he said reflectively.

And the next morning, before dawn, in the cold, heavy dark, he joined her at the side door when she came out rosy with sleep and shaking in the cold air. He gave her no explanation—even his "Merry Christmas" was brief and dry—but he put his firm fingers under her elbow at the crossings and stretched a thickly gloved hand to her when they came to puddles.

Kent stooped his big bared head as he followed her into the warm, pine-scented little church. When Juanita knelt, Kent slid to one knee, when she stood he stood, always respectfully, yet impersonally studying the scene about him and listening to a rather forlorn sermon as if absorbed.

On the way home he told her of a Christmas morning when his brother and he had attempted to get a pair of young turkey-buzzards for his mother, and of a bitten cheek, torn new clothes, and the final installation of two ferocious birds in an old chicken pen.

It reminded Juanita of a gull she had found, a weakling baby flopping over the unfriendly rocks, and of the months when this gull was her companion and her delight. But when he had gone back to the flock, full-grown and strong, she had never been able to identify him again.

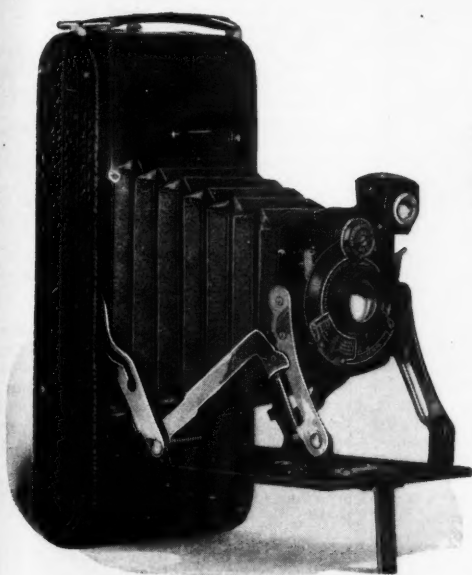
"I rather thought," she said gaily, walking with all the exhilaration of the early winter riser whose every step is nearing coffee and warmth, "I rather thought he might always remember and fly to me—but he never did. My lamb did—the lamb I had when I was quite small: she used to butt me over when she grew to be a sheep. And the dogs—"

A wistful note came into her voice. Kent, when they reached the big house that was still wrapped in sleep, asked her if she was happy.

"Yes," she answered hesitatingly. "Interested," she added. "Like somebody else—like somebody whose life I am reading. I can't help thinking that mother will call me home some day, ask for an explanation of it all. I can't quite believe I'm responsible to nobody."

Kent, after a moment's hesitation, asked her if she liked young Billy, and with a quick significant look into his eyes she answered that she did. Didn't Kent?

Yes, he said he did. He added somewhat irrelevantly that life was pretty easy for such a kid, and after a moment of silence they smiled at each other, said another "Merry



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"Christmas," and Juanita went in to her breakfast up-stairs.

But she thought of the little conversation again when Billy, coming in to find her alone in Anne Russell's study in mid-morning, presented her with a gift, a little pin of turquoise daisies in a circle, not valuable in itself, but he said it had belonged to his grandmother.

"I can't—very well take this, you know," Juanita stammered, terribly embarrassed.

"Why not?" Billy demanded, turning red.

"It's lovely. But did you—speak to your mother about giving me this?" the girl asked.

"No," he answered frankly; "why should I?"

"I think I had better not take it," Juanita said in a fluttered tone, distressed. And immediately, with a disappointed look, the boy put it back into his pocket and they said no more about it.

He wanted to stay and help her. Anne Russell had gone to church. Juanita explained that it was a holiday, and that as soon as she finished these gift cards, listing them neatly for notes of thanks on the morrow, she would be free. Or no, then she had to make a plan for the dinner party New Year's Eve, fifty persons, and his mother wanted to be sure that they were seated intelligently.

"Well, all right, you go on with your notes; I'll help with this," he said agreeably. He drew a great ring for the round table and began to pencil the names lightly around it, like rays.

Juanita felt that this was a trifle irregular; but he was so handsome, so cheerful and amusing, so friendly, that she admitted in her heart that it was delightful to be in his company.

"Doc Ross—I'll put him next to Mrs. Hunter," he said, chewing his pencil.

"You know better than I who are friends," Juanita agreed gratefully.

The boy laughed shamefacedly. "She's his first wife!" he confessed. "At that, they might like to get together and chew the rag about the dear old days. No, now, honestly—I'll do it all right!" he protested in alarm as Juanita looked her honest horror and stretched her hand for the list. And almost immediately, to her profound uneasiness, he came to her side of the table, sat on it so that his face was just above hers, caught her busy hand and asked, with a little laugh: "Miss Espinosa, do you like me? You haven't any idea how I like you!"

Juanita, frightened, stood up and found herself close to him, his arm lightly about her shoulders, the odor of shaving soap and fine linen and Scotch tweeds very near.

"Don't be scared," he said earnestly. "I tell you I like you more than I ever did anybody in the world."

"Oh, but you mustn't!" Juanita murmured.

"Oh, but why mustn't I?" he whispered. He drew her toward him; his lips brushed her hair.

Juanita broke free, fled blindly. She went into the next room, which was Miss Russell's, through the hall beyond, into her own, and shut the door. She stood panting, listening, eying the knob. If he followed—what would she do?

A knock on the door brought her heart into her mouth. But it was Miss Russell, announcing luncheon. Juanita admitted her, brushed her hair, followed her down to the meal. Her heart was still beating fast, but after a while she grew a little proud of the whole episode. She would not have invited it for anything in the world. But it had been thrilling. By three o'clock, when Billy and three other young persons were shouting over the billiard table, Juanita realized that she would not have been without those exciting few minutes for anything in the world.

Miss Russell asked her as a favor to go down at five o'clock and ask Mrs. Chatterton if she would speak to Lady Blakely on the telephone. Juanita, demure in black, but with the creamy collar and cuffs of old Spanish lace transforming the plain gown, went obligingly down. She was returning up-stairs when Billy came flying out of some down-stairs room—apparently, astonishing as it seemed, for no more important purpose than to speak to her.

He walked up-stairs beside her, his handsome head dropped, his face radiant. What

was she doing? Helping Miss Russell, huh? Juanita asked pointedly what he was doing. Oh, just loafing with some people in the billiard room.

"This is my door," she said, in the upper hallways. She raised her softly-blown bright head, raised her soft, black-lashed blue eyes. He stood looking at her.

"I am terribly sorry about this morning," he offered humbly.

Juanita's eyes lighted. She said faintly: "Oh—that's all right."

"But will you forgive me, Juanita?" he said. "Why, certainly," she answered, confused.

"Well, call me Billy, then!"

"Oh, Billy, but I don't think I ought to do that!" she said innocently, startled. And they both laughed, Juanita flushing scarlet, Billy noisy with delight.

Then she disappeared through the doorway that led to her own regions, and he went down-stairs again. Juanita walked slowly, pondering. She was nearly twenty-four, he twenty-one. She was less than nobody, he the heir to a name and a fortune. Yet—yet if he was merely playing, he was deeper than he seemed, more cruel than he seemed.

"Mrs. Chatterton," she mused, "would send me flying tomorrow if there was anything like that!"

For she knew already, educated by everything in the house, by every letter, every message, every servant, and confirmed in her judgment by every glimpse she had of her new mistress, that Mrs. Chatterton was a woman who for all the years of her life had known what she wanted, and known how to get it. Just at present, and perhaps for the past decade, she had wanted to be a great lady.

Juanita fancied that this woman could be cruel, could be ruthless, when it served her end. But when severity gained no purpose, she was always sweet, and those who had ever merited her anger were careful, the girl imagined, not to risk it again.

Two days before New Year's, when Miss Russell had actually sailed for the Orient and her minister, Billy asked Juanita abruptly if she were going away. The girl colored brightly and answered yes, but she did not know quite when.

"How told you, Billy?" she asked.

"I heard my mother and father talking of it. She said something about your giving up the job. What for?" Billy demanded flatly.

"Why, it seems that your mother has engaged another secretary, from Washington."

"Well, that isn't what she told my father," Billy protested, his face flushed and troubled and his eyes reading Juanita's face suspiciously.

"In the first place I had no business to hear, but that wasn't my fault," he went on. "I was lying in the library, with my feet up—anybody could have seen me. My mother and father walked through and I heard mother say, 'If she wants to go, I can't keep her.' And my father asked if it was more money, and she said no, and then he said he was sorry—that you played such a good game of cribbage; that's how I knew it was you. And mother said, 'I'm sorry too. But she positively won't stay.'"

"I don't understand that," Juanita said, trying to speak lightly, but cut to the heart. Evidently Mrs. Chatterton just simply disliked her; that was all.

"Listen," Billy suggested suddenly, "will you let me ask her right out if there isn't a misunderstanding?"

"Oh, no—you couldn't do that!" Juanita exclaimed, in an agony. "Oh, please—"

"Well, listen—tell me this," Billy stammered eagerly. "If I fix it, will you stay? Listen, if you go, where are you going? Tell me that."

She looked at him dubiously, speculatively.

"Aw, say, come now!" he pleaded boyishly. "Why couldn't I know that? Is it?"—his face suddenly changed—"your going hasn't got anything to do with me?" he asked.

"Oh, no—no!" she assured him, worried and yet laughing. And quite simply and sensibly she added: "I see no reason why you shouldn't

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He stared at never told me!

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know where I'm going, although I'll have to find another job immediately and won't be there long. I'll be at the Saint Monica Club; it's a sort of girls' hotel, and your mother has most kindly made arrangements for me there."

"Since when was this?" he asked blankly.

"Oh, since she came back—almost the first day."

He stared at her reproachfully. "And you never told me!"

To this Juanita made no response. But the championship was sweet to her nevertheless, and she raised to him shining eyes that were misted with tears. For a moment they stood so, silent, and she discovered that Billy was holding her hand, his distressed eyes reading hers. Then he asked abruptly.

"What can I do?"

And Juanita answered soberly, sympathetically: "I don't see that you can do anything, without making things harder all round!"

He shook his head, gritted a childish, impatient "Gosh!" between his teeth, and turning sharply, walked away. And Juanita, trembling a little, touched more than a little, went on with her morning work.

Billy's revelations had awakened her to the fact that she had been secretly hoping to be kept, secretly confident, indeed, that she would be. Now, when he was gone, a blankness and depression fell upon her spirits, and she wished the whole thing over.

It was left for Kent Ferguson, indifferent, casual, and in this particular case quite innocent of any intention whatsoever, to alter Jane Chatterton's plans. On the very morning of the day when Billy had questioned Juanita so concernedly about her departure, Jane had perfected them, superbly free of any suspicion that they would be—or could be—affected by the actions of anybody else in the world. Hers was indeed a life of planning, of far-sighted adjustments and manipulations, and like every other leader, Jane was more often amused than surprised at the simplicity with which human beings fell gracefully into line.

She had breakfasted, as usual, in bed, glancing at a magazine, at certain intimate letters, chatting over her coffee and rolls with her gallant old husband, who often came in at this hour to sit in the sunny window and discuss plans for the day with her.

Then he had gone off for his bath, and Justine had summoned her to hers, and the pleasant, busy process of dressing had begun. What was she doing? She was playing tennis with Mr. Ferguson? Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Billy were to play golf—oh, yes, and to lunch at the club. Then there would be just herself for luncheon, please to tell Dudgeon; unless possibly Mr. Ferguson would lunch with her. They might ask him.

Retta, the second little maid, picked out the rough low shoes, the homespun stockings, the short pleated white woolen skirt and the slim belted coat striped in blue and black and brown and green, while Justine loosened her mistress's hair. Jane stretched bare feet to Retta, and it was then that she said, in French:

"Justine, when Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Billy have gone for their golf, not before, I want to see Miss Espinosa. She is going today, by the way."

"Oh, what a pity!" Justine ejaculated indifferently, in the pause.

"Yes, she insists upon leaving me," Jane Chatterton added. "So ask somebody to have one of the cars ready to take her to the two-forty train—I'll see that she's ready. And, Justine, you'll remember afterward that I haven't her address—nobody will ask for it, but in case anybody should."

"But certainly, Madame," Justine agreed. She was usually deep in a conspiracy, or a dozen, with her mistress. She liked intrigue.

This settled, Jane let them mash a soft, rough white hat over her shining hair, pulled on loose white gloves, and upon a sudden impulse looked into her purse.

A hundred dollars, in five new bills. She imagined herself giving them to Juanita.

"I'll send you more long before those are



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gone, my dear, but I know how much you
likes to have money in her hands. Be-
report to me now and then—oh, and one
thing," Jane would say, with an air of
recollection, "I'm going to ask you not to
your address with anybody here except me."
Let's see—what earthly reason could she give
for that? Oh, yes. "Because Mr. Chatterton,"
she would say, "objects strongly to my in-
terest in the Saint Monica Club. You know
how absurd men are in their prejudices about
their wives' interests? So don't tell anyone."

So that would fix that. Kent was going
to Los Angeles on the three o'clock train,
on mysterious business of Mr. Chatterton's,
whatever it was, and he would be out of the
way. Billy and his father would be playing
something like the fourth hole at half past two.
And Jane could hear herself explaining to
them tonight, with righteous indignation, that
little Miss Espinosa had found another po-
sition, it appeared, and had calmly given notice—
walked off, right on the eve of the dinner party.

That would give her time. Time to settle
things in a more permanent fashion, when she
could once think them out clearly. Mean-
while she played tennis with Kent, in streaming
cold winter sunshine, came in to weigh, to get
into loose clothing, and to join him at luncheon.

The shades were lowered; there was a shimmering
tempered winter light in the room,
catching itself on silver and glass, glimmering
in the big mirrors. On the table was a low
silver bowl of pale blue double violets, enchant-
ingly sweet. Above the table an Italian
chandelier, all dangling prisms, twinkled.

Kent was in his usual place at these informal
meals; at her right, so near that when the
dessert was served and they were alone they
could murmur together confidentially. And it
was then that Jane received the first of the
blows the day was to hold for her.

Her conversations with Kent were always
brief, always strange. On the tennis-court she
used no more than monosyllables; augmented
by her steady unsmiling glances, emphasized
now and then, when she gave way to an espe-
cially teasing or thoughtful mood, with a touch
of her hand, or perhaps by the introduction
of the word "dear."

Perhaps Kent thought that she was uncon-
scious of it, that little appealing "dear" that
sometimes in a tired and sometimes in a glow-
ing moment crept into her speech to him. For
the rest, she did not need words. She saw
what was in his smoldering, unhappy eyes.

It was all ridiculous, she reminded him,
laughter in her beautiful eyes, sympathy in her
rich voice. He must see that? He said briefly
that of course he saw it. For the Lord's sake,
he said ungraciously, suppose they talked of
something else?

"Kent, my dear," she had said once, "I'm
past forty. You're thirty-two."

"Exactly, Jane."

"Well, so—now isn't it really preposterous
of you to let it make you unhappy?"

"Granted." He would go no further. He
never annoyed her, never touched even her
hand. But she knew what trembled between
them.

"Wouldn't you be happier, Kent—no, I
mean this," she asked him, "if you gave up
this special work for Mr. Chatterton and went
back to newspaper work and didn't see—
anybody?"

"Very much happier," he answered unen-
couragingly. "What about it?"

"You mean—you mean that you—won't?"

"Can't," he had answered, scowling. And
although Jane had sighed, shrugged and slowly
shaken her head at him, something happy, wild,
forbidden had hammered in her breast.

Today, at the luncheon table, no especially
personal note had been sounded between them.
So far as Kent was concerned, it was not
needed. Every moment that he was alone with
her was throbbingly and confusingly personal.

"You're dressed for your trip?" she said.

"I changed fast. It's an awful hour to start
anywhere, but I have to talk business with a
fellow all the way down."

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"Juanita, of
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other," Jane s

"Horrible thought!" Jane shuddered. "What sort of business?"

"Oh, clearing up this question of titles for the new Sun building! By the way, Billy tells me that if he graduates in June he may start in on the Sun."

"I want him to go round the world first—I think he should," his mother said. "I suppose his father will decide."

"That reminds me," Kent diverged, recalled to it by the mention of Billy's name, "Bill says that Miss Espinosa is leaving you?"

The ground rocked suddenly under Jane Chatterton's feet; the light in the room was staring, brassy; she felt a sudden vertigo, felt her mouth fill with salt water.

"Yes," she said simply, her heart pounding. What—what—what was happening now? How much—how little did this mean?

"Billy heard his father say something of it, and asked her," Kent added. "I think he felt a little sorry. Haven't you," Kent asked slowly, quietly, "a reason for *not* sending that girl away?"

"A r-r-reason?" she faltered, wetting her lips, staring at him blindly.

The butler was offering her something—a compote of stewed fruits; she shook her head, stood up shakily.

"Come into the library—I want to talk to you," she said, holding tightly to self-control. "No coffee—tell him no coffee—"

She led the way, Kent following in concern. "What is it, Jane?" he asked anxiously when she had seated herself in a deep chair and indicated, with a soundless word, that he was to sit opposite her. "I'm sorry!"

"What made you ask me," she said, smiling gallantly, but in a dry voice and hardly above a whisper, "if I had a reason for keeping that girl here?"

"I'll tell you. You know," he interpolated, "it's none of my business—I didn't mean to butt in. I was just interested."

"Yes, I know—my dear, dear boy, of course I understand that!" she admitted with a little feverish laugh.

"I thought," he said simply, "that you had known her mother."

Her quick suspicious look was measuring, keen, cautious. "She told you?" she asked, her gaze steady. "I knew it! Then—then she was lying to me!"

"No, she didn't tell me. She has never spoken to me at all of the matter," Kent said slowly.

Jane drew a deep, relieved breath. The room seemed to settle into its reassuring, quiet self again; the world behind it, to grow steady, to sink from mad menace and panic into calm. She was getting herself in hand, he saw, ready for one more battle-field.

"Tell me," she commanded simply.

"Do you remember a day last fall when you and I and Mr. Chatterton went down to Pebble Beach for some golf?" he asked. She nodded, very pale. "You remember that you started off the second morning for a run in a small closed car, alone? Some friend's car?"

"Edith Day's car," she said.

"Yes. And that you left your bag, with your money and handkerchief and all the rest of it, behind you?"

"And that you followed me down the coast with it on a motor-cycle you borrowed at the hotel; yes, and met me at that little hotel—where was it?—some place down there. Solito, yes," she repeated the name as he supplied it. "And you gave me the bag and started back."

"Only I didn't go back," he confessed.

"You followed me. Why?"

"Because—" He shrugged. "Because I do follow you, Jane, perhaps," he offered simply.

"You got to that old rancho that was cut off by the tide?"

"And met this girl," he nodded.

"Juanita, of course. And my cousin—the Señora?"

"She was your cousin?"

"Not by blood, no. But we loved one another," Jane said slowly.



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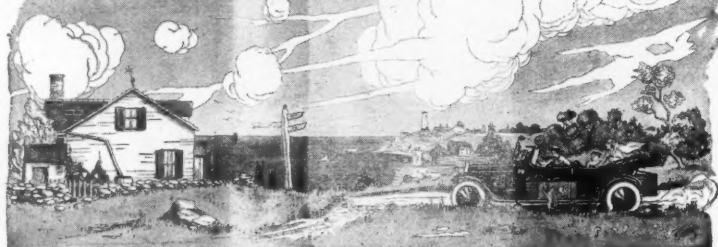
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"No, I didn't meet her or anybody except Juanita. I was caught there as you were, and saw you leave in the morning," Kent explained. "I followed you, got back to Pebble Beach about noon, made my explanations as you made yours, and that was the end of it. Later, while you were in the East, I went down there again—I had been thinking of the girl I met there. I found, as you know, that the mother had died, leaving her nothing. Miss Russell's advertisement for a social secretary was right there, among a lot of papers on the floor. I kept my own counsel and only suggested that she apply for the place. It occurred to me that you might be glad to get hold of her. I didn't know but what you'd clasp her in your arms. Apparently you didn't; that's all. It does seem; however, a shame to turn such an extremely pretty little thing loose."

He left the sentence suspended in the air, and for a few seconds there was silence in the library. Jane was much quieter, her brow knitted, her eyes narrowed; she was quite obviously planning already—determining her own position.

"Does she know this?" she asked presently. "She only knows that some woman came to see her mother and left early in the morning."

Again the woman pondered, her fingers to her cheek, her breath still a little uneven. Kent saw her slightly shake her head.

"I have no objection to your knowing that I knew her mother," she presently said quietly. "Nor to her knowing it, for that matter, although I would rather not. My first thought, when I saw her here, was that in some way she knew of my friendship—my connection with her family. But it seems that she does not. For several reasons—" Her voice fell, she was silent, pondering. "For several reasons it doesn't seem wise to keep her here, and I have made arrangements to have her well cared for elsewhere. Let me think a moment—"

"I don't want any further complication about this thing," she admitted frankly, "and yet I can't arouse her—Juanita's—curiosity by letting her see too clearly that I am getting rid of her."

"Especially as Billy is impressionable," Kent suggested, "and he certainly has rather taken a fancy to her."

"Exactly." Her eyes looked dark in her suddenly whitened face. "Such an affair—any serious affair—would be the death-blow to his father's hopes for him," she said. "Well. There is some way out of this—"

She was superb, he thought, in her courage, in the confidence with which she rallied her forces.

"I was going to ask her to say nothing of her going," she recommenced, "but it seemed hardly necessary. Now I am wondering if it might not be wiser to keep the child here, quietly, until Billy is back in college, and then perhaps—"

Again she mused.

"He goes on the fourth," she said, "and Elise Coleman is sailing for Manila on the eighth. She'd jump at a chance to take a companion like Juanita—she's got the baby with her. Perhaps the most sensible thing, not to awaken any interest on Billy's part, might be to try to arrange that."

"Mightn't the wisest thing be to tell the girl herself—tell her frankly?" Kent asked. "She's a sensible little thing. Her interest in her own history is only because she loves that old place so; she would be so glad to find any way to claim it—or part of it, or the Espinosa name anyway. Her mother, dying, left her directions, it seems, to find some relative, some man who could help her clear it all up—"

"Who was that?" Jane asked sharply.

"I don't know the name. Anyway, she can't find him. But it seems to me, Jane, that whatever the mystery is, it wouldn't do much harm to talk to her."

She had seated herself again and seemed to have entirely recovered her self-control. Now it was with her usual splendid air of complete mastery over the situation that she said, confidently and sensibly:

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"No, I can't do that. Not now, at any rate. It may come to that. But in the first place, there is always the danger of too much talking in such a case, and in the second place I am in a position to know that she would gain nothing, absolutely nothing, by learning the little I could tell her. There's only one thing. Knowing what I know of her ancestry," she added slowly, finding her words with a little difficulty, "I know that Mr. Chatterton would never forgive my running the risk of Billy's coming to care for her. My keeping of a friend's secret, from his standpoint, would be bad enough; my escapade down the coast that night, the fact that the instant my eyes fell on this girl last week, the instant I knew who she was, I didn't take him into my confidence—even that he would bitterly resent."

"And I have been stupid about it," she added. "But it all belongs to long-ago days, when Maria Espinosa was a young woman—even now there's nothing to tell, and I can't tell it!" she finished, smiling. "I must see that she and Billy don't have any opportunities of being together. I suppose I exaggerate that danger," she confessed; "yet it is always a very real one, when a girl is so pretty."

"And she is a great deal more than that," Kent said, rather unexpectedly, even to himself.

"You find her attractive too?"

"I can't imagine—anyone not finding her so," he answered slowly, his grave look meeting her eyes. "She has a quality—I don't know what to call it. Like one's little sister—companionable, chatty; she's the most sympathetic young girl I ever knew. I like and admire her very much."

Mrs. Chatterton said nothing to this. She looked at him steadily with thoughtful, somewhat surprised eyes.

"If I place her somewhere in the city, say, with good people—presuming that she gets back from the Philippines before we go abroad in May—would you see her sometimes, Kent?" she asked, after a silence.

"Gladly," he answered simply.

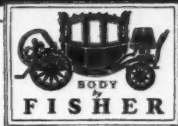
"My fault in all this business," Mrs. Chatterton presently admitted, "has been too much secrecy. It is a constant curse to a nature like mine, and yet it is so much a part of me," she added, half to herself, "that even while I am regretting—while I am paying for one piece of deception, I am as likely as not involving myself in another. This affair—this affair that involves Juanita—came into my life just at the time Mr. Chatterton was paying attention to me. I was—dizzied with excitement. Probably, if I had told him then about my share of the matter, he would have taken the whole thing as a matter of course—wives realize that after they are married. You may tell a man anything—anything—while he desires only you."

"But my policy had always been to tell nothing. I didn't tell the women I met, as young Mrs. Carwood Chatterton, that I had been born in a four-room flat over a saloon in Folsom Street. I didn't tell them that I had a brother who was sent to San Quentin for forgery and died there—"

He had never seen her in this mood before. She had always been magnificent; she had never, in his knowledge of her, faltered. Now she seemed to see the triumphant years as so much failure, not worth the effort, a sordid, blind struggle toward—nothing, after all. To see her drooping, discouraged, was to discover another Jane, and one whose appeal tugged at his heart.

"Let me tell you—for I don't often have the relief of speaking honestly!" she said in a somewhat lighter tone, and with a half sad smile. "Let me tell you some of the desperate chances I took just at the time of my marriage. I was poor, a nobody, ambitious, ashamed—ever since I can remember anything—of a father who drank, with a mother whose only fault seemed to be that she never under any circumstances did anything, and this poor brother who brought shame and sorrow on us all. I worked—in a millinery shop, Kent. And there I met a newspaper man, a dear, fine,

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earnest Irish boy named Walsingham, and we became engaged.

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"Of course you can see what I did. And perhaps a girl," Jane went on, "has a perfect right to make and break as many engagements as she likes. But I never told Carwood all that. I never mentioned Rufus or Tommy. I put it behind me. I've put everything, everything behind me. And with them the story of this poor child, who rose up like a ghost the other night."

"The Señora," Kent questioned, more stirred by the honesty of her little recital than he could say, "was not her mother?"

"No."

"And—one more question. Is she legitimate?"

"No," Jane said slowly, after a moment's hesitation. "Her mother was a little actress, dead now many years. The way I was brought into it—" She stopped.

Kent glanced at her, thoughtful, but she was not looking at him. She was staring at the top of her own slipper, her face grave, her breath still a little uneven, but no longer frightened.

"Will you tell me this—is she your brother's child?"

She looked up, surprised. "No," she said again simply. And Kent questioned her no further. "I saw in Carwood Chatterton," she added, "a chance beyond my wildest dreams. I told him nothing that would frighten him away—nothing of my people, not even of my job nor my brother. I sent them money, I went regularly to see them—while they lived—but I never told him. And I don't want to tell him now!"

And as she spoke she walked to the fire, and turned to smile at Kent over her shoulder as he followed her there.

"There!" she said. "You know more of me now than any other living person! Perhaps it will help you to—understand me. I'll send for Juanita now and make some excuse for keeping her here until Billy goes back to college. And then I'll place her somewhere where she'll be perfectly happy, and he can't find her. And if everything goes wrong," she finished whimsically, "and my husband insists upon the—perfect second act—will you come and see me, exiled in a little Paris apartment? Could you like me as much a failure as a success? Could you be the friend of a woman who had played her cards as badly as all that?"

He lifted her hand, kissed the soft white fingers. "Try me," he said, a little huskily.

She put both her hands tensely, tightly on his, and as she leaned back with closed eyes, he saw the pulse throb in her white throat.

"Kent," she whispered, "perhaps I may!"

When he left her a few seconds later to catch his train, Jane had already sent for Juanita, and Kent could tell by the quiet, poised definiteness of her manner that there would be no faltering now. He was not surprised, upon his return on New Year's Eve, to find the household running as peacefully, to all appearances, as if there had never been a break.

Preparations for the big dinner-party were under way; Billy would of course attend the New Year's dance for the younger set at the club. Jane seemed serene. She seized an opportunity to tell Kent that in a few days she was going to drive into San Francisco and take Juanita with her.

"As I say, Elise Coleman is sailing for Manila

on the eighth. I telephoned her yesterday that I might persuade Miss Espinosa to go. She was enchanted—just what she wants, a lady, yet a real, practical companion and helper. Jud Coleman meets them, and the life there ought to be perfectly delightful; his brother Harold is there too, they say the most fascinating bachelor in the service.

"If I can talk Juanita into it tomorrow, after Billy has gone off to Del Monte with the Hamiltons for two days, I will simply drive her in, hurry it through, buy her a big coat and a steamer hat—"

"And shanghai her," Kent finished. "Yes," he said, "you might do it, Jane. There's no other woman in the world who could—but you might. And it seems a happy solution for her. Did you ever meet this Harold Coleman?" he asked carelessly.

"She may balk," Jane was murmuring. "But I don't think she will." And as he watched her go up-stairs to dress Kent told himself again that she was the most astonishing woman in the world.

Later he caught a glimpse of Juanita, tired, excited, flushed with interest and enthusiasm, her drifted gold hair in disorder. She was slipping about back passages, interviewing servants, caterers, decorators.

"Doesn't the house look heavenly?" Juanita asked him. "Don't you love that evergreeny smell? And hear the horns already in the village—and it's only eight o'clock! I've been having more fun. I'm going to hide up here, behind the palms, and see them come in."

"Me too," Kent murmured, wedging himself in beside her as the down-stairs door opened, letting in the dark, streaming night air and the muffled, laughing forms of the first guests. And together they huddled in the shelter, peeping, jerking back, peeping again.

"Look, here she comes!" Juanita whispered. And Kent turned to see Mrs. Chatterton slowly descending from the top step of the great stairway.

She wore ivory satin, wound about her like the sheath of a lily. Her round, perfect arms, her flawless shoulders and throat were bare; there was no touch of color to the costume, but stretched tight over the satin, and falling loosely against the train, was cobwebby old creamy lace. On her dark head was a Juliet cap of great pearls, fitted close, and she wore besides the Chatterton pearls—Juanita had not seen them before, but she had heard of them. A triple rope of the perfect, rose-tinged globes lay about her throat, her delicate hand was freighted with them, and the creamy pinkness of two perfect specimens shone in the dark curls beneath her ears.

Deliberately, in the setting of dark rugs and palms, the gleam of the heavy, hand-carved balustrade, she descended. Carwood Chatterton, glowing with pride, came across the lower floor to meet her, and with a courtly bow gave her his arm. The circling groups of her guests came forward; a joyous babel of voices began.

"Jane, don't be discouraged!" Juanita heard a man's voice say joyfully. "Looks aren't everything. You'll be a good-lookin' girl when you get your growth."

"Oh, never, I'm afraid, Tom," the rich voice answered regretfully, in a moment's silence. "That's—I'm afraid—quite out of the question!"

Juanita, hidden behind the palms, made an odd sound. Kent found her clutching him blindly, gasping for words.

"Kent, did you hear her! It's the same voice—it's the same words! That's—that's what that woman said—last October, down at the rancho!"

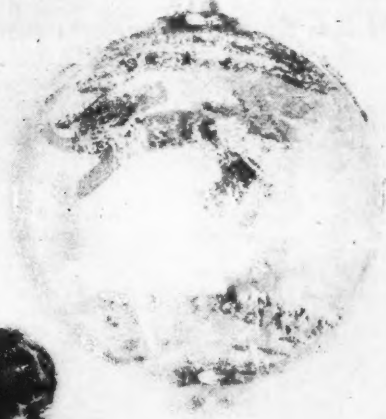
She had caught at his arm; he felt the pressure of her excited fingers. In the filtered light behind the palms her eyes shone at him with the glow of a cat's eyes in dusk.

"I've found her anyway," she whispered, in a hushed little voice; "it was Mrs. Chatterton!"

There is a new thrill when Juanita and Kent Ferguson discover that they share together the mystery of Jane Chatterton—and you will read it Next Month if you send us the special coupon on page 19.

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Johnston's is worthy of the sweetest lady
in all the world.

Not So Big by H. C. Witwer (Continued from page 80)

through the ropes. The cause of the fight, his brother Whitey, carried a water bucket and stopped to exchange murderous glares and similar insults with Pee Wee Yoakum before going to the other corner. Knock-out Nolan, grim, hairy-chested, but not bad looking, unsmilingly nodded his head in answer to a thunderous welcome.

"Look at him—a hundred battles and not a mark on him, outside of 'at one tin ear!" exclaimed a worshiper in back of me.

"He jabs 'em silly with that poisonous left and then knocks 'em kickin' with that right," says another admirer. "This one won't go two frames."

When the bell sounded, both men left their corners with a rush and went to close quarters, where Knock-out Nolan ripped in some hard punches to Ben's body. They went into a clinch and after the referee tugged 'em apart they sparred cautiously, stepping catlike around each other while the crowd shrieked for action. Nolan responded with a right and left to Ben's head that sent Benny back on his heels and sent my heart to my tonsils. Nolan followed this up with a terrible uppercut and Ben began to sway like a flagpole in a storm. "There he goes!" yelled the gallery and another uppercut dropped Benny to one knee.

The furious din drowned the voice of the counting referee, but I kept my misty eyes glued to his rising and falling arm. At "eight" Ben rose slowly, looking badly dazed. Nolan gave him no rest, but plunged in with his punishing gloves working like pistons. Again Ben crashed to the canvas, but again he bravely got up—to run into a sizzling blow to the mouth that cut his lips. They were in a clinch with Benny bleeding badly when the bell ended the first round, Nolan's by a wide margin.

Knock-out Nolan, his grim expression unchanged, was hailed with wild cheers as he went to his corner. Pee Wee greeted Ben with a shower of cold water from a sponge as Ben fell dizzily on his stool. During the rest, Pee Wee and the other seconds worked frantically over him. The gallery, feet stamping in unison, kept up a continuous chant, "Knock him dead, Nolan!" Me and Hazel gripped each other's hands in tense silence, while Pete Kift hoarsely howled down a man behind him who sneered that Ben wouldn't last another round. Jerry was busy on the other side with a fistful of bills, betting that Ben would stay the limit and getting maniacal odds. Whitey Nolan stopped waving a towel over his brother long enough to look over at Ben and laugh.

Again the gong toned down the uproar like magic and Ben started the second round by missing a well-meant swing. The experienced Knock-out Nolan, clever, cruel and sure of himself now, began deliberately cutting the game but unseasoned Ben to pieces. Soon cries of "Stop it!" were mixed with the cheers. But though he was taking enough punishment to whip twenty boxers, my Ben never took a backward step!

Nolan pinned Ben against the ropes directly above us and hit him four times without a return. Then Ben brought the mob to its feet by lashing out blindly with a right that caught Nolan on the cheek-bone and sent him spinning backwards half-way across the ring. Instantly two-thirds of the sentiment switched to Ben. Pee Wee screamed, "Don't let him set, Ben, get on top of him!" and, dancing madly around, upset the water bucket. Pete, Jerry and Hazel were three of four raving maniacs—I was the other one. But Nolan quickly recovered and returned to the attack, his thin lips curled in a wolfish snarl. Really, hardened fight fans around us gasped in awe as Ben, a human chopping block, took everything Nolan had and fought back desperately. A man remarked in my ear:

"I got a hundred fish on Ben, but if this other boy would let one go and bounce him I'd lose my jack with a smile. What a heart 'at Benny's got!"

I begged Pee Wee to throw in the sponge as he promised and save Ben from further mauling, but Pee Wee shook his head.

"If I stopped this thing, Ben would cook me, kid!" he whispers hoarsely. "Ben's bet his entire guarantee that he'll take Nolan, and everything's possible to a scrapper with Ben's sand!"

"But Nolan's murdering him, you little fool," I exclaimed tearfully. "He—"

"Ben ain't steadied down yet," Pee Wee cuts me off. "When I was in there tryin' I never could untrack myself till the other boy had half killed me," he adds reassuringly.

At that minute the round ended, and really Ben nearly did too!

Well, before the fight, unconvinced by Pee Wee's reluctant promise to throw in the sponge for Ben if he was losing, I had bought a supply of sponges at a drug store. Unnoticed by those around me, I now gave one each to Hazel, Jerry and Pete with ample instructions and kept a couple for myself. I'm proud to state that in spite of the fact that stopping that battle on Ben's account would mean bankruptcy for us all, none of them gave me an argument. They couldn't—for the shambles was on again before they could protest.

Roused by the taunts of the crowd, Knock-out Nolan came out all business this time and after punching the reeling Ben all over the ring he suddenly let fly a right that put Ben flat on his back for a count of seven. Honestly, the screams of the crowd seemed to revive my boy friend and he came up with one of the greatest displays of courage that mob had ever seen.

Ben didn't know what it was all about and Nolan proceeded to batter him from pillar to post, but Ben kept his feet this time and fought back with thrilling gameness. The referee tried to pull Ben to his corner, but Ben shoved him away. Then the official spoke sharply to Pee Wee, and with tears streaming down his face Pee Wee tossed the dripping sponge into the ring.

It rolled and splashed at Ben's feet. Ben gave a quick glance down at it and then wowed the crowd by kicking the sponge out of the ring and charging the amazed Nolan in a fury. As one frenzied fan howled, Ben had nerve enough that night to admit in New York City that he was a Christian and not ashamed of it. With everyone in the place going mad pulling for Ben, he fell in mid-ring from sheer weariness. Then I acted!

I signaled my friends and threw my own sponge into the ring. Immediately a barrage of sponges descended on the fighters and the referee, hurled by Hazel, Jerry and Pete. No one could tell from which boxer's corner they came and in the midst of the wildest confusion, the bell clanged for the finish of the round.

It was impossible to pin the wholesale sponge throwing on anyone, Pee Wee and Ben angrily professing ignorance of the incident and accusing Knock-out Nolan's handlers of a trick. Half the fans wanted the fight stopped and the other half bellowed for it to go on, Ben leading that section. The referee hesitated, took a long look at Ben and then cleared the ring, signaling the timekeeper. Out blared the gong, but the still arguing Nolan refused to leave his stool. This didn't disturb the referee, who strode across the ring and calmly began to count Knock-out Nolan out as he sat in his corner protesting. At "six" Nolan rose and advanced slowly to the waiting Ben, who, in a final despairing effort, promptly flew at him like a wildcat.

Ben let drive with both gloves and one of them connected flush with Nolan's mouth, bringing a stream of crimson. As Nolan backed away, looking worried, the terribly battered Ben braced himself and brought over another terrific punch to the bridge of his previously unmarked opponent's nose. This blow broke that useful member and floored Mr. Knock-out Nolan for the first time in his long

career. On his hands and knees, Nolan looked up at Ben with fear showing as plainly in his now gory face as if the word was branded there in giant letters. Oh—you should have heard that crowd now! The scene would have baffled the fellow who first baffled description!

When Nolan arose he was a different person from the coldly sneering savage killer of a moment before. The hysterical jeers of the mob and the sheer courage of a man he had beaten to a pulp had taken his confidence. When Ben staggered over and swung at him again, instead of blocking and countering with his former contemptuous ease, Nolan dived into a clinch and panted to the referee, "This guy ain't human!"

The official surveyed Nolan with curling lip. "Fight, you big dog!" he snapped. "Go on—like it!"

But with a terrified look in his eyes, Knock-out Nolan began to shuffle backwards across the ring till the ropes were against his back. Stumbling, groggy, but grimly pursuing, Ben brought up in front of him.

"Now!" screamed Pee Wee. "Bring up the right, Ben, he's all yours!"

I jumped up on my seat and almost fell into the row in front of me when Ben followed Pee Wee's instructions and Nolan went down with a thud that shook the ring. With the crowd counting in unison with the referee, Nolan, on one knee at "seven," stole a timid glance at Ben. Then he deliberately slipped back to a prostrate position and took the full count. Knock-out Nolan had enough!

"I broke my hands on him!" he alibied to the skeptical sport writers as he was dragged to his corner, while the shouting mob rushed the ring and surged around the limp but joyously grinning Ben.

"You mean you broke your heart on him, not your hands, you big quitter!" sneered the happy Pee Wee.

The other Nolan, Whitey, jumped for him, but a husky cop shouldered him away.

We were all returning East a couple of weeks later and the day before leaving Los Angeles we attended a baseball game for the sole purpose of seeing Pee Wee Yoakum umpire once again. As we had to finish packing, we didn't get to the grounds till the game was nearly over, but really what we saw made up for any thrills we might have missed.

According to those sitting around us in the grand stand, who recognized Ben and gave him a great cheer, Pee Wee had become a vastly changed character since he umpired his last game. Apparently our midget friend was no longer the lion-hearted, intrepid arbiter of the past. The bullying players and the threatening crowd plainly seemed to frighten him. The feeling was that the punching Whitey Nolan had given Pee Wee in the game where Ben interceded for him had made the little umpire slightly yellow. Quick to see this astonishing change, the fans were riding him unmercifully, and, to our great surprise, not only was he open to argument, but really he frequently succumbed to it. The old spirit wasn't there!

Then, through one of those remarkable examples of coincidence that are more unusual and happen oftener in truth than they do in fiction, Whitey Nolan was sent in to bat as a pinch hitter. As in that other fateful game, it was the ninth inning, two were out and Whitey's team needed a run to tie the game. It was just one of those situations that can't happen twice, but do!

Well, the crowd remembered when Pee Wee and Whitey last met on a ball field, how Ben had beaten Whitey for hitting Pee Wee and then finished the job by knocking out Whitey's brother in four hectic rounds at Vernon. Hugely enjoying the thing, the boisterous grand stand and bleachers greeted this meeting accordingly. Honestly, I got quite a kick out of the expectancy myself!

Whitey gripped his bat firmly and faced the plate with a confident air.

det

IT IS, of course, buying whose can place the

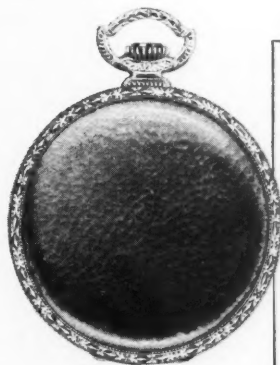
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Two things determine the value of your watch



EVERY "Wadsworth Gold Filled" watch case is made by welding together two surfaces of solid gold with a layer of stronger metal between. The fineness and thickness of gold used fully meets the standard of quality recently approved by the U. S. Federal Trade Commission.

The result is a watch case of moderate price, gold inside and out, but stronger and stiffer than a thin solid gold case.

When you buy a watch, therefore, look for the mark "Wadsworth Gold Filled," stamped in the case. You can trust this mark as implicitly as you would the mark "Wadsworth Solid Gold" or "Wadsworth Sterling." For the name Wadsworth appears only in watch cases which conform to these three standards of quality approved by the government.

It is, of course, highly important in buying a watch to select one in whose mechanical accuracy you can place the fullest confidence.

But a watch, after all, serves two distinct purposes. Besides being an instrument of every-day utility, it is a mark of the wearer's good taste and prestige.

These things, naturally, are first reflected in the case. It is the case which determines the degree of pride with which a watch will be worn and consulted in the presence of others, just as it is the movement which determines the degree of timekeeping satisfaction it will return.

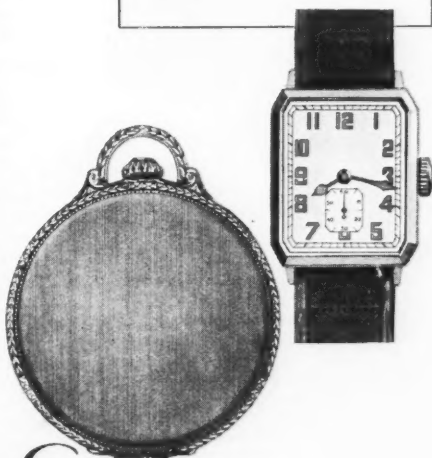
Moreover, the case must give adequate protection to the fine mechanism

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You can have definite assurance both of correct design and exactness of fit in your watch case, if the name Wadsworth is stamped inside. For more than thirty-five years Wadsworth cases have been chosen to dress and protect the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers.

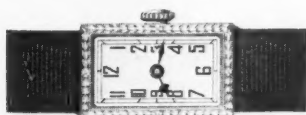
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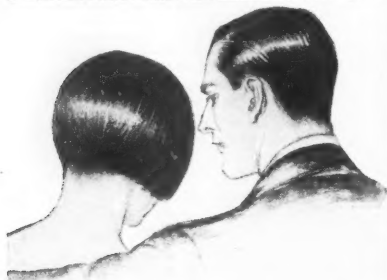
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Please send me, free, a sample tube of Stacomb.

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"You gimme the worst of it this time, you little rat, and you're a cinch for the morgue!" he snarls at Pee Wee.

Pee Wee's response was a sickly grin—the evident tip-off on his fear of Whitey. A ball whizzed past Whitey into the catcher's glove. It grooved the plate and was an obvious strike, but as Whitey shifted his bat and glared venomously at Pee Wee, the little umps cleared his throat and called tremulously:

"Ball one!"

Really, the bleachers went wild. "Hey, you little crook, put yer glasses on!" and "Yegg! Robber!" were about the kindest comments. Hazel and Ben muttered disgustedly and I felt genuinely sorry for Pee Wee, whose hard-won reputation for gameness was going by the board. With the fans still jeering him, Pee Wee blurted "Ball two!" as another perfect pitch cut the plate without Whitey's making a move to swat it. Honestly, if anything, this was more a clean strike than the other one was and the opposing pitcher rushed to the plate in frenzied protest. Watch in hand, Pee Wee waved him back to the box, while the crowd squawked to high heaven and Whitey grinned.

"You're house broke now, all right, ain't you?" he sneers at Pee Wee. "I guess I took the heart outa you, runt!"

Pee Wee simply motioned his big tormentor up to the plate so timidly that the attendance howled with laughter. But as the little umpire adjusted his mask, he looked over to where we

were sitting and smiled at us mysteriously.

Whitey fouled the following two balls—both vicious smashes that promised much if he connected fairly, and put the crowd on its toes. There was a resounding crack as he nailed the next ball a terrific smack, cast his bat to the winds and streaked for first base. Really, it was a beautiful hit and looked like a certain homer—the run needed to tie the score. The uproar was positively ear-splitting as Whitey tore on past third base and the recovered ball shot from the left fielder's arm to the short-stop. The latter whirled in his tracks and threw to the plate without a lost motion, the ball thudding into the catcher's glove at about the same instant that Whitey slid into the plate in a cloud of dust.

It was horribly close—a hair-splitting verdict either way. But though the crowd held its breath, to Whitey there wasn't the slightest uncertainty. He didn't even wait for Pee Wee's decision, but brushing the dirt off his uniform, arose and began bowing to his team's rooters, carelessly elbowing the little umpire aside. As this play would either tie the score or end the game and make Whitey's team the loser, all eyes were on Pee Wee of the once lion heart. Well, the Pee Wee Yoakum of old strode over to the still bowing Whitey Nolan, pulled him around and snarled:

"Yer out, you big bum! How d'ye like them berries?"

And Pee Wee was lost in the milling crowd.

The Drama of My Life (Continued from page 67)

under the strain, and I begged my husband for the last time to tell me what I had done wrong, to explain his coldness to me. I got the same answer—there was nothing the matter.

While this estrangement was widening between Lord Cathcart and me, and while my health was steadily being undermined, the social duties that were an obligation had to be carried on. Our house in Pont Street, in London, and the country place at Thorton-le-Street, in Yorkshire, were the scenes of many brilliant functions that attracted the wealthiest, the most fashionable, and the greatest in the country. To our many guests I had to appear carefree and serene, for it is fatal in such a sphere of social life to wear one's heart upon one's sleeve.

There were moments at that period when I honestly thought that I would go mad. The ultimate torture in domestic infelicity is perpetual silence on the part of one partner to another. I found at last that I could bear it no longer. My doctors had warned Lord Cathcart that I was likely to become a total wreck unless I could be taken away from all strain and worry, but on the score of expense, he would not listen to the suggestion that a sea voyage was desirable for me. He condemned me to remain at his side a victim to his moodiness and his perpetual silence.

I had almost reached breaking point when I at last took an ultimatum to Lord Cathcart: Either he would permit me to go away alone on a long sea voyage, or I would leave his house forever. Faced with these alternatives he consented to the voyage, and I chose South Africa, a place where I had connections and a good number of reliable friends. I hoped that by the time I returned the inexplicable clouds that enveloped my life with my husband would be swept away.

Africa acted upon me like a balm. For six weeks I reveled in the sunshine, and found happiness in the geniality of my friends. I began to hope for an understanding with my husband. I thought we might at least find a comradeship for the sake of our boy. I looked forward to a new beginning of life together.

I don't know at this moment how much that rebirth of hope had to do with the sudden impulse which put a premature end to my holiday in South Africa. But half-way through the three months that I had meant to stay there, I suddenly turned to my maid one morning.

"Wilson," I said, "I must start for England today."

"Today, my lady? It is impossible! The mail-boat leaves at three-thirty this afternoon, and it is close on noon. I could never get your ladyship's things packed in time."

I was insistent. I rushed to the offices of the steamship company. Luckily, through cancellation, I was able to get accommodation for my maid and myself, and that afternoon we sailed from Cape Town.

It was when I was going up the gangway of the steamship to embark that fate brought across my vision the other principal actor in the drama of my life. In front of me was a figure that seemed vaguely familiar. I did not at once realize that the figure was that of Viscount Uffington—afterwards to be Earl of Craven in circumstances tragic enough—and when I reached the deck, he had disappeared.

On deck I encountered a friend, a South African woman. We were glad to find ourselves about to make the voyage together, and later it was proposed that we should reserve a table for four at meals. By this time I had found out that Viscount Uffington was aboard, and I proposed him, saying it was likely he could find a friend.

Until then my acquaintance with Viscount Uffington was of the slightest. Socially, I suppose, I had met him several times, but he had made no very definite impression on me. I knew him only as one of the many young men who drift along in English society and have no particular place in one's life. I knew, of course, of his wartime marriage, and that at the moment he was figuring in the small talk of London society. His wife was suing him for divorce, and it was said that he was going down-hill by overindulgence in drink.

This chatter, however, meant nothing to me. What my friend and myself wanted was a couple of men to make up our reserved table of four, and he seemed the likeliest man on the passenger list. I found Viscount Uffington on deck and asked him if he remembered me. I should not have been at all hurt if he hadn't, but he said he did, and he agreed with the idea of making up the table, saying that he would find the other man readily.

This was the beginning of my friendship with the present Earl of Craven.

It was a strange voyage that began that day. Two troubled and unhappy souls drifted



AS pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company.

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ABLE TO ADD MANY
PRECIOUS YEARS TO
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To all appearances she was the picture of health, yet a dental X-ray revealed hidden wells of poison that, neglected, might have cut short her life by many years

She was a beautiful girl. She had a host of friends and many suitors. To all appearances she was the picture of health. Rarely did even a slight illness interrupt her program of pleasure.

Suddenly one summer she started complaining of a rheumatic ailment. The trouble became more intense, and she finally sought the aid of a physician. His remedies did not help her.

So she changed doctors. And the first thing the new physician did was to send her to a dentist for an X-ray of her teeth and a report as to their condition. Outwardly they appeared all right. But the X-ray picture revealed several bad abscesses. These hidden wells of poison had been seeping their deadly bacteria into her system and had unquestionably caused the rheumatism:

Once attended to by her dentist, the rheumatic trouble disappeared. Neglected, they might have brought on many other ailments and, in fact, might have cut short her life by many years.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not

know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There is a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, and this tooth paste only, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These

healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube 25 cents—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

together and for days on end were swept by a current together toward the scene of their unhappiness. It was inevitable that Viscount Uffington and I should exchange confidences.

For his part, he told me of his life, of the weaknesses that beset him, and of the unhappy married life that was seemingly to culminate in divorce. I think that my own troubles helped me to find a sympathy for him.

Most women, I fancy, like to think that some man needs them, and it is not required at all that any question of love should enter into the thought. I was not then within recognizable distance of love for Viscount Uffington, but I think I was glad to encounter a man that I might possibly help.

I was sorry for him, sorry that his early marriage should have been a failure, sorry that he should consider his wife a woman of such strenuous activity that she had no room in her life for her husband, sorry that the love he had had for her should have turned into what he called hatred, and sorrier still that drink and other weaknesses were dragging him down.

It was not long before I had promised to help him, thinking that in helping him I might find an anodyne for my own heartache.

Our friendship prospered, and I think I was the means of saving him from drinking too much on many occasions. We understood each other. Whether from our own fault or from the fault of others, we had both suffered, and suffering is a help to understanding. By the time we had reached England and traveled together to Victoria Station in London, we were fast friends.

At Victoria we said good-by, and I was greeted by my husband.

In the welcome I received I thought I found promise of a life begun afresh, with all misunderstandings set aside and cleared up. But alas for my impulse to come back to England, to forego my African holiday! After the first flush of excitement at my return, Lord Cathcart and I drifted back to our former estrangement. There fell between us the barrier of his chill politeness, that veil of silence. But for the sake of my boy I made up my mind to endure my unhappiness.

It was then that Viscount Uffington gradually began to fill the vacant spaces of my life. Soon after our return from Africa, I had a telephone message that he was ill. I went to see him and found that during the voyage from Africa he had begun to reckon on my support and sympathy, and that he still needed them. So far, there was no mention of love between us. I had not yet begun to contemplate a break from my home, my life, and my boy. Yet Viscount Uffington and I were constant companions.

As we drove through the streets of London one day together, the placards of the newspapers were forced on our notice. "An Earl Drowned," they read.

Thinking of the Earl of Craven's enthusiasm for yachting and of the fact that he was then cruising off the South Coast, I turned to my friend and said:

"How dreadful if it were your father!"

We drove on to Lord Craven's house and were met by the butler. My premonition proved correct. Viscount Uffington's father had indeed been drowned, and the son was now the Earl of Craven.

With his inheritance of the title in these tragic circumstances, the divorce proceedings against her husband were withdrawn by the new Countess of Craven, and a vague hope that had been germinating in my heart somehow was destroyed. It was not until the Countess of Craven refused to divorce her husband that he and I realized how closely our unhappiness had drawn us together.

About a year after the birth of my son there began that adventure which was to give Lord Cathcart nominal grounds for bringing an action of divorce. I had been invited to stay with a friend at her villa in Deauville. Lord Craven, too, intended going to Deauville, and we agreed to travel together. My friend in

Deauville then extended the invitation to the Earl of Craven.

I realized, of course, that in traveling with the Earl of Craven, I was inviting criticism and perhaps doing a foolish thing. It was common knowledge that my husband and I were not on speaking terms. It was probable, too, that the Earl of Cathcart would be suspicious of an intrigue, but I thought if the journey were made openly there could be nothing harmful in it. I wanted to be quite sure that my husband did not misunderstand my actions, so I went to my solicitor and told him of my intention, leaving it to him to inform Lord Cathcart. Everything was done openly. Lord Craven came in his car to my husband's door and fetched me.

Of that holiday at Deauville the newspapers contrived later to make a lurid and scandalous story. The very openness of my companionship with the Earl of Craven, which I thought would be my safeguard, was made a point by my accusers.

As a matter of fact, our holiday was as innocent as it was delightful, but it came to an end speedily. Lord Craven's mother, the Countess of Craven, was still suffering from the shock of her husband's tragic death, and she was going to Lake Como. Lord Craven was to join his mother at Paris, and he suggested that I should travel with him there and spend a few days in that city. It is a city that I love, and I saw no wrong in going there for a little extension of my holiday.

But on the way to Paris, at a country station, a wire was handed to me. It came from a friendly maid at my friend's villa at Deauville, and it warned me that I was being watched. The Earl of Cathcart had employed a detective to follow me.

Filled with indignation, I returned post-haste to London to ask for an explanation from my husband. I wired to my solicitor to meet me on my arrival in London. He did so and drove me home.

I put my key in the door, but found that it would open only a few inches. I rang the bell, and my old Italian butler put his head into the aperture. He was weeping bitterly.

"I am very sorry, my lady," he said. "I have orders not to admit you."

I was homeless, and this was the miserable end to the days of happiness I had snatched at Deauville.

On my solicitor's advice I went to the Ritz and stayed there.

A few weeks later divorce papers were served on me, and the Earl of Craven was named as correspondent.

It will be imagined that I was miserably unhappy. In spite of my husband's neglect of me and his chillness, I had not faced the possibility of separating from him. I thought of my boy and of the position that was mine in society. No woman of any sensibility will bear the contemplation of being dragged through the mire of the divorce court, and I considered the situation with a feeling of despair.

If, as I might readily have done, I defended the action successfully, what would the future hold for me? I had been unhappy in my married life—what would it be like if I fought the action and won? What hope would there be of any adjustment of the differences between my husband and myself?

Then I remembered that the action was not leveled at myself alone. There was the Earl of Craven.

The bringing of this action against us tore away the last barriers between my friend and me. He wrote from Como. He spoke of his love for me, a love that had been so long growing that it was bound to endure. It was a love born of tribulation and of understanding. He advised me not to enter a defense of the action but to let my husband have his will. We would be married directly my husband divorced me, for Lady Craven, it was said, had again decided to bring an action against the Earl.

At last, it seemed that happiness was held out to me. I cared a great deal for Lord Craven, and I thought I saw in him a comrade

and friend, quick in sympathy, ready for understanding, and above all a man who needed me.

It was at this moment that I came to the decision which was to shock society. I made up my mind that my husband's suit against me would go forward undefended, but that instead of the trumpety charges that were leveled at me, he would have the fullest reasons. I felt that I did not care what anyone thought of me. I had been unhappy long enough. I could not afford to miss the chance held out to me of being always with the man I had grown to love. I grasped at the opportunity with both hands, greedily, as a famished creature might snatch at food.

Lord Craven and I eloped to South Africa, and while we were there my husband secured his divorce from me. But once again Lady Craven changed her mind regarding her husband and dropped the proceedings against him.

That is my story. I have told it frankly, knowing quite well in the face of the lurid reports that have appeared in the press both in England and America that many will disbelieve.

I will extenuate nothing. Lord Craven and I have rebelled against the laws that govern society. We have broken the seventh commandment—but it is more important to the circles in which we moved that we have broken the unwritten eleventh: Thou shalt not be found out.

My rebellious attitude has not been weakened by repentance. I am ready to admit that the position of a woman who lives openly with a man who is not her husband, is not comfortable. Doors that were once thrown open to the wife of the Earl of Cathcart are now closed to me. I cannot appear at Court. People who at one time were glad enough to accept my hospitality now cut me openly. My name does not appear on the list of patronesses to this charity or that scheme of social endeavor. I am a woman apart. The son I brought into the world as heir to the House of Cathcart is without the guiding hand of his mother, although she still lives and has bing.

This, I think, is my one regret. I sometimes see my boy, but with the forming of his mind, with his preparation for the business of life, I must have no concern.

For the rest, I count it all well lost in the balance against the happiness that is mine. I am the wife in spirit—if not in name—of a man whose every thought for me is chivalrous and considerate. I have lost nothing but acquaintances, for my friends remain loyal and true to me. Those friends I have I know to be absolutely genuine, for they have stood by me in what the rest of the world thought disgrace.

From the distance that is imposed on me I can see society as I never could see it before, and I have found out how much of lies, of shallowness, of insincerity, of mockery and false show is built into its gimcrack structure. And I cannot find it in my heart to regret my isolation.

Yet a sense of bewilderment must remain with me. I cannot yet fathom how it all came about, what was the secret of my husband's attitude to me. I often see the Earl of Cathcart in these days, and he is almost paternal in his kindness to me. When I was his wife, although he was a wealthy man, he seemed capable of denying me everything. Now that I am nothing to him, he seems capable of denying me nothing. It is bewildering. How shall I reconcile the amazing sympathy he held out to me, a year after our divorce, when I was recovering from an operation, with the frigidity that was the root cause of my unhappy married life?

I cannot fathom it.

What the future holds I do not know. It may be that sometime my lover will be free to marry me, and then society will be ready to welcome me back.

But having discovered how much of the life it lives is tinsel and pinchbeck, shall I be ready to welcome society? I wonder.

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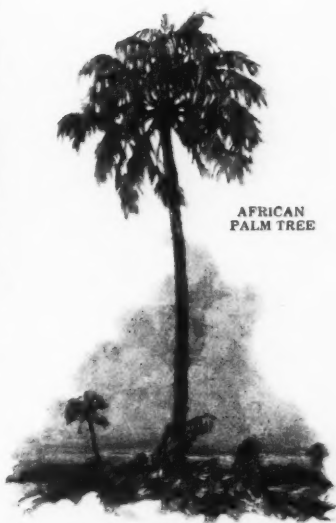
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AFRICAN
PALM TREE

Those Endearing Young Charms"

are most often expressed without words—just the enticement of natural loveliness, as millions know, which comes in this simple way

BORN of the wisest of all generations in beauty culture, the modern woman has succeeded in making natural loveliness the most important quest of the day.

To be audacious, she seeks, above all things, to be demure. To incite the emotions, she employs the dangerous weapon of simplicity!

Thus the natural complexion succeeds the artificial. Which is as it should be. For, like artificial flowers, or imitation jewels, the artificial invariably offends in contrast with the real.

So today, wherever your eyes turn, fresh and glowing complexions greet you. Modern beauty methods start with the common-sense care of natural cleanliness—the balmy lather of Palmolive used in this simple way:

Simple rules that do wonders

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that school-girl complexion.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
(Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.



OLIVE TREE

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these 3 trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—palm and olive oils, *nothing else*, give Palmolive its green color.



COCONUT
PALM TREE

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped



QUELQUES FLEURS Talcum—soft as a flower petal—light as a whisper—heavily perfumed—\$1;
 MON BOUDOIR Toilet Water—limpid as her witchery beloved of the true coquette—\$3.50;
 LE PARFUM IDEAL Bath Salts—marked with the gold cameo face that is known all over the world—\$1.50. These exquisite toilettries are obtainable also in many other delightful Houbigant odors.



And now Houbigant adds to the Luxury of the Bath

THE luxurious woman, the woman for whom the great Houbigant makes the loveliest perfumes in the world—she has now demanded that he make for her all those other intimate things of the perfect toilet—her powders, rouges, lipsticks, toilet waters, sachets and the necessities of her bath.

She does not bathe merely to be clean—this woman for whom Houbigant creates. She hates the mad plunge into the water and out again! She makes of the bath a rite, an aid to beauty, a little holiday away from her nerves.

She uses bath salts to soften and perfume the water—jewel-tinted crystals to give a touch of luxury—little gardens that melt under your eyes! Soap that lathers richly and breathes flowers . . . A dash of invigorating Eau de Cologne or Toilet Water on her forehead, neck and arms, then . . . Dusting Powder—soft as a cloud, richly perfumed with the odor she likes best. Or sometimes Talcum like a fall of perfumed snow from its pretty container.

She is now really refreshed—younger—happier . . . She knows a magic that she will ever employ. You must discover for yourself the luxury of the Houbigant bath.

H O U B I G A N T
 H O U B I G A N T I N C 16 W 49TH ST. NEW YORK PARIS H O U B I G A N T L T D 46 S^T Alexandre St. Montreuil



DUSTING POWDER—Soft, fluffy magic you put on with a big wooly puff, \$1.50.

FACE POWDER—finer than the dust of a butterfly's wing, loveliness to blend with every skin—two tones of rose for blonds, Naturelle and Ocre Rose—two for brunettes, Rachel and Ocre—and white for the woman who makes up daringly, with a red, red mouth, \$1.50.

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The Confessions of a Professional Prize Winner *(Continued from page 57)*

points of the sign showing to each national advertiser who used the sign how his slogan would look in the colored lights.

I won the two automobiles by turning in my efforts in a full-page newspaper advertising layout, illustrated with especially posed and interesting photographs, and the whole thing handsomely lettered and framed. These layouts were displayed at national automobile shows as the pièce de résistance of the exhibits of the cars in question.

One was shown thus at Chicago, and the manager of the automobile company wired me: "I can use your excellent entry in the contest as an advertisement. If the judges do not award you the car, I'll present you with one."

These efforts cost me about three hundred dollars each and my time, but I won both automobiles—I gave value received, and more.

By investing my money in the contests I have further advantages, well worth the risk, over the thousands of something-for-nothings. They only want to get—they do not want to give anything.

Even where the matter consists simply of manuscripts entered in a contest, my contributions have been beautifully typed on the best bond paper and neatly bound.

For fourteen years I have employed a secretary who is a faultless typist. Any work of mine he turns out is the effort of an artisan; it has the format and appearance of a pamphlet from the press of a conscientious and artistic printer.

For many important contests I bind my manuscripts in especially printed covers. I have paid a good printer fifty dollars to make me a nice job in the way of a binder or cover—to use only one of them.

Thus anything submitted by me in contests is as flawless and neat in appearance, as attention compelling without being fussy or over-decorated, as I can make it.

This is in the cases where there is nothing to submit but a manuscript as in, say, moving picture scenario contests, of which I have won several worth while.

Such manuscripts I never roll or fold. They are sent flat in a special large, strong manila envelop.

For the benefit of the lazy believers in luck, those who expect to get something for nothing, let me state positively—no matter what promises may be made—no handwritten manuscripts are ever read. The editors or judges realize that the writer who would not take the pains to send in a typed manuscript has not the brains to write anything worth considering.

In all contests, whether they be for small prizes or great, it is a curious fact that the usual number of manuscripts, or whatever it is to be submitted, is about twenty thousand. It would take a reading staff of ten persons a month even to weed and winnow all these manuscripts, and especially 5,000 word ones—this is the maximum length allowed in most literary contests, except in the case of prize novels or play contests.

So, while all entries may be looked over, they all cannot be carefully read. This is why I always arrange my contribution, from the envelop outside to the matter inside, so it will cry for attention from its appearance and be easy to read.

Whether I win or not, my contribution gets the once-over from all concerned with judging the contest.

This is especially important in what is known as "blind contests," as almost all the big money prize contests are. "A blind contest" means there can be no name or identifying mark on the manuscript, but the contestant's name must be in an accompanying sealed envelop. As soon as received, the two envelops are stamped with duplicate numbers. The sealed envelop is then locked in a safe with the others of its kind. When the manuscripts have been read and the winning one

chosen, its outside number is noted, the safe opened, perhaps with prayer, by the judges, the correspondingly numbered envelop taken out, unsealed—and there is the winner's name.

But this does not always work out perfectly in practise. There are a hundred and one ways by which the names of the authors can be known. Frequently contestants themselves give it away.

I have been in many "blind contests" and have won quite a few of them. I always knew I was the winner from two weeks to three months before the envelops were supposed to be opened.

How and why does this happen? Well, in the first place the winners are sought out for their photos and the story of their lives for publicity purposes, this publicity to be sprung coeval with the announcing of the names of the lucky.

So, all you twenty thousand trustful, optimistic souls who enter every prize contest, do not give over to vain hopes up to the very announcement—if you have won a prize you'll know it weeks before the announcement.

The average number of contestants, as I stated, is always about 20,000, no matter what the sizes of the prizes. Out of all the twenty thousand contributions to every contest there is an average of only about twenty worth considering. Where the helpless, the hapless, the hopeless, the something-for-nothings contribute, they generally turn in tattered, soiled, futile efforts. "And so on," they add in conclusion, after a scrawl of a few hundred words.

The Bok Peace Prize was for \$50,000 and was advertised all over the United States for months. But only the usual number of contestants rallied round. Obviously this was because the very size and importance of the prize scared off many who might have had ideas to submit but who were discouraged by their inferiority complex. "I never could win a prize like that," they said, and didn't compete. (Yes, I entered but did not win the Bok Prize Contest.)

Before I enter a contest I convince myself that it is for something worth while and not merely a publicity stunt made so easy that it is evidently a "Cinderella."

A Cinderella is a contest where it is intended to award the prize to some poor scrub woman, some beautiful orphan shop-girl. This is on the supposition that this will make a sensation and the winners' pictures and stories of their dreams of wealth and fame coming true will be greedily copied by all the newspapers and make more publicity for the scheme behind the prize offering.

Now let us look at the inside workings of such a contest. The contributions are coming in by mail, sack after sack of it, and they are stacked by the walls till the piles of contributions reach the ceiling. The scrawls in pencil and pen and ink, generally written on both sides of the paper, and all dirty and rolled manuscripts are glanced at and tossed aside. The harried contest manager and his weary assistants grasp a neat looking manuscript here and there. If the first sentences do not interest or hold, these manuscripts too are tossed aside.

Often in the prevalent limerick contests—I never entered but one, my first contest, and I won it, as I stated—the entries are considered only when sent in, according to the contest rules, on postcards. The postcards avalanche in—to the old average of 20,000 to each contest. An office boy hands them to the various readers stooped over their desks.

"Here's a good one!" a reader will cry. "Where is it from?" asks the contest manager.

Then the reader will give the address. "Nothing doing! We awarded in that neighborhood the last time," says the manager. "Look out for one just as good or better in new territory."

For such contests are to stir neighborhood

interest in the organization holding the contest, and the prizes are awarded to Cinderellas scattered through the various territories it covers. But how do they know in the cases of small prizes or great ones that the award will be made to a genuine Cinderella? Well, such contestants always write piteous appeals. One Cinderella award was made to an impoverished contestant who wrote that the mortgage on the old home was being foreclosed, and through the pressure of poverty her father had recently committed suicide.

As a matter of fact, however, the Cinderella stunt is played out and has been for years.

For those of you who have won in one prize contest or more, for all these or other would-be champion prize winners of the future, here is my record to shoot at:

\$25 Work Wanted Limerick Advertising Contest.

\$1,000 New York Herald short story prize, "A Bit of Old China."

\$500 Black Cat Magazine short story prize, "The Mystery of Little Larue."

\$100 Puck bonus prize for the best humorous story, "Paul, the Piano Mover, or Grand, Square and Upright."

\$2,000 in cash and a silver trophy valued at \$1,000 for advertising slogans to be flashed on the great Chariot Race sign at Herald Square, New York, for such leading national advertisers as Armour & Co., Remington Typewriter, Waterman Pen, Ford's automobiles, et cetera, together with \$2,000 worth of advertised articles.

\$1,000, first prize, in the New York Morning Telegraph-National Film Company scenario contest, for the best moving picture comedy.

\$10,000, first prize, in the Chicago Tribune-New York Globe-American Film Company contest for the best moving picture serial.

\$2,500, first prize, in the United Cigar Stores of American "Better Business" Contest. There were over 151,000 competitors, and two of my forty-six suggestions were adjudged the best of all offered by the many contestants.

\$250 in the "How to Solve New York's Traffic Problems" in the Keith's Theaters Prize Contest.

\$250 in Pearson's Magazine Prize Essay Contest on the subject "What Is Wrong With American Journalism?"

Two automobiles, one list-priced at \$2,000 and the other at \$3,500.

Newspaper office cash prizes of from \$20 to \$50 for feature and circulation ideas, too many to remember.

Will I keep on striving to win more contests? No, I think I will retire while I am still the undefeated all-around champion prize ringer.

For alas, I have achieved a fatal success. I get turned down now, and they tell me plainly it is because I have lost my amateur standing and hence am outlawed.

When the envelops are opened secretly and my name is revealed, a howl arises.

"What, this guy? Why, he's a sharp-shooter, a professional prize winner!" is the cry. "He won the same sort of a contest in this town for the same amount of money a few years ago. Is he to make a monkey of us and queer the contest in the minds of these twenty thousand amateurs?"

Funny thing is, I have come in first so many times that there was always a fearful row kicked up by disappointed contestants whenever I was not the winner. I suppose this was because whenever I have won a prize there was a good effort of mine to show for it, and the other contestants couldn't kick.

But when I didn't win! Well, look at the Bok Peace Prize Award over which law suits were threatened and which was the subject of a Senate inquiry.

Yes, Mr. Bok might have spared himself all that if he had only awarded the prize to me.

However, I'm through. I've got mine. I shall retire and let some of the young folks have a chance.



\$100 a Week

"Wouldn't you like to earn that much, too?"

"I know you would, Bob—think what it would mean to us! It worries me to see you wasting the best years of your life when you could make them count for so much.

"Can't you see it, Bob? Don't you see that the reason men get ahead is because they train themselves to do some one thing just a little better than others?"

"If the International Correspondence Schools can raise the salaries of other men, they can raise yours. If they can help other men to win advancement and more money, they can help you, too. I am sure of it.

"Don't let another year slip by and leave you right where you are to-day. Let's at least find out how the I. C. S. can help you. Let's mark and mail this coupon right now!"

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2559-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
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Name.....
Street..... 3-6-24
Address.....
City..... State.....

Occupation.....
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Make Art Objects Like These Yourself

Do This Profitable New Work At Home

You can easily make extra money at home in spare hours, decorating candlesticks, lamp shades, toys and novelty furniture. Many do it solely for artistic pleasure; thousands make fine incomes supplying enormous demand.

Send for Free Book

Tells how you can become a member of Fireside Industries, national organization of cooperative home-workers. Outfit furnished without extra cost. Send 3c. for postage on beautiful book giving full details.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. A-236 Adrian, Michigan

What 12,000 Divorce Cases Taught Me

(Continued from page 49)

put an advertisement in the paper assuring me he did."

"Is that right, Harry?"

"In a way, it is, Judge," admitted Harry.

"You see, it's like this: When I got into this new business I had so much to think about that I couldn't devote all my time to love-making. That's all she thinks about—hugs and kissing and petting parties. She got to nagging me about it and when folks came in she acted like a newly-wed. Now, Judge, I'm married all right, and I love my wife, but, good Lord! do I have to keep up this love-making business all my life? Can't I sit and think once in a while without her flopping down in my lap and mauling me like I was a kitten or something?"

"What'd you marry me for?" snapped the wife. "You made plenty of love to me while we were engaged."

Harry shook his head and looked beseechingly at me.

"Marriage is a game of give and take, bear and forbear," I told them. "It is up to you, Harry, to keep the love fires burning. Of course your wife cannot, must not, expect you to spend all your spare time in love-making, but you should make it plain to her that she is the one woman in your life. Take her to the theater once a week, hold her on your lap occasionally."

"But, Judge, I haven't time for that stuff. I love her, provide for her, take good care of her and everything. Isn't that proof that I love her? I just ain't the kind that likes to make love. That's all right on the honeymoon but I've got to make money now."

"I want love, lots of love, and lots of kisses too," sobbed the wife.

After a little talk Harry agreed to be more of a lover and less of a business man, but he stood pat on his determination not to make love before others. Then they kissed, smiled and left the court arm in arm.

There are millions of women like Mrs. Jones. They regard marriage as a life-long love feast. They think first, last and all the time about their own good pleasures. It can be stated almost axiomatically that these women must learn that marriage is not something they should look upon solely from the standpoint of what they can get out of it, but rather from that of what they can contribute toward its healthy fulfillment in a broadened, ripened attitude toward the marvels which life holds in store for those who come to it with the right, respectful attitude.

You husbands are the bread-winners, true enough. I'll concede that. But you wives must know that your husbands like to feel that their wives have a keen and a sympathetic interest in whatever they may be doing. Women should rejoice in the chance to join in the economic struggle, as a further evidence of their opportunities more fully to express their personalities, or what you will.

You women who shirk your duty in this respect are cheating yourselves of one of the most romantic adventures that marriage has to offer. If your husbands succeed purely through their own efforts, you have lost the chance to be considered anything more than an expensive toy; you have become, instead of a contributing member of the firm, one of its liabilities.

Recently a boy of twenty and a girl of eighteen came into my court seeking annulment of one of the jazz-age marriages. They were one of three couples who had participated in a gay party at the boy's home. There was music, dancing, gin. No chaperons, no mothers, no fathers. Just six flaming youths in search of pleasure.

At midnight the party was flushed and adventurous. Somebody proposed that they all get married. Out of the garage came father's auto. Then followed a night ride to Crown Point, where marriage licenses are easily obtained.

Somewhere on the way one couple lagged and was left. By eight o'clock in the morning the second couple had changed their minds. The third couple was married.

"How long had you known each other?" I asked the girl.

"Three months," she replied.

"Do you love this young man?"

The girl laughed. "Not much!"

"Why did you marry him?"

"Oh, we had been drinking and we thought it would be a lot of fun!"

"Had you ever discussed marriage with him before the night of the party?"

"Yes. Casually."

The young man testified: "We all got to talking about getting married so I suggested we try it." He spoke of trying marriage as lightly as he would of trying on a new hat. He continued: "When we got to Crown Point I was still drunk but the other couple had sobered up and changed their minds. I'm sorry I didn't too."

I did not annul this marriage, but I've only slight hopes that it will endure. To these young people marriage was simply a civil contract—a thing to be broken when it proved even slightly irksome.

I have found that altogether too many of you enter into these modern marriages built on such frail foundations. It is surprising how few of the twelve thousand cases which have come before me in the last five years showed any evidence that the parties involved had given more than passing thought to the seriousness of the marriage contract, its obligations or responsibilities.

What should you men and you women look for when you go about this serious business of marriage—the most significant contract you can undertake to fulfill in the course of life, whatever your position, economic or social? Too many of you are apt to see only the superficial attractions of one another, rather than to look for the enduring, beautiful qualities that make for the happy marriage. If you are a man you ask yourself "Is she pretty?" and you are satisfied if she is. If you are a woman you ask, "Has he money?" and you are satisfied if he has.

These questions were all too easily answered by a wealthy lumberman and his Follies bride who came before me two years ago. They were a couple whose union had become familiar to the whole country through the stories of the press.

He had money which she wanted. She had beauty which he wanted. There was no appreciable courtship. He knew nothing about her ideas of a home or of children or of any of the dozens of things that an ideal mate possesses. Had the man been making a contract to buy lumber he would have approached the affair with infinitely more caution.

She was unprepared for the duties of matrimony. She was indifferent to the responsibilities it entailed. Dazzled by the great wealth of her prospective partner, she blithely said "Yes," went through with the ceremony a bit impatiently and then hurried off to Europe before she had time even to get well acquainted with the life partner she had taken.

Could you expect such a union to become permanent? It didn't. When the husband awakened and found that he had made a foolish contract he engaged the best lawyers he could find to go into court and break that agreement. As a "business deal" it was costly; as entertainment for the curious and the readers of the Sunday supplements, it was excellent.

Again, few of you about to marry consider the outside influences that so often affect the conjugal relation. Undue interference by parents on one or both sides of the house often induces failure. Nevertheless I have learned to sympathize with many old people who are to blame for mishaps in their children's married lives.

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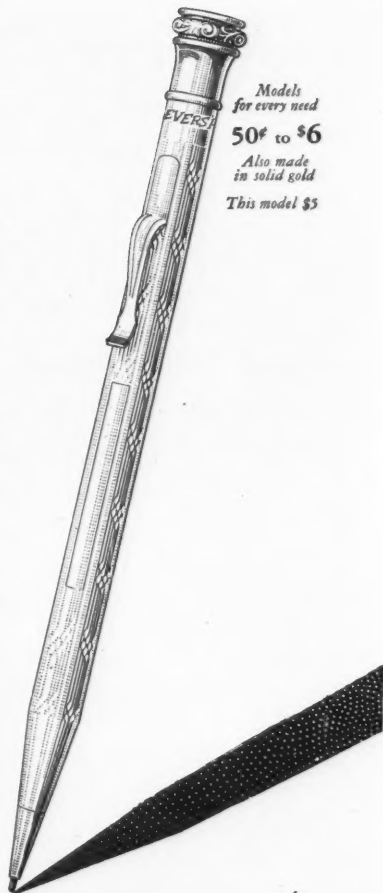
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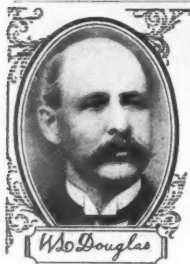


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I do not regard that formidable creature, the mother-in-law, as an altogether vicious person. I have found in many instances that she is simply jealous. But in any event, remember this: Once an in-law enters the home of the newly-weds there is grave danger of domestic upheaval.

A case in point, and one that happened but a few days since:

The wife came into court and asked for separate maintenance. She simply stated that her husband refused to work.

"How about it?" I asked the husband, whereupon he retailed a story which will no doubt draw a smile from you, but which was none the less tragic to its participants, or, I should say, victims.

"A man can't support his wife unless he works," he began, "and he can't work unless he can get some sleep, and he can't sleep if some one close by snores like a fog-horn. And my brother-in-law is like that. I have tried to get my wife to have her brother leave our home so I can get my sleep, but she won't do it. Now, Judge, I won't promise to return home and work for her unless she promises that he will leave so that I can get my sleep."

The woman was obstinate. She couldn't see why her brother should have to leave their home even if his presence there interfered with her husband's welfare and happiness. I told her that unless the husband was given a fair chance she could not expect him to work or contribute funds for their home.

An instance of too much mother-in-law was responsible for the separation of Vivian and Wendall.

They had been quite happily married for two years when the husband's mother came to live with them. She hadn't been in the home three weeks before she began pointing out to her son the faults of his wife.

The latter was young and liked the things that appeal to youth. Picture shows and dances were impracticable for her husband, an ambitious young fellow who attended night school. He appreciated the fact that his wife was entitled to some pleasure so he provided her with the money with which to see the movies, permitted her going to dances with mutual friends, and all that. But when the mother-in-law entered the home she read evil into these innocent pleasures.

The young wife gave up the dances and cut down her number of visits to the movies, but that did not satisfy the mother-in-law. She "just knew" that her boy's wife had done wrong. Her conviction was so strong that it impressed the husband. He became suspicious and the wife in desperation left him.

When they came into court I saw them smile at each other. Five minutes alone with them in my chambers and they agreed to tear up the divorce application and start all over again—without a mother-in-law, or any other in-law, in the house. That was several years ago. Now, every anniversary of the reconciliation they send me a dozen roses and tell me how happy they are.

One combination wherein the hazard is always great is the wedding of May and November. The idea has become justly prevalent that these matches rarely result in happiness, and most of them do not. Yet where the discrepancy in age is not more than fifteen years, I have found that in a great majority of cases they turn out successfully.

If you are a man of thirty-five or forty and are contemplating marriage with a girl of twenty or twenty-five, the chances of your venture ending happily are all in your favor. You have seen a lot of life and have come to the age where you know what you want. At your age you should have a well-balanced sense of responsibility, and you should know the value of a home and how to preserve it. The average man of thirty-five or forty knows the value of attention, and consequently makes an ideal lover and one whose years have not far removed him in temperament from the younger wife.

But if you are a man of fifty and the object

of your holy desire to you is to stop, through with a m... in ages is so p... ten to one that the will find that you... different angle than twenty-five.

It has been my... fifty finds it diffic... young woman who parties and club aff... all that sort of thi... joyment of the fi... newspapers.

I recall Thelma... sweet, vivacious b... college when she stimulated to fres... beauty of the girl... ship despite his... fascinated by this... the world, said "Y... asked.

Before the hon... was wondering wh... mistake. She wa... husband's daughte... vanity and tickled... that these mistakes... acquaintances galle... too, that his frien... than she liked. A... and settled in his... of living. He was... adapt himself to t... a young wife entai... Wendall.

They came to m... riage. Although di... she said she simp... day under the sam...

"He is the pers... money matters,"... practically a prison... young people—the... and associate only... wanted to hide m... I have youth! I... youth does—danc... crave wild parties... ont pleasures th... He likes to talk b... Africa or some of... frowns if I cut in... theater or a fancy... I am young. A... pleasures of yout... in a nut-shell."

I talked with th... wife dearly. He h... her character, h... conduct.

"I guess I put of... he admitted sadly... came in. I shoul... young—a woman... settled now and... things she is intere...

I tried to recor... They were as unl... symbolized—May...

I have heard si... married to a man... predict that she w... he'll always be p...

Women who div... marry again, nine... clement wives. T... the second marria... better to be safe th...

Are you one of... harbor a boarder... If so, my advice... person as soon as...

Plays have been... the house but I... underestimates th... in their home. If... man about the se... danger is doubly g... the affair will en... court.

of your holy desires is only twenty, my advice to you is to stop, look and listen! If you go through with a marriage where the discrepancy in ages is so great, the chances are about ten to one that there will be a fatal crash. You will find that you view life from an entirely different angle than does the girl of twenty or twenty-five.

It has been my observation that the man of fifty finds it difficult to keep pace with the young woman who likes to dance and attend parties and club affairs. He has been "through" all that sort of thing and craves the quiet enjoyment of the fireside with his books and newspapers.

I recall Thelma and Frank. Thelma was a sweet, vivacious blond. She was fresh from college when she met Frank. The latter, stimulated to fresh efforts by the youthful beauty of the girl, staged a whirlwind courtship despite his fifty-one years. The girl, fascinated by this mature, polished man of the world, said "Yes" when the question was asked.

Before the honeymoon was over Thelma was wondering whether she had not made a mistake. She was often mistaken for her husband's daughter. While this pleased her vanity and tickled her sense of humor, she saw that these mistakes on the part of newly made acquaintances galled her husband. She found, too, that his friends were older, more subtle than she liked. And he too had become set and settled in his habits, opinions and mode of living. He was no longer pliable or able to adapt himself to the changes which marriage to a young wife entailed.

They came to me six months after their marriage. Although divorce was distasteful to her, she said she simply could not bear another day under the same roof with him.

"He is the personification of generosity in money matters," she said, "but he made me practically a prisoner. He wanted me to avoid young people—the people of my own age—and associate only with his own friends. He wanted to hide me, it seems, from the world. I have youth! I want to do the things that youth does—dance, play, be gay. I do not crave wild parties but I do insist on the innocent pleasures that make life worth while. He likes to talk books—heavy things, about Africa or some other outlandish place—and frowns if I cut in with some remark about the theater or a fancy-dress ball. He is old, Judge. I am young. Age is impatient with the pleasures of youth. That's the whole story in a nut-shell."

I talked with the man alone. He loved his wife dearly. He hadn't a word to say against her character, her morals or her general conduct.

"I guess I put off marriage too long, Judge," he admitted sadly. "I waited until my ship came in. I should have married when I was young—a woman nearer my own age. I'm settled now and can't get interested in the things she is interested in. I waited too long."

I tried to reconcile them, without success. They were as unlike as the two months they symbolized—May and November.

I have heard since that Thelma is happily married to a man nearer her own age and I predict that she will make him a wife of whom he'll always be proud.

Women who divorce their husbands and later marry again, nine times out of ten, make excellent wives. They do not rush madly into the second marriage, having learned that it is better to be safe than sorry.

Are you one of those foolish couples who harbor a boarder, or a roomer, in your home? If so, my advice to you is to get rid of that person as soon as possible.

Plays have been written about the man in the house but I am sure the average couple underestimates the menace of the third party in their home. If this third person be a likable man about the same age as the woman, the danger is doubly grave. Nine times out of ten the affair will end in tragedy or the divorce court.



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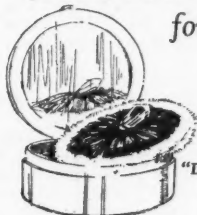
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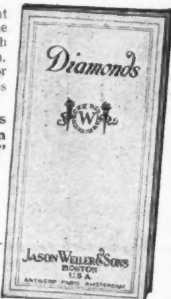
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Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

Again this year many young people will be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

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Listen to the tragic tale of the Professor, his wife and the college student.

"We were happy enough, Judge, until this student came to room with us," said the Professor. "Then Helen began giving him all the best of it. She'd put cookies in his room, save choice bits from the kitchen for him, give him the best cuts from the roasts.

"It got so bad that I had to do part of the housework so she could devote more of her time and attention to him. And what did he do? He objected to my kissing her, saying that was rather foolish on the part of a man of my calling. If I kissed her and gave her a playful pinch he would tell me I had no right to inflict suffering on my wife. It got to the point where he was telling me how I should behave in my own home."

Now, the wife told me that all of the Professor's pinches weren't exactly playful, but I could see that the whole trouble dated from the day the student came into the house. He convinced the wife she was being badly treated and that she shouldn't do all the housework.

I advised them to get rid of the student. They did and now things are as they should be.

Not long ago a couple came into my court, the woman seeking a divorce, the man to fight against a large amount of alimony. The woman carried a year-old baby, a laughing, bright-eyed youngster.

While they waited their turn at court, I saw the man watching his wife and baby out of the corner of his eye. I hadn't heard a word from either about their troubles but I knew how to settle them.

When the case was called I motioned both to stand before the bench. The woman, still carrying the baby, held it so that the father could see its face.

I purposely let them stand there for several minutes. When I saw the woman shift the baby from one arm to the other I began asking questions.

"How long have you been separated?" I asked.

"A little over a year," the woman answered.

"What caused you to leave home?" I asked the husband.

"She was always accusing me of going around with other women, Judge, and I got tired of it. I had work to do at my office and spent many evenings there. She didn't believe me when I told her that; said I was chasing around with other women. I had no peace or happiness at home and the constant nagging was making it impossible for me to do my work."

"How long had you been married before you separated?"

"Eight years."

"First baby?"

"Yes, this is the first," answered the wife, shifting the infant to her other arm.

"That baby's pretty heavy, isn't it? Let the father hold it!"

Grudgingly the wife handed the baby to the father; tenderly but clumsily he took it in his arms. Then I asked a dozen irrelevant questions and finally told the woman to step into my chambers. When the door had closed on her I said to the husband, "Did your wife accuse you of playing around with other women during the first seven years of your married life?"

"No; just the year before the baby came."

"Do you object to her getting a divorce?"

"Well, Judge, I don't know. When I came here I thought I didn't care, but now—"

the baby had one of its fingers in the father's mouth—"now I'd kinda like to try it again!"

I knew it! I knew that all that had to be done was to let that man hold his own baby in his arms and feel that tiny body and those soft fingers.

He followed me into my chambers. When the wife saw the baby clinging to its father she smiled happily.

"Do you still think that there was another woman in your husband's life?" I asked her.

She said she "didn't know, didn't think so," and in five minutes husband and wife had kissed and made up.

Children are great reconcilers. They bridge many a domestic chasm. It is the childless marriages that are in danger. Out of the twelve thousand cases that have come before me, approximately eight thousand were brought by couples without children. The worst creature I ever met in a divorce court—a man who cared nothing for God, law or society—was brought back to his home and his wife after spending five minutes alone with his baby daughter in my chambers.

I am a judge, not a preacher, but I would advise every one of you normal, healthy couples to have babies. Until a child comes into your home you will never know the real meaning of matrimony, or its relation to your growth and influence on other lives.

On the other hand, a great many of you are unfit to become mothers or fathers. You should not have been granted a license to marry. Hundreds of these unfits have come to me in the last few years with the request that I tie the nuptial knot.

A few months ago, for instance, a couple asked me to officiate at their marriage. I started to ask the man questions and discovered the woman was looking about with a vacant stare. I asked her a few questions. She didn't know she was being married. She didn't know what marriage meant, whether she was in a church, a court or a department store.

She was physically perfect but had the mentality of a child. She had no more business getting married than she had trying to fly. I refused to marry them.

If society were awakened to its responsibilities in cases of this kind, it would insist upon the existence of certain definite conditions before it would sanction any marriage. I am not urging that marriage should be made more difficult, but that certain marriages should be made impossible. Otherwise, marriage should be regarded as the normal course of life for every person.

I am aware, of course, that no laws defining the responsibilities of married couples, however definite they may be in their specifications, could make a single happy marriage. It is the man and the woman who are parties to the union that make it happy or unhappy. And they, in most instances, do not know how to make it happy.

But I am not pessimistic about the future of matrimony. Instead of an institution breaking down, I hold that it is building up; that it is possible today for two people to become one in a grander and richer sense than ever before. All that is required is more education, more preparedness for the undertaking.

For that reason I do not believe that you should get acquainted today and marry tomorrow.

I do not think that a license should be issued on condition that it expires within thirty days. On the contrary, the license should not permit the couple to get married until the thirty days have elapsed. That would give them time to think the thing over.

I believe too that the State should have something to say as to whether you have a right to get married, although a lot of reformers would carry this principle altogether too far.

There should be some examination—mental and physical—to prevent couples from bringing into the world children absolutely predestined to abnormality and frightful disease. But it should be remembered that marriage, generally speaking, is for the general run of mankind, not for the specially elect. A marriage system which denied marriage to the multitude or to any consequential percentage of the population would wreck society.

No law or set of laws, however, is going to bring happiness to you. You must seek and find it. You must learn what marriage is. You must learn how to play the game. You must learn its technique. The law may deal with the legal contracts involved, but only systematic education can deal with the more important factors.

By all means get married, but find out first just what it means.

The H (Cont)

realized what lay in store for him. He was in despair. For a man that actually had two beds to make, prepare, wood and ironing, and mend. It was his done and that of his gorge.

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The House of Orme

(Continued from page 29)

realized what lay ahead of him and given in to despair. For a strong young man, the work that actually had to be done was child's play: two beds to make, three simple meals a day to prepare, wood to chop and carry, the washing and ironing, an occasional leak in the roof to mend. It was the work that ought to have been done and that couldn't be done that stuck in his gorge.

To make a beginning of this work it was necessary to hire teams and labor, and to buy seed and fertilizer. And at first it looked as if Hannibal Orme were going to find the necessary money. But he wouldn't pin himself down to a definite promise, and as the time for planting came and began to pass, he flew into a rage whenever the subject of cotton was mentioned. David had appealed again and again to Brant, who had a real influence with their father, but Brant was too busy with schemes for his own advancement to drive the twelve miles to Orme.

To desert his father never occurred to David. Somebody of his own blood had to look after the old man.

They lived a very silent life. Anything in the nature of a deliberate conversation was out of the question. Sometimes it was necessary to shout into the old man's ear about something or other, and sometimes he shouted back and sometimes he merely grunted. His general attitude toward David was one of fault-finding. They had no interest in common.

Possibly the old man had no interests at all. But it seemed certain that he was interested in what remained of his money, and in the career of his son Brant. He idolized Brant, and saw in him all the physical and mental qualities which go to the making of a distinguished and successful gentleman.

It had always been like that, ever since David could remember. He had always the feeling that some time or other in his childhood he must have done something to offend his father which his father had never forgiven. And he often tried to guess what this offense could have been.

The doctor who had brought David into the world could have told him. In being born David had so damaged his mother that she could never have another child. That was his offense. Hannibal Orme had wished for a large family. He had had patriarchal instincts, and David had thwarted them.

Having only one pair of hands and no team at all, it was impossible for David to grow cotton commercially. But as it looked as if he might be cooped up indefinitely at Orme, he determined that the time should not be altogether wasted.

Back of the plantation house was a piece of fine level soil which had once been a garden. It was now a tangle of honeysuckle vines with roots which resembled human arms and legs, of blackberries and of roses, Cherokee, Seven Sisters and Banksia. There were two walks at right angles to each other bordered by fine old specimens of the evergreen Carolina cherry. A high brick wall surrounded the old garden on three sides; the house itself, also of brick, completed the enclosure. Along this major barrier were some fine old specimens of box, a broad-leaved magnolia and some tall camellias.

David made up his mind to put this old garden in order and turn it into an experiment station, into a plant laboratory. Here he highly resolved that he would breed an upland cotton with a longer fiber than any which had yet been bred. Then, when his ship came in and he could hire teams and men, he would have his seed ready and fortune in his hands.

But to rid the old garden of the honeysuckle and the blackberries was a labor fit for Hercules. He had to depend mostly upon an ax and a length of iron pipe which did duty as a crowbar. It was midsummer before he had the place clean. And thereafter he waged a long war of extermination on weeds and on

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shoots of blackberry and honeysuckle which sprang up overnight from fragments of root no bigger than pin-heads.

He left the two shaded walks, the box, the magnolia and the camellias, and the roses which grew over the walls and nearly hid them from sight, and there remained for his experiments four clean level plots. These with the help of Calico he plowed and replowed and harrowed and reharrowed. There was of course an infinite amount of very old manure about the barn and sheds, and during the winter David hauled tons of this to his laboratory and spaded them in.

Then he wrote letters to two of his professors at the University, spoke lightly of his predicament, and at length and with much enthusiasm about the experiments which he was preparing to make. And he begged those two old friends to meet and talk the matter over, to give him their best advice, and to send him seed of the cottons which they should consider best suited to his purpose. In the matter of the seed he threw himself a little upon their charity. He hadn't a penny of his own, he told them frankly, but he would pay when he could.

The response was precisely what one would expect of gentlemen whose business is man and his profitable relation with nature. It was eager, enthusiastic, kind and wise, and it was accompanied by ten times as much seed as he could use, some of it very rare.

David's plan was the oldest one that there ever was in the world and perhaps the only one—evolution. At the end of each growing season he would select those bolls of cotton which had the longest fiber and destroy all the others. David felt that given time enough and patience enough, the result which he sought was certain. His professors thought so too.

Hannibal Orme had been a great shot in his day, and there were several fine old muzzle-loading shotguns about the house, powder, shot, percussion caps, wad punches; and although David was not a sportsman—that is, he took no special pleasure in killing for its own sake—he occasionally hunted for food. With his housework and his garden work and his long tramps in search of game he managed to keep cheerfully occupied. It was not in his nature to brood or sulk. He wished only that his father could be a little more companionable.

For whole days the old man would not speak a word. He ate heavily and slept heavily and often needed very much the same kind of care that a baby needs. And for all his pains David received neither affection nor appreciation. The old man wished, so he said sometimes, that he had sent David into the world and kept Brant at home. Brant understood him. Brant was adroit. Brant would have cut his hair and cleaned his nails without hurting him. Brant wouldn't be nagging him for money all the time. How could he be sure that the last load of groceries had cost as much as David said it had?

These and similar reproaches were disagreeable and unnecessary. At first they had hurt David to the quick; now he no more than listened to them.

Once the old man insisted upon being driven to Balestier. And it was curious to see how well he knew the road.

"This," he said suddenly, "is about where the Sables plantation begins." It was. "Can you see the house?"

David shouted that the trees had grown too tall.

An hour later the old man said, "Now we are out of the woods." They were. The old man began to sniff like a hound. "I can smell the salt marshes," he said.

On the outskirts of Balestier convicts were digging a ditch at the side of the road.

"Stop," said the old man.

David stopped the horse and the old man turned his blind face toward the gang in striped suits. Presently his mouth twisted into a smile. "Convicts," he said, "digging. It's good for 'em."

David and his father remained in Balestier until the shadows began to grow long. The old man made his headquarters in a big leather

armchair in the lobby of the Balestier House. During the day he received a few visitors. The older Sims, various business men with whom he had formerly had advantageous relationships, and of course the dutiful Brant.

Since joining the firm of Sims and Sims, the dutiful Brant had seldom written to his father and had not once taken the trouble to drive the twelve miles to Orme to see him, but he was able to make amends now. A few affectionate shouts into the deaf ears, the touch of a young hand on the old shoulders were enough to make Hannibal Orme puff with love and pride.

Brant, it seemed, was doing very well. It was true that he hadn't visited the bank that morning, and if anybody wanted the pleasure of his company at luncheon, they would have to pay for it; but seriously, the firm was pleased with him, and he expected to retire from business while he was still young enough to enjoy his money.

Hannibal Orme having announced that "a cocktail would go good," was piloted by his two tall sons into the hotel bar. Brant and his father drank two cocktails apiece and David one. The liquor warmed the old man's heart and loosened his tongue. He negotiated with the bartender for a barrel of Bourbon to be delivered to him at Orme.

His great height, vast shoulders, and his venerable white hair and beard attracted a good deal of attention in the bar. He seemed to be aware of this and to be pleased by it. Somehow the rumor got about that Hannibal Orme had previously been the strongest man in the State.

An acquaintance of Brant ventured to remark, "Your ol' man looks right powerful yet," and Brant answered:

"He is. Want to see? Then lend me a dollar—a silver dollar."

Brant thrust the dollar into his father's hand and shouted, "There's a man here wants two halves." He had to shout this challenge only twice. Hannibal Orme laughed and simply tore the coin in two.

For a time it looked as if Brant were going to succeed as a cotton broker. His own reports were very rosy; but somehow he never seemed to reach a peak of affluence sufficiently high to enable him to help David.

Of his moral progress reports were by no means pleasing. They were meager reports, few and far between, but at the end of several years the accumulation amounted to evidence, and David was forced to believe that in Balestier and in the surrounding country his brother carried a bad reputation.

There was no gay white way in Balestier and there was no fast young sporting set. But there were men who drank too much and played too high, and in certain quarters of the town the oldest of all professions was practised.

It was said of Brant that he could carry a quart of whisky without staggering, that he lost and won large sums of money at poker, and that the women were all crazy about him. The inevitable happened.

Brant lost more money than he could afford to lose, or than at the moment he could afford to pay. He gave his I. O. U. for the amount and the next morning succeeded in borrowing several thousand dollars against his interest in the firm of Sims and Sims.

Having paid his gambling debt, Brant sent the residue of his money to a New York firm with an order to buy cotton. He had every reason to believe that there was going to be a sharp rise in the price. Sims and Sims thought so. Everybody thought so. There had been a short crop.

And there was a rise in price; but not immediately. First there was a drop in which Brant's margins were thinned to the danger point and he was requested by telegraph to put up more. While he was attempting to borrow more money, cotton fell still further and the New York brokers wired again.

The bank would not help Brant; and he dared not tackle Sims and Sims. There remained only his father. He hired a fast saddle-horse and rode home for the first

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time in a year. He needed a thousand dollars. And he got it, but only at the end of a stormy interview.

Two days later Brant came again to Orme. This time his business was with David. He did not wish to see his father at all—dared not face him, dared not tell what had happened.

The devil of it was that cotton had dropped just enough to wipe out Brant's original margin and his reinforced margin. For once he was perfectly frank and truthful.

"That money's gone," he said, "and the extra thousand I dug out of the old man. They sold me out to protect themselves. Sims and Sims have found out that I borrowed against my partnership—borrowed from old Broderick, who's been their enemy for a generation—and speculated, and they're through with me. That's about all. They'll pay me enough for my interest in the firm to square things with Broderick—they'll do that for me—and there'll be a little money over to get me to some other part of the world and give me a fresh start."

"Why not stay home," said David, "and put your money into the fields? Don't you think it's about time they had their innings?"

"Me—stay here! I'd simply die."

"I don't," said David.

"Oh," said Brant, "that's different."

"In what way?"

"Well, anyway," said Brant, "it would kill father—to know that I've come to grief again. You think I have no heart. But I love the old man, David, and I won't be the one that strikes him down."

"He's bound to find out what's happened."

"Who'll tell him?"

"True," said David, "I hadn't thought of that. He could be allowed to think that you were still with Sims and Sims—prospering. The fact that you never sent any money home wouldn't matter. You never did."

"You needn't spare me," said Brant. "I suppose I am a mean, selfish pup. But I can't bear to have the old man know."

"He won't," said David—"not from me."

Brant breathed a sigh of real relief and then broke into a harsh laugh.

"The damnable thing," said he, "is this. I wasn't half such a fool as I seem. The moment cotton had dropped far enough to wipe me out, it stopped dropping. It's started up. And—you mark my words—it's going to soar."

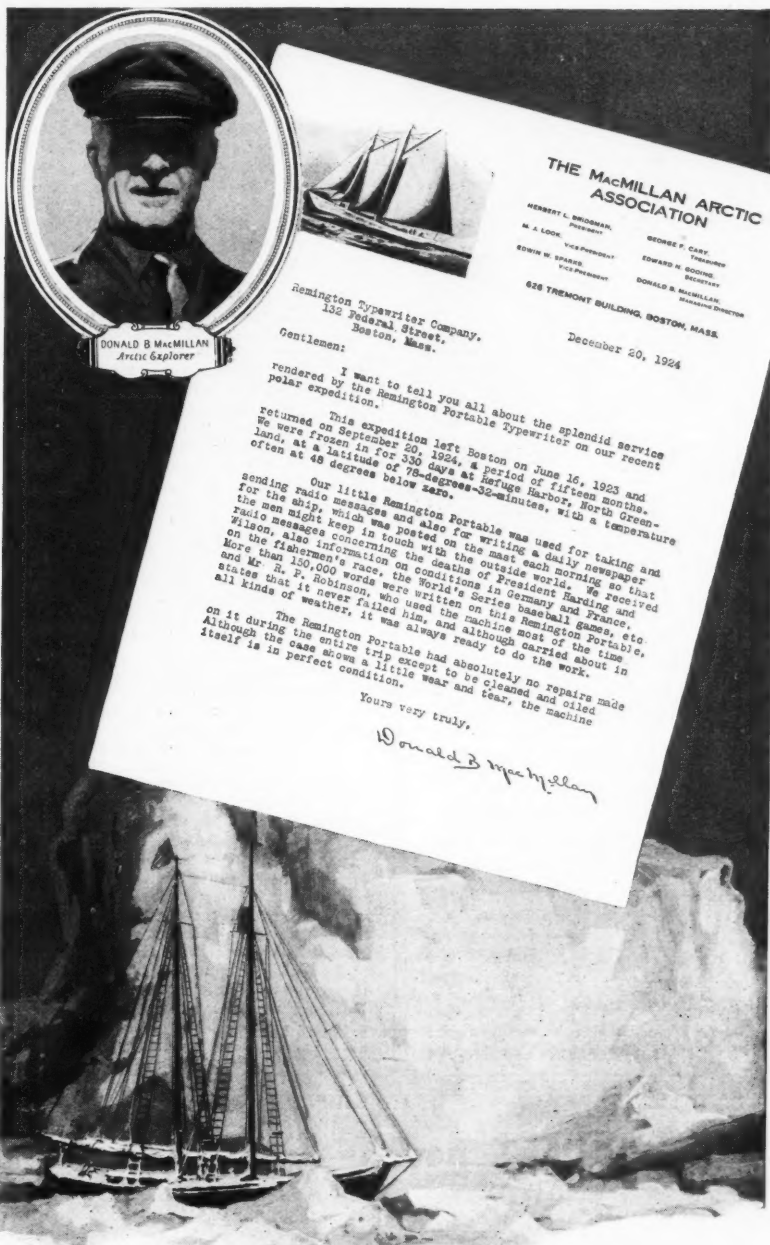
And Brant was right. Cotton did soar. He had come within a hair's breadth of making a fortune. This miss embittered him greatly. Always afterward he felt that he had a grudge against the world.

It was David's nature to be straightforward and truthful; but it was also his nature to be generous and kind. Truth and kindness do not always go hand in hand. And if he had to sin against one or the other David preferred to sin against truth. It was not in his heart to tell the old man about Brant, so until the old man began to ask questions he told him nothing at all.

Presently, however, there were questions and these had to be dealt with. Lies had to be told, and since David believed that his father had not very long to live, he made these lies sweeping and generous. Brant had come out of his speculation with flying colors; but he had had a fright and was not going to speculate any more. Sims and Sims had sent him to Augusta, Georgia, with a view to his establishing a branch office there. If he did not think the time ripe, he would go on to Atlanta—to Birmingham, possibly to New Orleans. The firm seemed to have immense confidence in Brant. Brant was sure to make a fortune.

It took a great deal of very loud shouting to convey this much. It took more shouting and louder when, weeks having passed and no word come from the wanderer, David hit upon the expedient of himself writing the letters that Brant ought to have written and reading them aloud to their father.

The old man kept all of these letters in one of his spacious pockets. And often when he thought that he was not observed he would take them out and fondle them. Nearly



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always he was either fondling the letters or the canvas bag in which he kept his money. He had developed the notion that David only wanted an opportunity to rob him.

Though he could still walk with the aid of his heavy cane, and get up and down the stairs by himself, he was getting very feeble and draggy in the legs. Only his hands and arms seemed to retain something of their former speed and vigor. One winter day, sitting before the stove and tending the fire, he dropped the heavy iron poker, and picked it up by the hot end. Instead of letting go, he seized the cold end with his left hand and broke the thing in two.

During a whole year the only messages from Brant were those which David had fabricated. Then one rainy night when Hannibal Orme had dragged himself up-stairs and been helped into his bed, there came a sudden loud knocking on the front door. It was Brant, wet to the skin. A boy fourteen or fifteen years of age stood beside him. The boy had a thin white face. He shivered violently.

"We got caught in the damned rain," said Brant. "Guess you know Jimmy Crisp? Come to the stove, Jimmy, and warm yourself. Got any whisky, Dave?"

David set out a decanter of whisky, some glasses and a pitcher of water. Brant did the honors. He poured a finger of whisky for the boy and three fingers for himself. David refused a drink.

"I had a nip with father before supper," he said.

"How is the old man?"

"I don't see much change from day to day. You'll be better able to judge, not having seen him for a long time."

"I wouldn't want to wake him."

"But you'll see him in the morning."

"We'll be leaving at crack of dawn."

"What's the hurry?"

"Business. Where'll Jimmy sleep? He ought to get his wet clothes off right soon."

Near the foot of the boxed-in chairs was a shabby mahogany table with candles and matches on it. David lighted a candle.

"I'll put you in the spare room, Jimmy," he said. "There's a fire laid ready to light and that'll take the chill off. Come along."

When David returned to the hall, having made Jimmy comfortable for the night, he noticed that the level of the whisky in the decanter was considerably lower. Brant had also shaken up the fire in the stove and was drying himself in front of it. Usually very neat and dapper, he looked for once shabby and down at the heels.

"How did you happen to bring Jimmy Crisp home with you?" David asked—"not that he isn't welcome."

"Well," said Brant, "you wouldn't want me to walk all the way from Balestier in the rain, would you? Jimmy happened to be driving out this way to collect some rent for his old man and allowed he'd give me a lift."

"Have you been in Balestier long?"

"Only two or three days."

"You look kind of sick and tired."

"You'd look sick and tired if you were hounded by the kind of luck that hounds me." Brant helped himself to whisky. "Damned good Bourbon, this. Where'd you get it?"

"Don't you remember father had the bartender in the hotel send him out a barrel?"

"Sure I remember. The time father broke the dollar in two. Do you know, David, I wouldn't mind having the pieces at this minute. I'm flat broke."

"What you going to do about it?"

"Well, first, of course, I've got to raise some money somehow."

"I don't think father'll help you again."

"I'm not going to ask father. I don't have to. I remember that mother had some diamonds. Naturally they belong to you and me share and share alike. They were good-sized stones and ought to be worth quite a lot of money. What was done with them?"

"Nothing that I know of. They are probably in her bureau."

"I'll have a look," said Brant eagerly.

He lighted a candle and went softly up the stairs. David started to follow him, thought better of it, and returned to the stove.

In a few minutes he heard Brant's light footsteps descending the stair and Brant's voice saying: "Can't find 'em. They don't seem to be there." For a man who was flat broke and had no means to raise the wind except the diamonds, his voice very successfully concealed the disappointment he must have felt.

"There's the old gold bracelets and the cameo brooch she used to wear," said Brant. "But they're out of style and wouldn't fetch anything."

"Mother's things were just the way she left them," said David. "Nobody has touched them until now."

Brant helped himself to whisky. "They must be knocking around the house somewhere," he said. "You'd better have a good hunt by daylight. Your share ought to be enough to start the fields going."

For a man in desperate need of money Brant was much too cheerful. And David at that moment saw through his brother as easily as if the latter had been a pane of glass.

Brant had found the diamonds of course, and had concealed them about his person. When he had gone up-stairs to find the diamonds he had intended to share the proceeds of their sale with his brother. But in the very act of finding them, the happy thought of keeping all the profits for himself had struck him. David could have found it in his heart to laugh.

"This house," he said, "is very isolated. On warm days father sleeps in the garden while I work. A tramp might break in and we never know it. It is possible that the diamonds have been stolen."

"Wouldn't that be tough luck?"

"And anyway," said David, "they may not be as valuable as we think."

"Well," said Brant, "let's hope we come across them and discover that they are worth a fortune . . . I believe I'll turn in."

Locked in his own room he had a careful look at the diamonds by candle-light. The stones were larger than his memory of them. He cleaned them with soap and water and an old tooth-brush, and this made them look much more brilliant and valuable.

The rain clouds were blown south during the night, and Brant and Jimmy Crisp having breakfasted by candle-light drove off in a pink and frosty dawn, and once more the lonely uneventful life which David had been living for so long closed in upon him.

There was little to be done in the garden, and he had read most of the books in the house more than once. In desperation he undertook a work which should be at once scientific and literary and artistic if he could make it so. He gave it a long working title, "The Flora and Silva of a South Carolina Plantation," and set about the business of compilation with his accustomed energy and thoroughness.

The old fields and woodlands of Orme were rich in plant life, and were worthy of description. As the work of compilation proceeded the scope of the work increased. David's first intention had been a pamphlet of pure botany for botanists. But he soon found that it was a pleasanter task to mask his science a little and to write for lay readers. The House of Orme itself deserved a chapter, and a partial inventory. Nothing which had ever come into the family, from the time of Queen Anne to the present day, ever seemed to have been thrown away.

In particular, and germane to his purpose, David found chests of old papers in the attic, note-books, bills of sale. He found copies of orders sent to the old country for seeds and roots and bulbs, for household furniture, for draperies, for silver and glass.

There was a cup in the dining-room which David had always admired, a tall cup with handles ornamented with masks and garlands. It interested him to discover among the papers the name of the London silversmith who had manufactured this cup and shipped it to his

great-grandfather would have named of it.

He called it the House of Orme.

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great-great-grandmother. And if he had been more conversant with old English silver, he would have been even more interested. The name of the maker was Paul Lamerie.

He changed the name of his book to "The House of Orme." That seeming pretentious, he called it "An Old Plantation."

It was never finished, but he worked very hard at it, and thus got the better of two very rainy and prolonged winters.

During the second of the winters, old Hannibal Orme had a stroke and very nearly died. It was a hard time for David. By early summer the old man seemed neither the better nor the worse for his sickness. And he began to ask very persistently for news of Brant. So David wrote a letter and read it to his father, and his father fondled it and put it in his capacious pocket with all the other letters which David had written.

Brant seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth, but Jimmy Crisp, who sometimes drove his father's wagon into the country, stopped in at Orme one day with news of him. Brant was back in Balestier. He had been to the far West. He was going to be in Balestier only a few days. He was too busy to come out to Orme. He sent his "best" to David and his father.

There was something about Jimmy Crisp that David liked and something that repelled him. The boy—seventeen he must have been at this time—had a frankness and an obligingness that were very engaging, but there was a dissipated, unwholesome look about his face. He seemed a boy of many pleasing qualities, but weak and on the way to a bad end.

"Does my brother seem prosperous and in good spirits?" David asked.

"No, sir, he don't," said Jimmy, "but he's got his eye on something big. I'd tell, only he made me promise I wouldn't. But he sure does know how to use his brains. If I had his brains I wouldn't worry about nothing. No, sir, I would not."

"It's too bad he can't find the time to come and see his father. Father thinks more of Brant than of anything in the world."

"Brant can make anybody he wants to like him. And make 'em do what he wants, too."

David admitted that this was so, but with mental reservations. Brant could not make bankers and the ordinary run of successful, respectable people do what he wanted them to.

"I haven't been up to town," said David, "since they started work on the highway. How's it come along?"

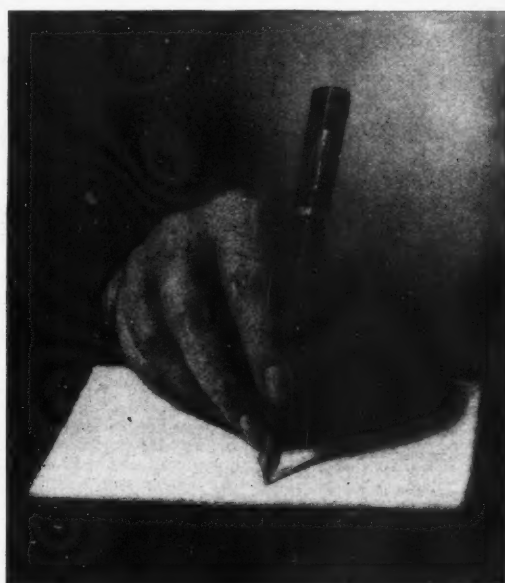
"It's coming along fine. They got a big gang of convicts working on it, and all the business men are boosting for it. It'll be a great thing for Balestier. The idea now is to connect up with a road in the next county and so on till there's a bang-up thoroughfare clean to Augusta—a road that automobiles can travel summer or winter."

To all intents and purposes David was a prisoner. That he was his own jailer made little difference. He shut himself in at night; he let himself out in the morning. He worked. But in a real prison there is companionship. There was none at Orme.

Most of the young men of good breeding who had survived the Civil War had emigrated either to the Western states or to the Northern states or to Europe. Deserters from Sherman's army and their descendants had kept the county population at its pre-war level. There was little capital and less enterprise. The climate was enervating and inertia could be overcome only by unflinching resolution.

The county engineer and the guards who forced the convicts to work on the Balestier-Augusta highway complained of their lot. They said that it was harder to make the prisoners work than it would have been to seize picks and shovels and do the work for them. Still, the highway progressed and climbed gradually up from the rice country and approached the boundaries of Orme.

The road had the effect of a stimulant. Two very large and watery plantations were sold to Northerners as game preserves. These



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gentlemen spent money so freely that a spirit of optimism became general and the whole region showed symptoms of a business revival.

Real estate began to move. "Right thinking, forward looking, red-blooded he-men" addressed the local chamber of commerce with impassioned prophecies. Balestier was to be the world's great winter resort. It would invite—or was it entice?—Northern capital. Balestier would export cotton to the uttermost parts of the earth. It would export this cotton in its own bottoms. The boosters always spoke of a ship as a bottom. It is unknown why.

This sudden activity was not felt at Orme, but David heard a good deal about it from the County Sheriff.

Undoubtedly the Sheriff had a name; but as he had been Sheriff for more years than anybody could remember, and as during all those years he had never been called anything but Sheriff, nobody seemed to remember what his real name was.

He had no family. He lived by himself in a few rooms of a fine old Colonial house. A very old black negress of repellent aspect kept house for him. He dressed always in black; his eyes were two gray slits very wide apart. And it was said that he smiled only on those occasions when the individual at whom he had discharged his forty-five caliber revolver was seen to drop.

But David made the discovery that the Sheriff, whom he had known since boyhood, could be a very agreeable companion. Twice during as many years he had visited Orme in the course of duty, to inquire if such and such an individual had been seen or heard of in the neighborhood.

Then one day he rode up to the front door on his fine black mare, dismounted, flung the reins over her head and shouted about the grounds until he had located David.

"I ain't out huntin' nobody terday," he explained. "I just stopped by to see you all."

He "stopped by" for an hour. They sat on the back porch with a decanter of whisky and a pitcher of water between them. David drank several small nips of the whisky well mixed with water. The Sheriff drank several large drinks of it mixed with nothing. He chewed tobacco very slowly and quietly and amazed David by the accuracy and velocity of his spitting. He said very little. But somehow David gathered that the odd stick had come because he had wanted to come, and was staying because he was enjoying himself.

At the end of an hour he rose, and having helped himself to just one more drink of whisky, and drunk it, he held out his hand and shook David's hand long and earnestly. Then he said, "David, I think you all better git married!"—only he pronounced it *ma'd*—and took his departure.

Within a month he returned to Orme and to the subject. He invited David to bring his "ole man" up to town to visit him. David should make the acquaintance of all the pretty girls. It wasn't good for a man so young as David to live alone. The Sheriff believed loneliness to be the father of crime.

But although the Sheriff himself insisted on proffering the invitation to Hannibal Orme, the old man refused to leave the plantation. The invitation and the refusal, though both were courteously intended, sounded like some terrible quarrel, so loud was the shouting.

The Sheriff came out of the house wiping the sweat from his forehead. "I kin remember yo' ole man," he said, "when his voice was as sweet as a fiddle, and he sat his hoss like a bird sits on a bough. What's he want ter go on livin' fo', Davie?"

David shook his head. "I don't know, Sheriff. I wouldn't want to."

"It ain't fair to you."

"Oh, that! That part doesn't matter. What matters is that there's nothing any more that can give him any pleasure—except good news from my brother."

"Good news from Brant!" exclaimed the Sheriff. "Where you goin' ter dig up good news about him?"

"Sheriff," asked David, "in your long experience with criminology did you ever hear of manufactured evidence?"

"Did I? What do we have district attorneys fer if it ain't ter manufacture evidence?"

David laughed. "Or to suppress it," he said. "Well, I never thought that I'd either manufacture evidence or suppress it. But I do both. Father gets about two letters a month from Brant. That's why his coat looks so bulgy on the left side. He has them all in his breast pocket."

The Sheriff's mouth twisted into a smile of comprehension. "When I get all broken up like a ship on the rocks," he said, "and blind and deaf and ornerly, I'll wish I had a son like you, David. And by the way, I seen Brant the other day. He's back in town."

"What's he doing?"

"I don't know."

"How does he look?"

"He looks slinky, David. He's got that Crisp boy—Jimmie—runnin' to his whistle. And his headquarters is the hotel bar. I wouldn't wonder if he played a little poker now and then with the travelin' salesmen. I wouldn't want to say nothing derogatory about a membah of the Orme family, but it's being brought home to me gradual that your brother is a bad ag. The last time he was in Orme he was peddling diamonds. He said they'd been his mother's."

"That was the truth," said David.

"And he had your consent and approval to sell them?"

"My mother wouldn't have wished one of her sons to be in a difficulty because of sentiment. It was best to sell the diamonds."

After a silence the Sheriff said that he had been thinking. "I been wonderin'," he said, "what your ole man has got in that canvas bag he totes around with him."

"Money," said David. "He won't trust the bank—or anyone but himself. It's all he's got left, except the plantation."

"Wouldn't it be easy to rob a man as was deaf and blind?"

"It ought to be," said David; "but suppose while the thief was getting hold of the money father got hold of the thief. I'd hate to be the thief."

The house of the Orme family covered a large piece of ground. It was rectangular in shape with its long diameter running truly east and west. The main entrance was on the south side. A similar door between two plain Corinthian columns gave access to the garden. The house consisted of two stories with low-ceilinged attics over them. From every window in the house, up-stairs or down, you could step onto a broad veranda which resembled the deck of a ship.

Only a few rooms of the house were now in use. On the others the heavy shutters had been closed and bolted, and the furnishings huddled together in one group and covered over with old sheets, old curtains or even sacking.

There were only two rooms not now in daily use which David made any effort to keep in order. One was a little room near the head of the stairs into which he could put a chance guest, and the other was the room which had been his mother's.

This room was large and square. It had two windows on the east and two on the south. The door was in the western wall, and in the northern was a large fireplace with a mantel-piece of wood, delicately fluted and beaded and painted white. The bed was of mahogany with four slender posts crowned with pineapples. A bureau and a tall wardrobe matched the bed in color and material if not in delicacy. On the mantel-shelf were two very fine vases of Royal Worcester, and during his multitudinous activities David found time to keep these filled with flowers.

Sometimes when David was particularly discouraged and down in the mouth he would retreat to his mother's room and think things out. He had always the feeling that he had been a little responsible for her death. So

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that he might finish his education she had worked beyond physical endurance. And it was beginning to look as if she had worked and died in vain.

It looked as if David's life was not to be a success in his chosen profession. Nevertheless he had accomplished something material and important, and this gave him the strength to go on. He had growing in his garden cotton with a larger and more abundant fiber than any upland cotton that he had ever seen, and he believed that given even the ghost of an opportunity to grow it on a commercial scale, his mother's sacrifices and his own would not have been made in vain.

He needed only a little capital with which to make a start, and he spent the majority of his leisure in devising schemes for raising it. And if he had been able to travel with his pockets full of samples he might indeed have been able to interest capital. But he had to stay at Orme, to nurse an invalid and to be sworn at.

Robinson Crusoe remained unimaginative and material to the end, but with that notable exception, lonely men are always dreamers.

Orme as it actually was and Orme as it was in David's dreams were two very different plantations.

In his dreams he saw white farm buildings and white fences; teams of heavy horses; a small swarm of laborers. He saw smoke coming out of all the chimneys in winter, and light in all the windows at night. He saw the highway to Augusta finished, and automobiles making the trip to Balestier in twenty minutes. He saw also a thousand level acres growing the long-staple Orme cotton.

Some of David's dreamings were deliberate inventions. But some were uninvited and the more delectable for being so. There was a woman in them, a little vague it is true, but staunch, wise, loyal, and of course very beautiful, and very dear. And there were children. There must have been at least five or six of them, but they never stayed still long enough to be counted.

These full-peopled, affectionate dreams were the natural result of the lonely, starved life which David was living. He did not realize it, of course, but he was training himself and was being trained to fall in love. Almost any pretty face, almost any kind voice would have bowled him over. On his very occasional visits to Balestier he took a vast interest in the young ladies whom he saw upon the streets. But they did not know this. Never a pushing person, the prisoner of Orme had become shy as a squirrel.

Now the South may lack this and it may lack that, and it probably does, but it has never lacked pretty women. I had almost said "the woods are full of them," but that wouldn't have been true. Every little village has two or three beauties. The cities, the Richmonds, the New Orleanses, the Charles-tons, swarm with them. And the little city of Balestier had more than its share.

Most of them belonged to the old aristocracy of the place. They were descended from Cavalier stock and lived in fine old brick houses, shut off from the street by high brick walls. They were pink and white beauties, with features as delicate as the features of goddesses in cameo carvings. The poorer they were, the prouder they were and the higher they held their handsome little heads.

Among these pretty young women and their families David would have been very welcome. In that select and bitterly exclusive circle the House of Orme was still pure gold. And probably if David had been free to come and go, he would, in spite of his dire poverty, have followed the impulses of youth and taken his place in that very simple and charming society to which he naturally belonged.

Now and then some old friend of his father's recognized him and wished to drag him home for dinner and thereafter keep him to supper and overnight, or indeed as long as he cared to stay. But David could not accept these invitations. His duties, furies in the true sense, were forever driving him back to Orme.



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Furthermore, if not actually in rags, he was in patches. He had mended and remended until he was ashamed to be seen. Once a month he cut his father's hair and his own. Barbers will tell you that it is impossible for a man to cut his own hair; but with a scientific arrangement of mirrors and infinite patience, David managed.

Shortly after the convicts had gone into permanent camp near the beginning of the Orme estate, the Sheriff rode out to see David. Had David, he asked, seen Brant lately? David hadn't. The Sheriff thought that Brant might have driven out to show off his new car.

Brant must be prosperous to have a new car. Well, you never can tell. Lots of people who aren't prosperous have cars. They don't always own them, though. Here the Sheriff looked David steadily in the eyes for some moments and then slowly shook his head.

"Davie," he said, "we don't know that Brant has got a new car." He pronounced it *cyar*. "We only suspect. It's my duty ter find out if he has one, or if he has had one and has got rid of it. But it ain't my duty ter think about nothing else. I got other duties ter think about. If you do see your brother, tell him from me that just about the time he disappeared from Balestier a little runabout *cyar*, kinda greenish where the sun and clay ain't got to it, disappeared too, and since it weren't bought or give away, the man whose company it's found in is going ter get into a peck of trouble."

"Sheriff," said David, "you don't know that Brant took it."

"No, I don't. I wouldn't think a man of Brant's brains would be such a fool. But you never can tell. I hate for to have suspicion pointing to any member of your family. I hope Brant didn't take nothing that wasn't his'n and I hope that if he did he don't get caught."

"If the idiot has really run off with somebody's car," David said, "it's because he's intending to go a long way. Was he in any other trouble?"

The Sheriff nodded. "There was some talk of his getting himself shot," he said.

"Gambling?"

"Nope."

"A woman?"

"A married?"—he said *ma'd*—"woman."

"What's the matter with Brant, Sheriff? He's got brains—he's attractive. Father has staked him and given him several fine starts. He's got good blood in him. It's hard to understand."

"Yes," said the Sheriff, "and he had a good mother. But he's a bad aig and that's all there is to it."

A month passed and then something altogether unprecedented happened. The prisoner of Orme received a telegram. He not only received the telegram but he received it on the very day it was sent, late in the afternoon. Jimmy Crisp brought it. He happened to be passing the telegraph office in Balestier when the operator hailed him.

"You know David Orme? Well, I got a telegram for him. It might be important and I don't know how to get it to him. You goin' out that way? It's worth a dollar. He'll pay."

"I can ask paw," said Jimmy. "If paw'll let me have a horse, I can get it to him."

Ten minutes later Jimmy returned on horseback, stuffed the telegram into his pocket and rode off to Orme.

He whistled and shouted for David but the place seemed deserted. Then he walked somewhat timidly up the front steps and knocked on the front door. There was no answer. After hesitation Jimmy pushed open the front door and stuck his head into the hall.

Hannibal Orme sat in his big chair, sound asleep. His walking-stick lay on the floor beside him. His left hand had a strangle-hold

upon the neck of his money bag. He looked at once venerable and terrible.

Jimmy Crisp had a very wholesome dread of Hannibal Orme, and he decided to place the telegram in a conspicuous place and vanish. Still, he had been told that the telegram was important, and he felt it to be his duty to deliver it.

He walked to within a few feet of the old man and again hesitated. The old man wakened. His blind eyes opened. The strangle-hold upon the neck of the money bag tightened. He said:

"There's a man in the house."

Jimmy trembled; but he advanced a step and shouted, "It's me!"

The giant appeared to hear, or so Jimmy thought, for he felt encouraged and advanced one more step. Then—and he never quite knew how it happened so swift was the action—he was seized, jerked forward and downward, and it seemed to him that his windpipe was being torn out of his throat.

He was released as suddenly as he had been seized. The old man laughed in a loud mirthless way.

"It's Jimmy Crisp," he said.

Jimmy shook himself and felt tenderly of his throat. He was frightened and angry. "Where's David?" he shouted. He shouted as loud as he could.

Hannibal Orme jerked a thumb over his shoulder and shouted, "Out back."

Jimmy found David at some distance from the house. He was standing with his face to the sunset, looking over the vast stretch of rough neglected fields, and in his mind's eye cultivating them and making them white with cotton.

"Hello, David," said Jimmy. "I got a telegram for you."

"A what? . . . Hello, yourself."

"A telegram."

"For me?"

Jimmy nodded and produced the yellow envelop, somewhat crumpled. "Your old man thought I was a thief," he said. "He got ahold of me and pretty near pulled my head off."

"Did he hurt you badly?"

"I was more scart than hurt."

"That's good," said David. "He's stronger than eight lions," and he opened the telegram and read:

David Orme, Esq.,
Balestier, S. C.

Just married. Will be home this evening.
Have mother's room ready for us.

Brant

The telegram had been sent from an obscure inland village named Gunpowder. It was many hours' journey over a bad road. "Evening" in the Southern vernacular meant any time between four o'clock in the afternoon and midnight.

"Brant's gone and got married," said David. "What do you think of that?"

"Married?"

"He was married this morning in Gunpowder. And he's on his way home. Well, I've got a lot of chores to do. We're not exactly fixed for brides."

David's heart was very heavy for a moment. What a fool Brant was to go and get married! But perhaps the girl had means. He began to wonder what she was like.

Suddenly—and he could not have told why; it may have been the result of so much misery and loneliness—he felt his heart warming towards her and going out to her in pity and sympathy.

"There's one thing this old house needs," he thought, "and that's a woman to run it."

Jimmy Crisp spoke up. "Want me to stick around and help with the chores?"

"I sure do," said David, and he slapped Jimmy enthusiastically upon the shoulder.

When Nora comes to Orme, David suddenly finds his dreams answered in a woman's eyes. But what of her husband—his own brother? Be sure of reading the next act in the drama by mailing us the coupon on page 19.

What shall I do?

IT presented a real problem to her. Repeatedly he had urged her to marry him. He was attractive, of good family, and fortunate in a financial way.

Yet between them there was an invisible barrier that made her hold back: Something she couldn't bring herself to talk about.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are three sizes: three ounce, six ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For
HALITOSIS



USE
LISTERINE

LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid, Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.

My Private Opinion of School-Teachers (Continued from page 109)

delicatessen store has supplanted the kitchen; the movie has taken the place of the family Bible, and parental discipline has fled into a check-book.

The schoolmaster of fifty years ago taught his charges aided and abetted by the parents. In our modern society the school tries to educate the children in spite of the parents. On the whole, the change has not been for the better. And when we discuss this problem it is only fair to remember that the schoolma'am works under a great disadvantage.

The prevailing belief of the much vaunted twentieth century is a secret faith in the glorious philosophy of "getting by." In order to get by, it is necessary to be smart and unscrupulous. An education may prove to be so much useless ballast. We do not say these things aloud when we deliver the baccalaureate address. Then we talk of Lincoln, studying Shakespeare by the light of a wood-fire. We do not mention the hordes of youthful barbarians doing nothing in particular in the glare of a hundred electric bulbs.

But there again we must try to be fair. The world being as it is does not offer any special inducement to Frankie and Johnny to apply themselves seriously to their studies. For the studies and the world are hopelessly out of gear and that is the main difficulty.

In order to understand this, we have got to go back a good many years. It is a very common error to hold that the people of the Middle Ages were our intellectual inferiors. They did not know as many facts as we do today. But with the meager instruments at their disposal they performed veritable miracles of intellectual architecture, and they built ingenious structures which were as solid as the pyramids.

Of course it is very easy for us, from the high peaks of our own perfection, to laugh at these little mole-hills. I can imagine some dumbbell going up in an airplane and looking down upon the Woolworth building and saying, "What a puny little tower!" He forgets that the same ingenuity which painfully built this wondrous pile of steel also gave him the engine which carries his machine into the clouds.

Life however means action. In due time the medieval system petrified, lost touch with the realities of every-day existence, and was replaced by the educational system of the Renaissance, which was a reflection of certain pedagogic ideals borrowed from the Greeks and the Romans.

The man of the Renaissance reasoned as follows: "Once upon a time there was an almost perfect form of civilization. It was destroyed by the savages who invaded Europe in the second and third centuries. It lay buried underneath a thick layer of rubbish. We have dug it up and we have brought it back to life. It is a veritable gift from the gods. But in order to appreciate it, we must have the key to this storehouse of wisdom and learning. That key is to be found in a thorough knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages. Let us teach these strange tongues to our children and all will be well with the world."

And indeed for a long time all was well with the world. For more than three centuries Latin and Greek were of immense practical value. They gave a man access to all science. They brought him into direct contact with the entire civilized world. They were the open sesame to a large number of lucrative jobs. In the language of the street—they paid.

But that was not all.

They brought a bit of colorful entertainment to a society which was terribly in need of some intellectual diversion. It is difficult for us to imagine a world without books and magazines and plays. It calls up recollections of shipwrecked mariners on an uninhabited island. The Renaissance was the good wind which blew a trunk full of the latest novels to these poor Crusoes.

And they were so grateful that they never ceased to praise their lucky find.

In due course of time the barbarians who ten centuries before had destroyed the Roman Empire developed a civilization of their own. This however was slow work. And the task was not accomplished without great difficulties. The votaries of the classical languages looked upon these new-fangled products of the native

vernacular as many an Englishman looks upon a book in the American tongue. "How very extraordinary and how useless!" When science was added to the sum total of human knowledge and clamored for a place in the sun of pedagogic approval, a terrible battle took place. It ended with a victory for science. Mathematics and biology and chemistry were to set the world free. They have had almost fifty years to accomplish the job, and they have failed us lamentably. For they overlooked one point, that man cannot live by the tables of multiplication alone.

The abecedarian of the last century said, "Children, learn the irregular Greek verbs and ye shall be happy forever." We called him a pedantic old fogey, relegated him to the old men's home and established the sober-minded rationalist to rule in his stead.

He has given us competent plumbers and astronomers and public accountants, people with the soul of a cash ledger and the personal charm of an animated card-index. He has taught the coming generations how to make a living. Incidentally, he has forgotten to show them how to live.

The younger generation knows that something is wrong. But being full of vitality, it manages somehow to muddle along and provided it gets enough to eat and an occasional jazz party, it does not ask too many questions.

The situation, however, is most unsatisfactory. The problem, far from having been solved, becomes more perplexing every day.

Meanwhile, eloquent statesmen talk about the decline and fall of white supremacy and prattle prettily of the menace of the red and yellow and black races.

"Boloney!" as Professor Rube Goldberg would say. The only enemy who can destroy our western world is the enemy at home. The slacker who helped win the war by gathering prune stones was a paragon of heroism compared to those who shirk the unpleasant duty of the present hour, and who tolerate an "educational system" which is no longer a system and which does not even pretend to educate.

I'm Going to Talk about Myself by George Ade (Continued from page 103)

two did not use any "forewords" of simpering apology. They were hellers and had seen life and they went ahead and bragged about themselves and gave themselves a shade of advantage in every story of a fight or a flirtation, and therefore their books throb like living organisms and are worth at least a ton of didactic literature.

The psycho-analysts tell us that when a suppressed desire is liberated it may develop into a Johnstown flood. If I make a nuisance of myself in the near future it will be because I have escaped from my cage and am on a first person singular jag. I am doing what I have always wanted to do, because a stronger character has taken charge of me and overcome my doubts and fears. I am having a postponed picnic, the same as my friend "Ab" Jones, of Crawfordsville, Indiana. This is a true story.

In his younger days Ab wanted to travel with a circus, but circumstances and relatives interfered. He remained in Crawfordsville and matured into a sedate business man who owned the hotel and was highly respected by students of Wabash College. Always he carried inside of himself that unsatisfied wish regarding the circus. He became acquainted with some show people and told of his longings, and they invited him to "join out." So every summer he takes his vacation by traveling a few weeks with a circus. Everyone on the lot knows him. He rides in the parade, takes tickets at the door, helps to handle the crowds and even makes up and works on the hippodrome track with the clowns. He talks the lingo. For a few weeks

he is a gay-hearted gipsy and then he goes back to Crawfordsville and recomposes himself into a rigid pillar of society.

I am writing these lines in a Florida hotel and I look out from my high window at palms and live oaks swimming in sunshine. Yesterday afternoon a silver-haired old lady who organizes charities and reads papers to selected high-brow groups sat watching the outdoor dancers. She watched with particular interest a girlish widow, 1925 model, who was expertly vamping a middle-aged bachelor who came south for the purpose of being vamped. The music ceased. The widow passed by, leading her captive and doing everything with her eyes except turn them completely upside down. The old lady sighed. Then she said: "All my life I have longed to have an affair, but now I suppose it is too late." Her married daughter fell off a chair and had to be revived.

In recent months I have been reading the autobiographies of my friends John Drew, Otis Skinner, Jim Corbett and George Cohan, and, knowing that they must have derived a lot of fun from telling all about themselves, I have felt as Ab Jones felt when he heard a circus parade and as the kind-faced grandmother felt when she watched little Salome putting it over.

Last night I propped myself against three pillows and read for two hours an issue of the magazine which you are now perusing with so much delight. I found myself skipping the fiction because I knew that when two young people are in love with each other there is always a mixed-up misunderstanding before

the two come to a definite clinch. But I read all of the pieces in which people owned up to the facts about themselves. When you read one of those pieces it is just like holding hands. Between the lines you find all sorts of friendly messages from fellow travelers who have been along the road that you are taking.

These intimate confessions seemed to fill about half the space in the greatest and largest magazine in the world. No use talking, styles have changed since the grizzled reporters told me in the nineties that a writing man must always keep himself out of the story. It is no longer against the law to use the first person singular. If you want to make the jumps with a circus, go and join out. If you have longed for an "affair," remember that the age limit has been lifted. I know it has been, because I am just winding up a season in Florida. On the side-lines, as usual, but still collecting my facts with reportorial thoroughness.

Once more, before I die, I am going to dance, appear in private theatricals, play the snare drum in an orchestra, ride on a locomotive and take eight young women out to luncheon, all at one time. Also, while I am tottering through my second childhood, I am going to write articles in which the first person singular will hold the center of the stage all of the time during each performance. Probably Mr. Long will not use the stuff after I get it ready, but I am going to indulge in the guilty pleasure of writing it, and I know of a publisher in Chicago who will print any book if the author will pay the expenses.



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Whoever wins the championship this year
he will have won it exactly as Chesterfield
has won its enormous popularity by
clear proof of superiority over all comers.

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A Fair-Weather Love by Chester T. Crowell (Continued from page 101)

of star-eyed girls, looking but not listening. "Oh, Mr. Burton, I think you're wonderful!" Hand clasps. Too long. Turn loose, blast you! And don't look at me like a lost calf! No, no, mustn't say that. Get a donation for the free public bath-house on the river-bank. Do something for the town . . .

Where the devil are all the men? Why is it I'm always tagged after by these—no, no. They're doing their best. Some are wonderful. Ellen, her quick perception, her dainty dresses. "That dear Mr. Burton. Isn't he romantic?" Gertrude Smith looking at the clown who said it—but unable to speak. Oh, Lord! How did I get into this? Where are the men? What have I done to them? Gertrude Smith, earnest, silent, intelligent; hear she paints well. Not a bad sort, Gertrude. Ellen—what indescribable grace. Another dim figure—mild flirtation. Over. Next. Ah, that's the end of that. But Ellen, her lovely hair. Sam! Brother to his Herefords, blast him! How dare he drag Ellen around by that lovely hair!

And then the telephone bell rang.

"Did you get my letter?"

"Yes. Delighted. I'll be there."

"Good-by."

The spell was broken and Harwood Burton again occupied his office. He was very nervous and very busy—running his fingers through his hair. Finally he rose and spoke aloud, to himself: "I love her. There is no use fighting it. I don't even know when it happened. Now to go through like a man as she will go through like a goddess. I didn't will this nor want it, but it's here. We'll talk this evening and reach an understanding. If it were another woman I wouldn't waste a minute—but Ellen! She's worth life or death."

"I'll tell Sam; I'm not afraid of him, the loud-mouthed bluffer. Two millions deposits—that's the only thought he ever had in his life. Ellen will go through; she's no quitter, like most women are. They whine and suffer, but if you presented them the key to the lock, they'd drop it from nerveless fingers and drench it with impotent tears. But Ellen . . . Tonight we'll make sure we understand each other. And then . . ."

Harwood parked his roadster under an oak tree, and at the appointed hour of ten disappeared from the ballroom. Ellen had preceded him by a few seconds. He found her already seated. Without speaking he took hold of the steering-wheel and they glided out of the dark shadows into the glaring moonlight. Fifteen minutes later the car rolled silently down the sandy lake shore and stopped at the water's edge under a willow tree. Harwood took Ellen's hand in his and kissed it.

"Ellen, I love you," he whispered.

"And I love you."

"Do you—will you be—my wife—if we can—"

"Yes."

"I'll talk to Sam tomorrow."

"No, no, no, no!"

"Why not, Ellen?"

"I'm afraid of Sam."

"Well, I'm not."

"He'll shoot you. He'll shoot both of us."

"I doubt it."

"Oh, no, no, no! Don't think of such a thing!"

"Well, what else can we do?"

"Harwood, let's just run away together. We can be half-way to France before they find us."

"No, Ellen. That's the last resort, not the first. It's very dangerous."

"Dangerous? How dangerous?"

"Men don't like to run, Ellen. It does something to them, something terrible. I've been licked several times and don't mind. Few men do. But to run—I've never done that. I'm afraid I might hate a woman who made me run."

"Harwood! Put your arms around me. You frighten me. Hold me close. Now, tell

me we'll go away together. Oh, please! I'll die if you don't. I can't stand this any longer. I'm miserable." Ellen was sobbing.

Harwood struggled to remain calm but finally drew her very close and kissed away the tears. "Please take me away," she begged.

"I will."

"My darling!"

"We had better go now."

"Yes. Will you telephone tomorrow?"

For answer he kissed her lips.

Fifteen minutes later they reappeared in the ballroom. And during the remainder of the evening Harwood wondered how it could have happened that he didn't say the things he had intended to say, and had given a promise without obtaining in return any of the assurances so vitally necessary. But everything will come out all right, he meditated; she must have time to think. This is a very trying ordeal. Ellen afraid of him—the beast. Next time we will reach an understanding . . .

When Harwood telephoned on the following day, Ellen said very earnestly, "I must see you this evening."

"Has something happened?"

Ellen laughed softly and then said: "Yes, I'm in love. Can't get through the day without you."

"Where shall we meet?"

"I shall take Sam to a meeting this evening; then drive out to the lake. Eight o'clock. Will you be there?"

"Eight o'clock," he replied, and Ellen understood that he would be there. Harwood was eager. Just fifteen minutes together—and then the rescue! No wonder men died for women. One kiss was worth it. The age of chivalry. Imprisoned beauty. Ellen.

As the receiver dropped into its place, the office door was opened with a bang and a giant who wore boots entered the room.

"Hello, young feller," he roared. Everything about him was threatening except an unmistakable smile.

"What can I do for you?" Harwood asked, puzzled.

"I'm W. W. Smith," roared the giant. "Just come in from the ranch."

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Smith."

"Same to you, young feller. Heard a lot about you from my daughter, Gertrude."

"Yes, yes. You are her father?"

"That's me, W. W. Smith. Just come in from the ranch. Gertrude says you're the greatest living." The sentence ended without specification. "Now what I want, young feller, is a will. Can you come out to the ranch with me?"

"When?"

"Right now. It'll take about one hour. Car's waiting."

Harwood went with him.

When they had driven through four miles of W. W. Smith's pasture, the ranch-house came into view. Harwood blinked, because it was an excellent reproduction of Colonial architecture.

"Gertrude's idea," the giant explained. "Great girl. Lemme show you how me and her compromised on this place. Got two parlors. One's hers, one's mine. Don't say nothing till you've seen both."

W. W. Smith opened a large door and led the young lawyer into an enormous room. At the far end was a fireplace in which several six-foot logs appeared no larger than kindling. Inside this great rock cavern were two stone seats where one might sit down beside the fire—but actually in the fireplace.

"That's beautiful," Harwood commented. "What kind of stone did you use?"

"Native rock, Gertrude calls it. But we got it right out in the pasture."

Harwood choked a laugh. W. W. Smith had queer ways but Harwood already liked him.

In the center of the room stood an enormous oak table. Scattered here and there on the

floor were hooked rugs. Every chair was of rawhide but not dull and drab. The colors were striking and the woodwork polished mesquite. The ceiling rafters were fumed oak. "This is the work of an artist," Harwood remarked. "It's an old-fashioned ranch-house living-room reproduced in—"

"Yes, I think so too," W. W. Smith interrupted. "Now lemme show you her part of the shack."

He led the way into another large room containing several beautiful pieces of early American furniture. On the walls were paintings of prairie flowers and ranch scenes.

"Where did she get those?" Harwood asked. "Dunno. Bought some, made some herself. Great girl. Could 'a' been an artist but stuck to her old dad."

"Where is she now?"

"Prob'ly in the kitchen. Great girl. Always doin' something. May be painting."

"Has she taken lessons?"

"Yeh. Could 'a' been an artist. But she had to come home and take care o' her two little sisters—they're married now—and run the shack. Eight men to cook for. Kid's only twenty-three now. Me to look after. But she paints some and reads a lot. Well, now about this will—"

"Yes, yes," Harwood pulled himself away from one of the pictures and followed the giant into his private living-room.

"Now what I want to say in this here will is jest this: all I got goes to Gertrude, no conditions, codicils, nothin'. She gets it all. Can you put that down?"

"Easily. What about an administrator?"

"Haddn't thought of it. Can she do that too?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, that settles that."

They looked at each other and smiled. "You don't wish to leave anything to the other two daughters?" Harwood queried.

"Sure. Gertrude will take care of them. They ain't got much sense. All legs and no brains and both married. Every family's that way, young feller; one of the kids is always the best. Gertrude catches all the work but she's the only one that's done anything with her head. It's always that way. Anybody can get an education if he wants it. Trouble is they want fame and get all hurried up. Gertrude takes her time."

"I remember her very well," Harwood said. "She impressed me as being in earnest. I had no idea, however, that she had already done such good work."

W. W. Smith rolled a cigaret with one hand, lighted it, pulled his chair a foot nearer and then said:

"Say, young feller, lemme tell you something you already know. Gertrude's in love with you. Why the devil don't you marry her?"

"I didn't know that—"

"Well, you're slow. Are you in love with her?"

"No, Mr. Smith. It's just as well to be frank, isn't it?"

"Sure. But there's a sure enough girl, young feller. I ought to know. Got sense. Knows how to make a home. Want a home, don't you?"

"Some day."

W. W. Smith again pulled his chair nearer and lowered his voice. "If you ain't in love with her, young feller, don't kid her, because she's serious."

"I don't believe I have, Mr. Smith."

"Why, sure you have, young feller, if you got good health. All of us does. Hell's fire, when I was your age I thought I was off my feed if less'n three of 'em committed suicide per week." W. W. Smith flopped back in his chair and laughed heartily. "Yes, sir," he continued, "one year the price of cartridges went up. Well, I'm keeping you from business. We'll go back to town now. Think over what I told you. And fix me up the will. You know what I've got; it's all on record. And

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think over what I told you. No sense in being bashful. Them other two wasn't—but Gertrude's different. And I want that girl happy before I join the big round-up."

The red glow of the setting sun was still brilliant in the western sky when Harwood's car rolled slowly down the gentle slope to the water's edge and stopped beside the car in which sat Ellen Kirk. She had preceded him by a few minutes. He reached across the little space and patted her hand as it rested on the door.

"You are not a very ardent lover," she teased. "You are late."

He consulted his watch, then said: "I am on time to the second."

"If you felt as I do, you would have been here at seven o'clock waiting. What do you think now? Do you know anything more definite about when we leave?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"You want to go, don't you, dear?" There was no doubt in Ellen's mind about his answer. He looked into her eyes for a long time. At first she smiled, but gradually the smile faded and she whispered, "What is it?"

"I can't run away," he said. "I've got to go and talk to Sam."

"He'd shoot us."

"I'm willing to take that chance."

"And I am not."

"Then, Ellen, it is all over."

"Come and sit beside me, Harwood. I want my arms around you."

"If I do that we cannot think."

"I don't want to think."

"Ellen, you make me furious. You make me suspect that you will wait to do your thinking after it is too late. The woman who leaves her husband for me will go as a goddess and not after refusing to think. I want no one presenting me with remorse."

"Harwood, you don't love me."

"You are the sole judge as to that, Ellen. All of the facts are before you."

"Legal quibbling."

"As you wish."

Neither spoke for a minute. Then Harwood asked: "Assuming that we run away together, where would you like to go and what would you like to do?"

"I haven't thought about it."

"We ought to have some sort of a plan. Would you like to take up music again? Or something else? We can't just wander around."

"Why not? That's all I want. Freedom—and you."

"Ellen, that was a blow. One has to have a point of view, something to live for. Don't you understand what it is I'm afraid of? This is no summer jaunt. I want to feel the iron in you. Can you go through? That's what I ask myself. This decision would be easy if I didn't love you so. I mustn't risk hurting you. I want to be sure—"

Ellen studied his pained expression for a few seconds, and then said: "Harwood, listen—when I was a little girl I used to peep out of my garret window each morning and tell the rising sun that when I grew up I would be different—not so sunk in toil—able to lift my head. I was eighteen years old when I married Sam Kirk. Ambition was my motive, but I regretted fair. I tried to love him. I thought I could work miracles with him. Every girl has that dream; it's their pet fiction. But a woman can do nothing for a man like Sam. He has very definite notions about their place in life. If you had not come, I would have gone on, mildly uncomfortable, not very unhappy. But you are the person I want to be; you are life to me. I risk nothing. I have nothing to lose. I'm a chattel. I must get out now or I'll smother."

"Doesn't work help? Didn't it ever help?"

"No. I want you."

"I should think you would have left him long ago."

"I couldn't, darling. Won't you come and hold me in your arms?"

"Not at this minute."

Her eyes narrowed. "Harwood," she said coldly, "you never have loved me. You've made a fool of me. And now when I am ready to throw everything to the winds for you, you hesitate. I'm just one more scalp. I loathe you! You cheat!"

For the first time Harwood found something insincere in both her tone and expression. Angry color mounted to his temples.

"You are trying coercion now," he said with labored calm. "You know I do love you. And you are using it as a lash. Well, you have torn down several rainbows with that lash. Now I know what it is that troubles me."

She looked up, eager to answer whatever he should say.

"Somehow all the sympathy I have had for you is gone," he declared. "I can understand your early struggles because mine were about the same. Then you married. For five years you have had money, time, no children, a generous, indulgent husband, and what have you accomplished? You dabble in art, in music, you waste time over one or two books of poetry when you might have devoured a library. You have never struck a blow for independence. In short, Ellen, you have harvested nothing from lavish opportunities. You are the typical idle, discontented wife, except that there is a beautiful soul. But no resolution! No force!"

"Yes, and by heaven, I'll say it all—something wrong with your character! If Sam was unbearable why did you not leave him first and trust to fate for happiness afterward? In your place I would have walked out naked. And the last person on earth I would have involved was the one I loved most. No! There is something wrong with you, Ellen. You want to eat your cake and have it too. You burn no bridges. You are precisely the sort of girl who would dash away with me on a romantic impulse and then come back weeping for pardon. Which you would get, too, because you are beautiful and know it. Now I have said it all."

"Go away," Ellen sobbed. "Go away from this place, from this town. You've broken my heart. For heaven's sake, go away before I die!"

"I'm going," Harwood replied, "but not away from this town. I'm going about my business just as usual and I advise you to do the same. You will, anyway. Sam's not such a fool as he looks, Ellen. He understands you fairly well."

Harwood's car began to move. Ellen stepped from hers in desperate haste, but he did not see her. Standing in the moonlight she covered her mouth with her hand to keep from calling his name.

When he had disappeared, Ellen returned to her car, crossed her arms on the steering-wheel and rested her head upon them. But the tears would not come. Finally she raised her head defiantly, opened her bag, drew out a powder-puff and used it. Then she drove to the Hill County National Bank Building where the Chamber of Commerce met and left the automobile at the curb where Sam would find it. Ellen wanted to walk home to steady her nerves and prepare for his coming. The desire to cry was gone. Only volcanic anger remained.

When Sam arrived he found his wife attired in a filmy kimono. She met him in the hall and embraced him with such an unusual demonstration of affection that he was astonished.

"What's the matter, honey?" he asked.

"Oh, Sam, I love you so!" she said. "I love you, love you, love you. Hold me tight in your arms. There, that's nice. Now rub your cheek on my shoulder. Oh, I like that! Do you love me, Sam?"

"Of course I do. Is there anything to eat in the ice-box?"

"It's all ready, dear. Come in and eat and then I'll curl up on your lap and pet you."

"All right."

Three months dragged through their weary way. Sometimes Ellen would drive by the old Burton

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homestead and look at the beautiful trees surrounding the house. Often she fancied herself opening the front gate and walking in. Harwood Burton was in her thoughts constantly. There was a haunting fear in her mind that if she saw him unexpectedly she might cry his name aloud. But they did not meet. Her friends remarked that Mrs. Kirk was not looking very well but Sam smiled knowingly.

"Nothing the matter with her," he would say. "My little pet has probably got tired of one set of toys, but she'll be picking up with another set after a while."

Harwood also declined all social invitations. This left time for various enterprises, among them an organization of men which pledged itself to spend five years planting trees along the public highways. That was the first of Harwood's projects to interest Sam Kirk. A banker who had been abroad told Sam that these trees would protect the highways from erosion and make every dollar spent on them do the work of two. Within three short months the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations composed exclusively of men began competing with each other to lend their names and assistance to Harwood's projects.

One evening Sam returned to his home in a rather jubilant mood.

"Honey," he said as he entered the drawing-room, "I want to talk to you about Harwood Burton."

Ellen's hand flew to her throat and she rose. Sam laughed. He misinterpreted the puzzled look on her face. "Forgot all about him! Don't you remember talking an arm off me about that young fellow?"

"Yes, dear. What about him?" Ellen's tone was so calm it would have deceived no one but her husband.

"Is that all the interest you are going to show? I thought you were crazy about him. I've been watching him like you asked. He's all right. You must have said something that steadied him a lot. Tomorrow I'm going to make him attorney for the bank."

Ellen stared at her husband, speechless. Sam wandered about the room looking for a trustworthy chair, and talking. "Let me tell you what he did today. Old W. W. Smith had a will giving everything to Gertrude. Well, Harwood Burton made him tear it up and fix a new one to protect the other two sisters; and he fixed it so Gertrude's husband couldn't touch a penny. I was a witness."

"Well, what of that?" Ellen asked.

"Haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"Then I'll tell you a secret. Harwood is going to marry Gertrude Smith."

"The girl with the big ankles?" And then Ellen laughed, for the question needed no answer.

"She's a fine girl and they'll be happy," Sam declared. "I like him too. He's got ideas. Why don't you want him to be attorney for the bank?"

"I don't know."

"I thought not. Is supper ready?"

A Big-Hearted Bandit

(Continued from page 41)

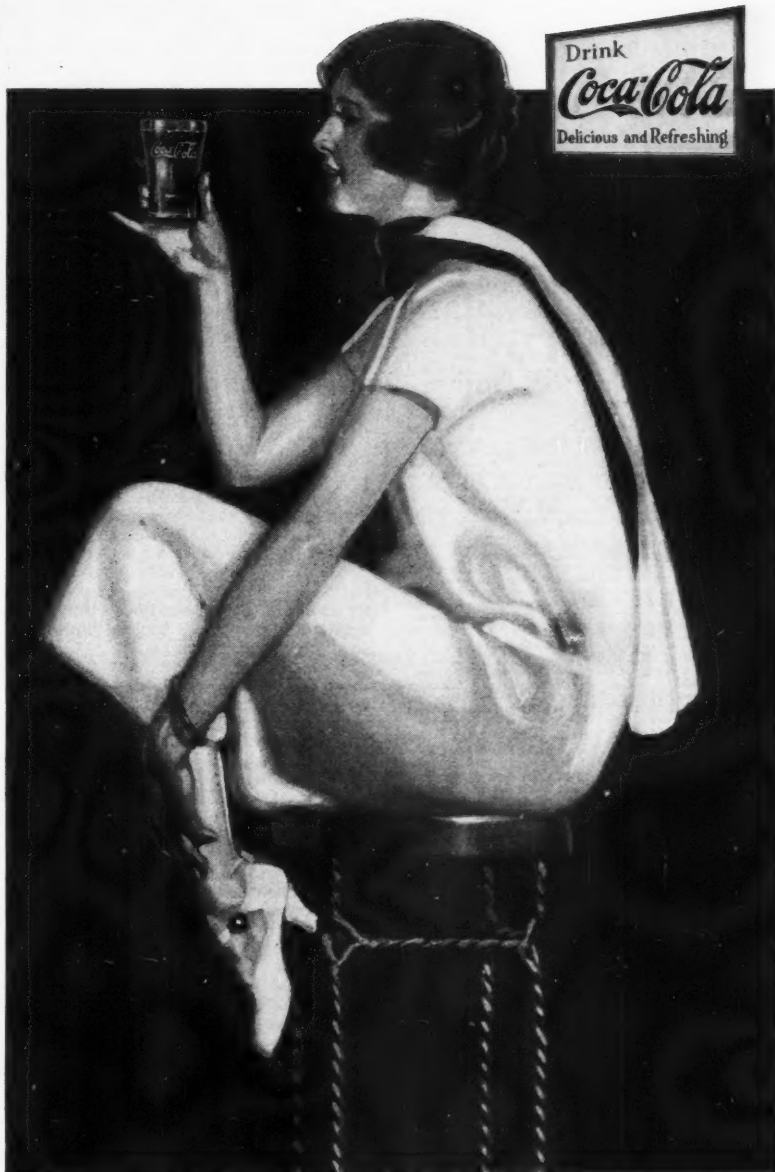
himself. "'And he went with them and came to Nacozari.'"

Thus was he befooled, though he shook his head slowly.

"I have much trouble to believe," he said.

But he took the book from me, and I saw that he slipped it within the folds of his *capa* for safe-keeping.

He was a wordless man in those days, that Heyzoose, but he was a giant in the raid. He was sufficient unto himself and made no friends among us. Perhaps I, the Squirrel, came to know him best because I had read the words to him, and he hung about me. So, when none was nigh, I placated him with words from his book. He was of two minds whether to believe



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wholly, or in part; his slow wit turned it over and over as an old lobo—the wary wolf—might turn poisoned meat, sniffing danger, yet under sharp order from his belly.

We went on looting, and for a time things were well. But in Mexico City, as we learned from prisoners and those held for ransom, there was peace and agreement; it transpired that all hands were turned against us, and many were desirous of sharing the rewards that stood upon the heads of Jimenez, the Hawk of Culiacán, and his band. The takings, no matter how boldly we struck, grew less, and we were spent with frequent flight.

Do I speak in confidence? *Bueno!* There was something occurred then at Santa Ysabel, not so far from Mazatlán, where we darted in and out quickly like the tongue of the lizard. And riding forth we came on a group of women washing at a pool, who fled before us screaming.

With shouts Jimenez drove them before us, making his quirt whistle on their bent backs as they stumbled and twisted aside; one woman was caught up on his saddle bow by Mendez, drunk as always. Thus exemplified, El Quito, the boy, to show himself a man, spurred after a fleeing girl who fled to the left of our road. I, riding behind the others, watched him go, laughing at him for a *niño*. He cursed me and followed the chase.

Straightway I saw another plunge from the dust of our going and take up pursuit; I could not believe my eyes, when I beheld that it was Heyzoose. "Oh, then," I cried, "there is hot blood in your veins!"

The Indian rode straight into the path of the girl. I do not know what he had in mind to do, but El Quito came up then and, thinking he was being made light of, lashed out at the Indian with his knife. Heyzoose threw him off with a laugh and swung from his horse to stand before the girl.

It will not be credited, but she flung about, picked up a short stick of thorn and faced our Yaqui valiantly, her head held high.

She struck out with courage and despair, and struck hard, so that Heyzoose had no easy task to pinion her. I could catch her cries, defiant and angry; the sudden command of the Indian to El Quito, the love-sick boy. That one, sullen, rode ahead.

"So this is private business, Señor Heyzoose, is it?" I said to myself, with a chuckle.

I had not gone a hundred paces when Heyzoose rode up beside me. I turned to look. The girl stood where he had left her, motionless, her eyes steadily upon him. The Indian was like a sick man.

"The hunter comes with empty bag," I said, in good humor. "Where is the quarry?"

He looked into his hand, answering nothing, and there I saw a crushed rose whose fragrance came to my nostrils.

"Ah, my Heyzoose!" I said, laughing. "Will she follow our camp then soon?"

He looked at me as a man awakening. "Her name is Conchita," he said, as though that were in itself a wonderful thing. "She broke in my hands like a grain stalk." We rode in silence for a few moments. "Her breath melted me."

And, when I would have jested with him again, he flung around so violently that I pulled up. It is not good to have a quarrel with a new lover. It was never good to quarrel with that Heyzoose!

We were not three days out from Santa Ysabel when Jimenez, the *jefe*, found our way leading within two or three kilos of the hacienda of a certain American mine which he had long desired to ravage, and he called council.

"Had I a handful of courageous ones," he said scornfully, "instead of twenty sick women, I should ride boldly in and pillage that place. There is gold for the taking, and supplies in great amount; more to the point, a stock of ammunition and *carabinas* from America which we sorely require. Perhaps El Quito, the boy, will ride with me; the chicken-hearts may hide safely in the chaparral, sweating with their fear!" And he spat and turned away, though his eyes were on us like a cat's.

We were not sick women, but well we knew the odds against us in this project. The *Americanos* will fight, and they are well armed; moreover, their camp was admirably placed for defense in a ravine. There we were, desperate men reduced to poverty, yet not ready to quit life.

"*Carramba!*" cried one suddenly. "Here is a man to ride with you and the boy!" And that Heyzoose leaped to his horse and turned its head up the cañon, not once looking back.

Could we do less than the Yaqui? What would you say?

But it was an evil day for us. The Heyzoose was first to fall, at the very door of the house of the superintendent; Baca, the great bull, was bent double on his saddle, coughing blood; Jimenez himself had his horse shot from under him, leaped clear, was put down by a bullet, clambered up in time to catch the fleeing mount of El Quito, the lad, who lay dead beyond, and dragged himself astride.

"*Adelante!*" he shouted. "On, you curs!"

We made bold to follow him, but it was of no avail. And to complete our humiliation, the gringos closed in behind us, so that we were hemmed in by their victorious men. Each of us looked to himself; I saw Jimenez cut his way out; I saw a handful of others crash through the bars of a corral and plunge into a ravine; three more slipped by to the north. It will scarcely be credited, but I myself, with Juan Fernandez and the Jay and Flores of Chihuahua, were captured. They threw us into an iron-walled building with a floor of stone, where the heat was that of a great oven; there presently we found ourselves joined by that Heyzoose, cruelly wounded, whom they had dragged in.

Such was our predicament. At sundown, we reasoned, we should be led out to stand under the shadow of an adobe wall. But not so! For, if you will remember, there were rewards on our heads, and these Americans lose nothing by hasty action! So we were held, dying in that iron-cased hell.

Lying badly wounded now, that Heyzoose besought me to read from his book; and I, who had forgotten it in our plight, observed that he still gnawed at the riddle in his mind. I was in no heart, to be sure, to carry on our jest; therefore I read what he would, and the Indian listened. But the simple mind clings, past doubting, to the first belief; soon I saw that he would not understand the nature and office of this *Biblia*; nor could he perceive that it was the Holy Book of Our Mother, the Church. What was it then to him? Ah, you shall see!

When they came to take us to the jail in the nearest town, that Heyzoose was a changed man. It will not be believed, but he rode gallantly and without complaint, though his wounds were still sore. The way was long, our march was forced and hurried, and when we asked for water we were answered with laughter from our guards, who taunted us with their dripping canteens, but gave us no drop. Staunched hearts that we were, and most especially that Heyzoose, we made what good we could of that bitter journey; and found ourselves led at the end of the third day into the town of Santa Ysabel, where all the people came to see these winged birds of Jimenez.

We lay in the jail there for three days, until the governor could spread word of our capture and make holiday for the countryside of the day of our execution. I myself feared nothing. But the rest were loath to die, especially Flores, the Chihuahuan, who made great scenes indeed, groveling to our guards and screaming that he was led astray perforce. It was then, indeed, that I saw an incredible thing.

Heyzoose, that wild Yaqui, that giant with his fierce eyes and his hands red with blood, had become as gentle as a maiden! For he began to move among us quietly, comforting and pacifying our spirits. Not mine, indeed, for I laughed at death! Yet it was good in such a time to have this great fellow speaking courageously in one's ears. Why should I not confess it, since all know the valor of Rafael

Castro called in after that it was her arms around me.

"It is very good," he said. "soldiers or cry he is of a noble."

Being almost I spoke earnestly was given you. You are not Jes-

"Do I seem to Castro?" he asked.

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There was no of honor! Nor when one stands little beliefs grow indeed who would that which gives heart. So I told

"Blessed are shall see God money-changers healed the sick."

The thief came ill and to death the good shepherd Thus spake Jesus.

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Castro called in jest the Squirrel. I thought again that it was the Church that had put her arms around his spirit; but no! He told me.

"It is very good to bear the name of a great man," he said. "Does one debase himself to soldiers or cry before the face of death, when he is of a noble name? I am Heyzoose!"

Being almost within the shadow of the wall I spoke earnestly. "That book—the *Biblia*—was given you in laughing mood, Heyzoose. You are not Jesus, the Christ!"

"Do I seem then such a fool to you, Rafael Castro?" he asked. "I am ignorant but I have some wit. No, I know now that my book tells of the life of a great Heyzoose—Jesus of Nacozari. So you have read it to me. And such a name as his not even I, a low-born, half-caste Yaqui, will drag in the dirt. If I cannot live as he did, at least I can die as he died. Will you read again?"

There was no laughing matter, on my word of honor! Nor could I undeceive him. For when one stands under the shadow of the wall, little beliefs grow great, and he is a thief indeed who would pilfer from the condemned that which gives him strength and a great heart. So I took the Book.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall see God . . . And he cast out the money-changers from the temple . . . and healed the sick, and raised the dead . . . The thief cometh not but for to steal and to kill and to destroy. I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep!" Thus spake Jesus!"

I tell you I had no heart to open the eyes of that Heyzoose.

"He was a good man," I said.

"He was a good man," said Heyzoose. "This Jesus of Nacozari—shall it be said that he was a truer man than Jesus, the Yaqui, of El Cuerva?"

Then—and this will not be credited!—on the second night before the time of our execution, two men appeared in that pit of a jail from nowhere, for the doors were barred and closed and our windows were narrow, high, and straitly ironed. Past doubting we stared at them! And they spoke to Heyzoose.

He showed his wonder; then he turned to us.

"These men," he said, "have played the gopher and we are freed. See, here is the mouth of the burrow; do you go before me with these two!"

And so it was. Outside were horses, which we mounted in haste. But not in such haste that we did not see what occurred.

That Heyzoose had sent us all before him, coming last himself and narrowly arriving, for there was a great shout within the jail, and shots and alarm! But Heyzoose was in the arms of a girl—that Chita, whom he had held before on the afternoon of our retreat from Santa Ysabel with Jimenez, and she was begging him to take her with him whom she had freed!

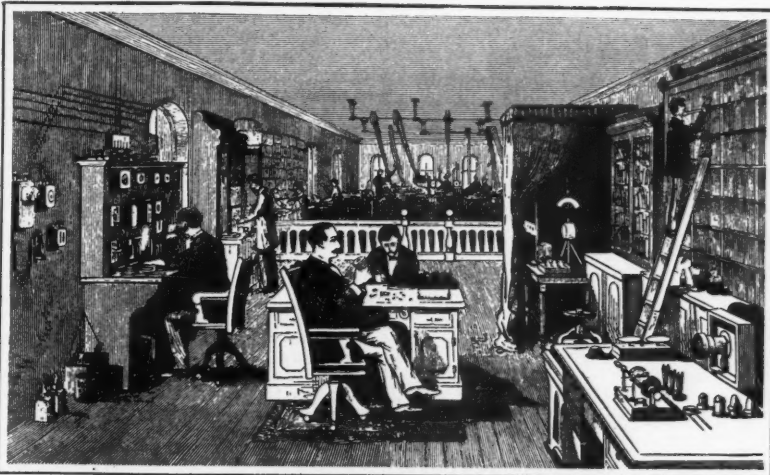
"No!" I heard him say. "I cannot, Chita! But I will come back for you. *Adios!*"

He kissed her and wrenched her strong young arms from his neck, and she, perforce, ran like a rabbit, for the *soldados* were pouring out in pursuit.

We found Jimenez outside of Soyality in a pass of the Sierra del Durango, a rendezvous of ours aforetime, and thence we moved into hiding. Whereupon we began to discover that Heyzoose an amazing man, past credence!

Jimenez was in his worst mood in that flight of ours. I give you my word of honor that he was not at any time a playful or affectionate man; and at the mine above Candelaria he had suffered two heavy injuries from the *Americanos*, and hard living and his evil temper had not bettered matters for him.

That Heyzoose became in those days a sort of major-domo to us who followed Jimenez. His own wounds were healing miraculously; heedless of those, however, he was a giant with the hand of a mother to all of us. It was he who found us water, foraged when we were too spent ourselves to seek food, tended camp, laved our wounds. He slaved and served for us.



The Bell Telephone Laboratory in 1884. From an old wood engraving published in the "Scientific American"

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And more. One day Jimenez, in a fit of rage over some trifle, suddenly drew and flung about to attack old Pico, a veteran of fifteen years of banditry and crippled with ancient wounds, and would have shot him in the face. It was that Heyzoose who leaped between them, threw up the gun, and then wrested it from the chief.

"What now!" Jimenez cried, choking. "Are we to have a new leader?"

Ah, you may be sure we held breath then. They confronted one another, the Indian and our maddened captain, and Jimenez was black with anger but Heyzoose smiled.

"A dead man would be an open trail for our enemies, jefe," he said. "And this one is an old hand who knows all the mountains and never leads us on a wrong road. Give thought to that, señor!"

Will you say it was love of a maiden gave our Indian that firm, gentle speech, soothing as when the *vaqueros* quiet their herds with song? Or was it the book of the life of Jesus of Nazareth—of Nacozari, as Heyzoose had it? Whatever you say I am content. But I give you my word of honor that what I am recounting happened.

Jimenez stared at him, grunted, flung down the gun, and went off, sulking. And, as though to prove his power to us, he ordered attack on a worthless little hamlet in the fastnesses of the Duranzos, where nothing could be had save the fruit of lust. That Heyzoose heard the order with a troubled mind, past doubting, but he said nothing. And so we fell on Pasqualitos.

I was not so thirsty for unwilling embraces as most; I give you my honor that I did not overlook how silently the town gave us entrance, neither contending against us nor raising a hand to stay us; we rode down the long ravine, golden in the evening light, and there was quiet there and a stink of horror.

Jimenez strode, bawling, into the miserable wine shop in the town, and the others followed him, for it had been a long time, I can tell you, since we had washed the dust from our throats. In an hour most of the band was inflamed with passions and drink, though not I. I am a temperate man; moreover then I was observing our Indian, that Heyzoose. For he did not enter the tavern; instead he went among the people, calming them, making inquiries, and, to allay the hot temper of Jimenez, arranging a *fiesta* for our entertainment.

It was a sorry town for feasting, as I have assured you, but there was something worse. It was visited by the pestilence. That indeed was why we had come unopposed into a silent village. For they were already ravaged by that bandit Death, and what was Jimenez, the Hawk, compared to that other?

There was *fiesta* for our chief, nevertheless, though I declare that it was a mockery. Such food as they had they set out, and wine, and a wretched pale *aguardiente*; then such young men and maidens as could bestir themselves danced. Did you ever hear the singing of those who are condemned to die? A terrible sound, is it not? But Jimenez heard nothing amiss; he weaved and danced himself, his eyes on the women, and at last he threw his great sombrero to the head of a girl, a mere child, and it fell down over her wide eyes and her quivering mouth, and he began to drag her out of the circle.

Those Pasqualitos dared not cry out, the less because most of our men had also caught women; here was a great stillness among the villagers, and only the choking sobs of the women and the little cries, as of a rabbit that is trod on in the fields, from the child whom Jimenez fancied.

Then appeared that Heyzoose. I have seen him ferocious in battle, inflamed with blood and looting, but I never saw him so mighty as now, when his goodness rendered him frightful.

"No!" he cried. "No! This is a village of death; there shall be no wrong done by us, and I give you my life on it!"

"Name of Saint Mary and the Twelve!" Jimenez bellowed. "So again you make yourself

jefe, eh? Once, *hombre*, but not twice!" And without another word he fired three times at the Indian.

I have no credence for miracles; yet what I relate I saw with my own eyes. Those two were not twelve paces apart and Jimenez, drunk or sober, was a deadly shot. I could swear that his three bullets would not have spread a hand's breadth on a man's breast at that moment, yet Heyzoose, untouched, walked straight upon him and flung him, before he could draw again, into the chaparral, where he fell heavily and insensible. Then the Yaqui turned on us.

"The *fiesta* is ended, *compañeros*," he said, with assurance. "There is a deadly sickness in this town and those who fear it had best leave hastily. For myself, I shall stay. But there will be no looting."

We knew he spoke truth, for he had a way of speaking now. Within an hour nine of us were gone from Pasqualitos, but Jimenez and four others of us stayed. Our leader was too hurt and too drunk to go and we other four had felt the deadly gripe of pain and the sickness of the stomach, and before morning were raving with the plague. Past doubting!

Eleven days I lay, knowing nothing save thirst, weakness and a great need to die—and, dimly, that I was waited on by that Heyzoose and some of the women. Also we had, marvelously, certain drugs and medicines, though whence they came I was long in discovering.

Ah, that pestilence! When I dragged myself into the sun again I saw how it had laid the little hamlet waste. Flores, the Chihuahuan, was dead, and two others of our number were, with me, slowly recovering, but Jimenez, our leader, had fled. It appeared that he had crawled away in the night, with nothing save fear of that Heyzoose in his belly. Perhaps it was a superstition, too; not many men had out-faced Tomaso Jimenez and lived and he may have thought that the Yaqui wore a charm.

It was not hard for me, when I was stronger, to help with the other sick. Heyzoose was our master, our leader, our physician, our jefe, our breath of life, and I declare it! Pasqualitos he carried in his two hands, as a girl a jug. Without sparing himself, without rest, scarcely sleeping at all, he ministered to them. Could I have done less than he did—I, a Castro, whose great-grandfather was a Castilian?

It was hard, though, for there was little with which to do. Our supplies ran low, and there were no others. Heavy-hearted, as I saw, that Heyzoose came to me one evening.

"In Carriso, which is ten kilos from here," he said, "there are medicines and food that we sorely need, Rafael Castro."

"What then of that?" I asked. "We have no money."

"There is, in Carriso, a certain Portuguese merchant of the name of Paulao."

"How do you know this?"

"Because I have been there and bought. But now my share of the loot is gone, and this Paulao will neither give nor lend to Pasqualitos in her misery."

Ah, so it was we had had our drugs and our food! That Heyzoose, leaving his sick only for so long as it takes a man to ride ten kilos and return, had paid out his own good gold for us.

"Still," I said, "I do not understand what it is you want done now."

"There are those would ride the breadth of a state to kiss a woman, to empty a glass or to take one *peso* from a countryman. Bandits, they are called. A handful of such men could force this Paulao to do mercy to Pasqualitos."

"Oh, ho!" I cried. "So that is the direction from which the wind comes. Well, I will get you the handful of men if you will lead."

"I will lead," he said.

Before midnight we were pelting southward through the darkness of night with Heyzoose at our head: Tarrasas of Tecolote; Luis Ruiz, the Jay, and myself from out of Jimenez's old band; and six men of Pasqualitos, shivering in their blankets but willing to give their blood for Heyzoose. So we fell on the great shop of Señor Paulao in Carriso and rifled it of what

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we required, Heyzoose and two others fighting off the *rurales* and making a great stir in the town. That Portuguese was a bellowing bull.

"You are as good as under the wall, you Yaqui marauder," he cried, from a safe distance. "This is your stripe then, you bandit! The arm of the law is long!"

So he gibbered, the ape, dancing in the moonlight behind a pillar that guarded his fat bulk.

So with the medicines Pasqualitos required and such food as we could carry, we rode out again uninjured and, having killed no man—to the contrary, saving all by firing high, as that Heyzoose required us to do.

Pasqualitos came out from under the shadow of the pestilence. And almost at the end the Indian fell sick himself.

We were at our wit's end, I give you my word, for he had learned skill of a warm heart, moved by his emulation of that Jesus of Nacozari in whom he believed and whose life he strove to imitate. And we had only clumsy hands. But we did what we could.

He was very sick. I thought he was to die. One day, nodding in weariness in my house, I was awakened fully to see a strange face that was yet familiar.

"Como, hombre?" I said. "You are not of Pasqualitos."

"No. I am of Santa Ysabel." He looked at me. "There is hard digging under the jail of my town."

Oh, then, past doubting, I knew that he was one of those two that had gophered in to free one bandit for a girl, and had freed five.

"You know Chita of Santa Ysabel?" I said.

"I am her brother," said he. "Word has come to us of a raid on Carriso led by a bandit named Heyzoose. So my sister, who is concerned for some such man, sent me to inquire. Is he in these regions?"

"That Heyzoose lies very sick of a fever in this town. Whether he lives or dies is known only to God."

He laughed shortly. "You had best keep him living yet a while, señor," he said. "For Chita will hold some one responsible."

And he went away. I swear to you that I did not wholly understand until, three days later, while Heyzoose fought a fight for each breath, I felt myself thrust aside from his bed and there was his Chita, his little tigress, with blazing eyes, taking my place.

So he did not die, but recovered, though it was a long time before he could do more than sit in the sun, listening to the music of her words who had for him so much love in her heart. . . . The heat of summer passed, there was corn ripe in the valley and acorns on the hills; pigs grew fat and calves sturdy, and all was well with Pasqualitos.

There were long shadows from the adobes. The robin scolded in the chaparral; the sun glanced along the dun ground and painted pictures of red and yellow and purple in the sierra across the little valley; then Heyzoose, sitting with his Chita beside him, planning for the day when he should be strong and well again and they should be married—ah, in such a time that Heyzoose raised his eyes and beheld evil tidings riding upon them out of a cloud of dust in the west. He looked a moment steadily, then he raised the girl.

"Chita," he said, "we have spoken before of a visit for you to the *estancia* of that old Aunt Rosa, in the little valley above the mesquite thickets. Will you go and take her some corn and a jug of wine for her easing?"

Conchita tossed her head. "Perhaps, then, you bandit, you are tired of me!" she cried.

"Ay! de mí!" he said, slowly, "perhaps I am. But go and stay the night with the old woman, and I will send some men for you tomorrow."

She hung on her heel, but he was stern, and she walked from him. The Indian stood straight, and I saw great pain in his face. Then suddenly he leaped after her, catching her to him with great love. For a breath she struggled, calling him names; then she let herself go and clung to him. But it was only a farewell. He bade her go on, and she went, humming a little song.



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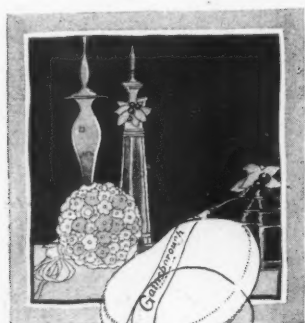
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TRY IT

When she was no more than out of sight and hearing up rode that horseman from the west, on a horse wet with sweat and creamed with dirty lather, and it was Ricardo, one of the *vagueros* of Pasqualitos. The Yaqui greeted him as one expected. The boy spoke in terror.

"A great company of *federalistas* camped last night above Soyallita, Heyzoose!" he cried. "I crept down and heard news to drive the blood from the heart of a strong man."

Heyzoose raised his head and looked far away. I knew then that he had foreseen what was afoot, though no others of us had.

"They come for me?" he asked.

"Si, señor!" The boy stammered. "That is not the worst. Because we have given you succor here, it is said, our little town is to be razed and all made prisoners—or executed."

Heyzoose straightened. "All? The women?" "Every man, woman and child!" The *vaguero* trembled. "And, riding hard, they are not now an hour behind me."

"You, then, Castro!" Heyzoose cried, turning to me by name. "Call up the people, for there is little time. They must go out into the mountains to the places they know of and wait for me to act. Quick, *estápido!*"

"And you yourself?"

"*Pronto!*" he cried, and I saw that he would be soon angry with me.

I called the people. Man, woman and child, they fled the town. I would have stayed behind, I swear to you on the Cross, but Heyzoose would not let me.

"You shall be their rear guard, my brave Castro!" he said, laughing at me. And in truth, it was well thought out. For I was strong and quick witted, and those helpless ones would need some such to guide them.

There was a great silence in that empty town behind us, where Heyzoose waited.

After an hour, step by step, I crept back to a rock I knew that jutted out above the town, and there I could see all that befell. I lay there prone, having thought to my safety only for the sake of my helpless charges; I took good care that I should not expose the head which must think for them. So I saw and heard!

The *federalistas* rode in at a hand gallop—and leading them, dressed in altered clothes and with his face shaven smooth, but unmistakable to me, was that bandit, Jiminez! He had turned traitor, disguising himself and making great show now of sanctity!

"To the hills, my friends!" he cried—that Jiminez. "They hide in the chaparral!"

And they would have obeyed his words, finding the town deserted, except that our Heyzoose stood suddenly among them.

"It is he, the *bandido* Heyzoose!" cried Jiminez. "Señor el *Comandante*, behold him! I have seen him often, the dog—the looter of towns and ravisher of the church of Our Lady!"

I ask you to believe that it was so he spoke. Heyzoose looked at him quietly.

"One who knows me so well must have been very close to my side," he said.

Jiminez blustered.

"The trapped wolf may sing any song," he said. "But for me, I crave only the honor of executing you with my own hands, infidel!"

"Well, is there speech-making enough for you?" cried the officer of the federals then pushing up. "Our order is to capture this bandit and to raze the town."

Heyzoose spoke.

"Señor *Comandante*," he said, "will you show me the mercy of permitting a few words?"

"To give your fleeing comrades the more time, eh?" the captain asked.

"No, on my honor!" Heyzoose exclaimed. "My comrades are but few, and they mostly women, old men and children, señor. Such as they are you can easily hunt down at any time, if you are not satisfied with what I tell you."

"Make your talk," the captain said, not unkindly. "The day seems dedicated to the play of words."

Straight and tall and unafraid our Heyzoose was then. He faced the *soldados* and their officer, and Jiminez, that cruel traitor, with a smile on his lips.

"Señors," said he, "I am Heyzoose, name-sake of that Jesus of Nacoziari who led a blameless life in his day and whom I, since I have known of him, would follow. I have been a bandit, in truth. I have looted, murdered, robbed, ravaged, burned. I boldly confess it, and I await my execution with a heart free from malice, as it is free from fear. This I swear on the book I hold."

He drew out his little *Biblia*—that book of the life of him whom he fancied to have been one Jesus of Nacoziari. It meant nothing more to him—and, in high truth, nothing less! Ah, he was a figure of a man in that moment. And no word still concerning the treacherous Jiminez, who had made him a bandit perforce, as he had many of us, I swear to you!

"I am ready to give myself into your hands, señors," is what he said, pursuing. "But of the people of Pasqualitos there is another tale."

He told then simply of the pestilence, the suffering, the deaths; of how he and others had stayed when a bandit leader—so he had it, naming no names—rode into Pasqualitos for food and refreshment; of how they had helped the sick as best they knew, exhausting their resources to buy food and medicines for the village people. I was proud, I give you my oath, to hear him speak my own name, Rafael Castro, as having had a part in this. But never a word of his own share!

He told them how there had come a day when, our money and loot being spent, he had gone in vain to the prosperous neighboring town of Carriso and how thereafter without harm to anyone, he had taken by force what we required.

"Such is our guilt, Señor *Comandante!*" he said simply. "We had women and children sick unto death and no hand raised to help us. And so I—I, Heyzoose, the Yaqui—raided Carriso, taking only to save lives and give ease in pain and comfort in death. Mine the blame, and mine alone. Now, señors, would you hunt down my people of Pasqualitos when they are so lately ravaged by that other officer, Death?"

"Fine words!" cried Jiminez, our traitorous comrade, boldly. "Who is it pleads with you, *Capitán!* A blasphemer! Does he not call himself Jesus of El Cuerva?"

"That is true," quoth Heyzoose, and I never saw a man more proud under indictment. "I am ignorant and unworthy, but I seek to live my life as his was lived by Jesus of Nacoziari, in Sonora, as it is set forth in this, my book!"

Some of the *soldados* crossed themselves and some muttered. But the captain smiled.

"It would appear," he said thoughtfully, "that there are worse men than those who reform their lives after the pattern of some Jesus, whether he be of Nacoziari or of Nazareth!" And he pointed a finger at Jiminez, whom I knew to be the Hawk of Culiacán. "Are your hands then so clean, my friend, that you can give testimony against others?"

Jiminez shrank back afrighted, though I do not think in truth that the captain more than suspected him of evil knowledge. However the *comandante* proceeded straight.

"It is our order to execute this Heyzoose as a bandit and renegade, and we have no choice. But it shall be he who is punished—and let the weight of blame fall on my head. Bind him!"

Heyzoose stood quietly, smiling, holding his worn little book, and they pinioned him and placed him under the shadow of the wall. I am not ashamed that my heart was soft as a woman's and that I wept to see that good Heyzoose, manacled and facing the firing squad.

Six soldiers there were chosen to confront him; they looked to the readiness of their arms; they stood to attention.

"Sargento!" the *comandante* said, turning aside. "You know the order. Do your work!" And I thought that there was in that captain's face a sadness at this act he could not help.

There came suddenly a cry—running feet—the name of Heyzoose shrilly spoken! And who but Conchita should appear, turned back from her way by the news that had overtaken her, and thereafter a furious race. She burst across the square and flung herself upon that Heyzoose, shielding him with her body.

"No!" she cried, and: "No! Infame!"
The commandante turned and I saw his face change. "Hold, soldados!" he said. "Now here, Conchita Muñoz of Santa Ysabel, what is this outlaw to you?"

She looked at him as proudly as a great lady of Castile.

"Capitán Ramirez," she replied, "this outlaw is my betrothed, and beyond doubting he is the truest heart in all Mexico! Must you look for black hearts into which to send your shining bullets? Then look you at that man there—that informer and traitor! Look at him, last and most cruel of all the bandits of Mexico—a scourge of our land! Unregenerate, unpardoned, in his own person there is Tomaso Jimenez!"

She poured out her words—she told all. But what she declared with most fervor was that we others, and especially that Heyzoose, had been driven and led into banditry by Jimenez himself, which was the truth, as God is my judge! Jimenez, blustering, protesting, shrinking, casting about him the quick looks of the trapped coyote, confirmed her speech. The commandante hesitated not a moment.

"We of Santa Ysabel know Conchita Muñoz!" he said to his soldiery. "Is it not so? And this informer we do not know except as she reveals him to us. Let him be bound!"

Jimenez was as water in their hands, crying, blubbering, falling at their feet so that they had great difficulty to secure him with their leathern ropes; he lay there slobbering, like a whipped cur. And I above would have given a great laugh if I had not bethought me of my women and children that were beyond.

"And now," said the young captain slowly, "there remains the question of this Indian—this Heyzoose of El Cuerva, follower of his Jesus of Nacozari, as he thinks. He who nurses the sick and offers his own life to save his people." He spoke crisply indeed.

"For us who serve there is no choice but to obey orders. We are commanded to effect the arrest of one Heyzoose, a bandit, and to bring him to his execution. That is so unquestionably. Now if he seeks to escape"—he looked at Conchita Muñoz straight, and so did I, and I saw that she held in her hand the little dagger with which she went always armed—"if our prisoner should seek to flee, our solemn instructions are to invoke *la ley de fuga*—the law against the fugitive—and to prevent his flight if we are able to do so. Let us hold counsel concerning this matter, my brave hearts!"

I could see doubt and wonder on some faces and sage looks and smiles on others, but all gathered about their captain, leaving only two to guard that Jimenez, the traitorous dog.

This that I now tell passes all credence, yet it happened as I relate it, before God and our Holy Mother!

Chita, that passionate-hearted girl, struck away with her knife the bonds that held Heyzoose and whispered in his ear. He hesitated, to be sure, and looked from her to the commandante, and from the commandante to the brown hills above. And very slowly and as though always doubting, he suffered himself to be led away. Then when they were in the trail through the chaparral below me and almost passed from sight of the square, suddenly the young captain cried out loudly:

"What, then, scoundrels! Your prisoner escapes! The law of the fugitive! Fire upon him!"

My heart leaped and my blood turned to ice in my veins. The soldados spread out, shouting and crying great oaths. They raised their weapons—raised them and fired.

It is not possible to credit, but their bullets seemed directed, with one accord, toward the sanguinary death of myself, Rafael Castro, lying high above on my flat rock! If they had been seeking to bring down the moon, in very truth, they had aimed more surely than to bring down those lovers, walking straight and close together into the refuge of the friendly mountains—Conchita, of the passionate heart, and that Heyzoose who thought himself Jesus of El Cuerva!

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A delicate fragrance, to augment the delight of the bathing hour. The tonic properties of the sea, to refresh and invigorate. The water magically softened, to keep your skin velvet-smooth.

A sprinkling of

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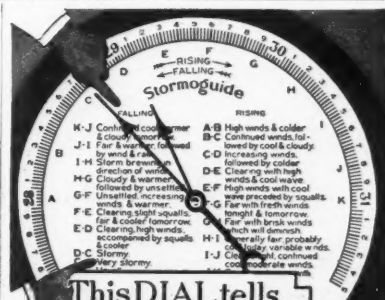


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TANGEE

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And They Lived Happily Ever After

(Continued from page 107)

parents somehow overlooked her as they hurried away to their waiting cars. This might have been mere thoughtlessness, or it might have been an intentional slight.

Alice had been perusing the society news diligently to note whether she had been omitted from any of the social functions in the Whitcomb Place neighborhood. Mrs. Will Armstrong had asked her to a tea the week after the divorce was granted and she had gone with Elsie Avery, who heartened her on the way home by declaring that a divorce was no longer a social handicap.

Now that the excitement attendant upon Freida's departure was over Alice's thoughts turned upon her own immediate affairs. She had delayed discharging Amelia until Freida left, but the day of Freida's departure Amelia had quit without notice!

The question of how she was to live presented serious problems. Elsie suggested renting the house and taking an apartment, but this Alice instantly dismissed. Freida would be coming home and would suffer a serious loss of prestige in her circle of young people if she no longer lived in the house with which she was identified. It mustn't appear, as Alice phrased it, that Freida "had come down in the world." Elsie had given up trying to reason with a woman who asked counsel merely to reject it. To Elsie, with her practical mind, there was something uncanny in Alice's genius for blundering. Jim had declared to Elsie in strong masculine terms his conviction that Alice was a complete fool; he couldn't see what Elsie saw in the woman.

Jim, of course, knew of Alice's divorce, but luckily he hadn't heard any talk connecting her with Spencer. He confided to Elsie his growing impatience with Spencer as a business man, but Alice's faith in Spencer and her investment in the Press was so complete that Elsie hadn't the heart to disturb it.

A few evenings after Freida left for school Spencer went to the Whitcomb Place house, which he hadn't visited since the night Mort had seen him kiss Alice. Spencer recalled with no pleasure that it was here that he had begun his flirtation with Alice that had landed him in the trap from which it was now the urgent business of his life to extricate himself. He had been badly shaken by Mort's demand that he marry Alice. To be obliged to go on playing the rôle of lover and keeping alive Alice's expectation that he would marry her was the cruellest of punishments. If only the Press could be got on its feet he would buy her stock and be done with her!

"You do look tired, Howard!" Alice remarked solicitously. "I'm afraid you're working too hard. And that will never do!"

"Oh, it's nothing!" Spencer replied. "You must never tell a man he looks tired. I'm just putting in a few extra hours for a little while till I get the business going good. Then I'll show you what a loafer I can be."

"I wish I could help. You know I'm all alone. Freida will be gone all winter and I've been thinking I ought to do something. And if you could give me something to do at the Press nobody could criticize my being there when I have an interest in the business."

"No!" he exclaimed hastily. "We talked that out after the reorganization. It couldn't be done. It would make us both uncomfortable."

"Well, I won't worry you about it. You know, Howard, I want to do everything just as you want me to."

"Of course I understand that. You're a dear girl, Alice, but—we've got to be just a little careful about showing ourselves around together right now."

"I understand that. It would be my idea for us to wait for a year and then be married very quietly and go away for a trip until everybody got used to the idea."

"That's exactly what I want to do. We

don't want to give the town too much of a shock right away," he replied, his burden enormously lightened by this revelation that he had a year's respite.

"If you're going to be lonely this next year and want occupation you might do something down-town," he suggested. He had been afraid that she would make demands upon him for money on the score of her interest in the Press and the idea of encouraging her to find employment struck him as an inspiration.

"There's Rose Thornton," said Alice; "she's doing awfully well. If I had the money I might start a business for myself."

"Well, it'd only be for a year," he said, assailed with sudden fear that she might want to sell some of her Press stock to get capital for a business venture. "And it would hardly be profitable to do just that."

"That's so. Well, I might go into Rose's shop. She always needs extra help at this season. I'd just die mooning around here. I think I didn't tell you that Mort's sending me a check every month for Freida. Of course I wouldn't take anything of that for myself. You wouldn't want me to do that."

"Certainly not!" he agreed heartily.

The brief newspaper reports of the granting of the divorce had given him no hint of any financial obligation imposed upon the defendant and he had been afraid to ask Alice any questions. The banks were increasingly captious about his credit and he was embarrassed by the necessity of sending Alice her dividend checks, which he was doing out of his personal account.

A shutter banged somewhere at the rear of the house and Alice started nervously.

"What's the matter, Alice? You nearly jumped out of your chair!" He laughed, but not mirthfully.

"Oh, I'm all right! I've been through a good deal the past year—and there was the mad rush to get Freida off. I'll be all right in a day or two."

"Well, you must take care of yourself."

He tried to bring some warmth to their talk but she was meek, listless, pensive. A new constraint held them tonight. She tried to recover her spirits and be gay, but even her attempt to picture their future together rang hollowly in her own ears.

He petted her a little before he left, tried to bring some ardor to their good night. But he failed to touch her; even his good night kiss left her cold.

It was only ten o'clock and she was rather glad that he had gone so early. As she thought of it he hadn't interposed the objections which, in all the circumstances, might have been expected of him as to her finding employment; he hadn't even volunteered to advance her money on her Press dividends, though he must know that she would need money. As she made ready for bed she found herself thinking of Mort with more kindness than she had thought possible...

Spencer had been so cocksure of his great scheme for expanding the Press. Tonight he had seemed spiritless, without the charm he had had for her as a daring and self-confident man bound to carry through all his undertakings. She had even thought him old, and that had never occurred to her before. There had been something in the way he went out of the door, grasping the frame as he peered down for the step, suggestive of the uncertainty of a feeble old man she had once seen in a movie... If he failed her she would punish him. She was surprised at her own ingenuity in thinking of ways in which she might punish Howard Spencer!

CHAPTER XXIV

"FRAUD CHARGED IN DOREMUS MERGER!"
On an evening late in December Helen Weston, alone in her up-stairs sitting-room,

read the three-column article through and turned back for a second perusal of certain parts of it. The newspaper slipped from her hands and lay open on the floor in such manner that the bold type of the head-line stared at her insolently. Joe's name had figured prominently in the story, which was based upon a law suit begun that day by several of the stockholders in the individual companies that had been merged as the Doremus Corporation.

It was charged that these owners of stock in the old corporations had been led into giving options on their holdings by the promoters of the reorganization, who had concealed their intention of effecting a combination and fraudulently misrepresented the value of the stock and the true earnings of the several companies. A statement from Weston's attorney denied that there had been any purpose to deceive and that the stockholders had been deprived of any legal or moral rights.

The terse sentences of the lawyer's explanation were plausible enough; but to Helen they seemed hardly to answer the accusations. This was why Joe had seemed unusually preoccupied and unwontedly irritable for several weeks. It had long been his boast that he never touched any securities that were not gilt-edged.

She had known for several years that he was speculating in stocks, but she had accepted his assurances that these ventures were all in strictly legitimate lines. A thousand times she had urged him to give less thought to money-making. But the instincts of the exhibitionist were strong in him. It was essential to his happiness to make a show.

It was maddening to think that Joe had been driven by his greed into lending his name to a scheme which looked very like the enterprises of which she had read constantly, whose promoters did, at times, wind up in the penitentiary . . . Then, too, there had been something not quite explicable in Joe's warm liking for Morton Crane. But it had been her encouragement that was responsible for bringing the two men together . . .

Wandering up and down the hall, she did not hear Joe enter the house and she was startled as she caught sight of him mounting the stairs carrying a siphon of water and a bowl of ice.

"Hello! Caught again!" he called out. "Thought you'd gone to bed and was just going to sneak a little nip. There's plenty for two—may I fix you a glass?"

"No, thank you, Joe," she replied, following him into the sitting-room where he at once busied himself mixing his drink.

"Well, I'm what you'd call a busy little bird these days," he said with a sigh of satisfaction as he sank into his big chair. "I sometimes think you're right, Helen, about letting business drive me to death." The newspaper still lay spread open where she had dropped it. His gaze fell upon the Doremus head-line and he gave the paper a spiteful kick. "I suppose you've read that stuff. Pure rot! One of the boldest pieces of blackmail anybody ever tried to pull off. Those fellows didn't have to sell their stock. They were damned glad to get rid of it. Now they're doing the baby act."

A true wife should say, in such circumstances, that she wasn't at all disturbed by the newspaper article and that nothing could shake her confidence in her husband's integrity and honor. To encourage some such expression by manifesting indifference to the implications of the article, he sipped his drink with an air of leisurely contentment. But she began to move about the room, straightening a cushion on a chair, pushing a book back into line on the shelves, plucking a faded leaf from a rose in a vase on the table. The performance of these small offices irritated him.

"You've always said you wouldn't go into schemes of that sort," she said abruptly as she sank into a chair. "Oh, it doesn't make a particle of difference whether those people have a just claim or not. You were taking serious chances when you went into such a thing. You've always sneered at promotion schemes and said they were mostly crooked and wholly out of your field. And now you're in good and



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deep! It doesn't make any difference whether you can beat the law suit or not. You're bound to get a lot of disagreeable publicity out of it.

"It wasn't till after you insisted on building this house that you began to speculate. I tried to persuade you against it but you wanted to make a show. It's not a pleasant thought now that everybody who passes here tonight is making some comment about us that it wouldn't be pleasant to hear. I don't like it! I resent it! I had a right to expect better things of you."

"Oh, come now, Helen!" he said. "You're exaggerating the importance of this whole business. I tell you it's all right! Doremus stock is as sound as government bonds. I could have stopped this law suit by paying money to those fellows, but I tell you it's a hold-up!"

He moved forward in his chair and shook the glass at her with a sharp clatter of the ice.

"Listen to me, Helen!" he said in an agitated tone. "There's nothing to cause any trouble between you and me. I promise you right now that that case will never come to trial. You can't for a minute think that at my age I'm going to get caught in any such trap as this. I've sold that stock on the strength of my good name and I'm going to see that it's good. I've never been beaten yet and I'm not going to be licked by this whimpering crowd. You watch me!"

"Oh, I dare say you'll pull out of it some way," she said.

"Between my honor and my last dollar there's only one choice!" he replied with dignity.

He had given her another opportunity to protest her faith in him and he watched her expectantly, hoping that she would rise to it. But by the look in her eyes he judged that her thoughts were far away.

"Well, I'm sorry you don't see this thing right!" he said and his voice rose. "By God! I'll make those skunks wish they'd never tackled Joseph B. Weston! And let me tell you—I mean to make money! Money! And I don't intend to have you always tell me about my honor and my duty and all that stuff. I won't have it! Do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear you, Joe. Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all—except—I'm giving you back that First National stock that I borrowed from you several years ago. I've tacked on ten thousand dollars, so that makes fifty thousand cool for you."

"I don't want it, Joe."

"Well, it's yours anyhow!" he retorted.

She left him, walking out of the room hurriedly, silent, with that baffling, maddening silence of hers. Even the addition of ten thousand dollars to the forty he had borrowed had not touched her. When she cut the wires there was no way of restoring communication. She was inexplicable. He had no resource but to pour himself another drink and marvel at the unreasonableness of woman.

CHAPTER XXV

ALICE was increasingly glad that she had taken employment with Rose Thornton. The necessity for reaching the shop at eight every morning; the contact with other wage-earning women; the cultivation of the tact and patience required in dealing with a great variety of customers exercised a disciplinary effect upon her with resulting changes of points of view that surprised her.

Staying on in Whitcomb Place she engaged a middle-aged white woman to relieve her of the burden of housekeeping. The woman was as devoid of style as Amelia had been, but she was equally faithful and efficient; and as she slept in the house, Alice, going home tired, was grateful for her presence and kindly ministrations. Mort's check continued to reach her regularly. She knew it was to maintain a home for Freida that he sent it, but the receipt of the envelop enclosing the remittance, folded in a sheet of blank paper, compelled a kindly thought of him.

Elsie Avery was finding Alice difficult to understand. The fact that Alice had gone to

work immediately after getting her divorce was sufficiently staggering, but an Alice who didn't grumble but spent long hours down-town as a saleswoman without even asking to be pitied puzzled Elsie a good deal.

"You're acting like an honest-to-God widow," she exclaimed after Alice had refused a series of invitations extended by the Averys on the ground that she was too tired after her day down-town to care for card parties.

Spencer called to see her now and again. He even offered to take her to the theater. Once he suggested taking her "on a party" with some of his friends and she derived satisfaction in refusing these attentions. She found him far less attractive than in those days when she met him clandestinely and believed herself in love with him. He answered her questions about the Press plausibly enough, but she had begun to doubt whether he was really making it the big thing which had so captivated her imagination.

On a blustery December day Elsie dropped into Rose's shop to take Alice to luncheon.

"Our old friend Joey Weston has done some floor-walking this winter," Elsie remarked when they were seated in a big department-store tea room. "Jim says that Doremus business is quite a nasty mess. I never thought Joe would get mixed up in a thing of that sort."

"Oh, he'll pull out, of course," said Alice.

"Oh, sure! I'd hate to see the old boy go down. But he won't. Jim says that law suit won't amount to anything; it's just a hold-up. Of course if Freida's going to marry Junior Weston we don't want the Westons to go smash. There's that feature."

"Yes," Alice assented soberly, "there's that."

"By the way, dear," said Elsie indulgently, "I don't want to force your confidence, but just when are you and Howard going to step over to the parson's?"

"Oh, nothing's settled about that!" said Alice hurriedly. "You know, Elsie, we can't be sure of anything much in this world!"

"Alice," said Elsie solemnly, "if you don't mind my saying it—you've changed considerably—and for the better. It's in your eyes that you're growing up and beginning to look for the worm hole in the apple before you bite. Now I swore a sacred oath that I'd never try to give you any advice after the feeble attempts I made and you scorned so haughtily. But I'm going to take one more chance with you as the fool frank friend. Shall I shoot?"

"Of course, Elsie. You can say anything you please to me."

"Now this time do understand me, Alice! It's about the Spencer Press and it's confidential. You've still got your stock there—a bunch of common?"

"Yes. Just what I got at the reorganization. You're not going to tell me—"

"Sit steady!" Elsie admonished. "Jim and some of his friends went into the company with the idea that Howard knew what he was about. Well, the thing's in a bad tangle. Jim thinks it can be saved without a complete smash but they're going to shake Howard out and they need your stock to give them the power to do it. It's a question whether it really has any value but they're willing to pay you something for it—twenty thousand—spot cash. Now if you run to Howard with this story he'll spill the beans and the next thing will be a receiver-ship!"

Alice stared at Elsie and groped for her tumbler. "It was worth fifty thousand when Mort left the company," she said.

"It probably was. But the point is that it isn't worth that now. Something's got to be done quickly. Jim's on the square; you can trust him. I don't want you to do this without talking to your lawyer and Jim will show him the statements and explain their plan. It's rotten that you have to lose so much but it's better than losing all of it."

"I guess Mort wasn't such a fool, after all," said Alice with a deep sigh and Elsie reached quickly across the table and pressed her hand.

On the following Saturday evening Alice, penning her daily note to Freida, heard the

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bell ring. She finished and sealed the note after she knew that Spencer had been admitted. He had telephoned that he was coming and had sent a box of roses—an attention so rare that it had put her on guard.

Spencer was unusually affable. The roses, a new variety, filled a large vase and in thanking him she remarked upon their perfection.

"When we get fixed up in our own house we must have a gardener and roses," said Spencer. "You know I'm thinking a lot about the good times coming!"

"Oh, yes! There should be flowers," she agreed.

This was not an auspicious beginning and he asked her how things were going at the shop, hastening to add that he was glad she enjoyed the work but it would be a relief to him when she could quit. She was certainly the brave little girl. He had no purpose in life but to promote her happiness. He inquired about Freida, in whom he had rarely betrayed any interest, and Alice answered with a fullness that had begun to bore him when she carelessly asked how the Press was getting on.

"Famously! It's taken more time than I expected to hit the pace I'd set for it, but it's going good now. I tell you, Alice, it's meant a lot to me to know that we were partners. You're going to be proud of yourself for staying in. It's a big thing for a man to know that a little woman like you has confidence in him and is ready to go right down the line for him."

"Well, I'm glad if you feel that way," she replied. "It's fine that you're satisfied with the way the Press is going."

"Oh, there was never any question about it. All we needed was faith!"

He crossed the room and sat down nearer her. She seemed oddly aloof. He took her hand but in a moment she drew it away. He pretended not to notice that she withdrew it; bent forward, clasping his knee, to give her a sense of his ease.

"You've helped me a lot, Alice. I don't know what I'd have done without you! Of course I know you've wanted to help. And now I'm going to ask you to do something for me—it's only a temporary accommodation. I've got a problem or two in the organization—nothing unusual—just the little troubles that come up in business, but I've got to show them that I hold the whip hand. I want to be able to tell them I represent your stock. If you'll let me have it for a few days I'll turn it right back. I'd have mentioned this some time ago but I knew I could trust my little girl to help when the time came. Now there you are!"

"I'm sorry, Howard," she said calmly, "but I haven't any stock in the Spencer Press."

"What's that?" he gasped.

"I've sold my stock—I haven't got it any more."

"You don't mean—you don't mean you've sold your shares—to my enemies! You—"

"I don't know about your enemies. I've sold my stock. You misrepresented the whole business. The Press is a failure and you've been lying to me about it all the time."

She was on her feet regarding him coldly. He grasped her arms and shook her furiously.

"You—you! You've ruined me! You've let Jim Avery trick you! I'm done! You've kicked me square in the face!"

"Hardly that, Mr. Spencer!" she retorted, stepping away from him. "I'm playing safe, that's all. I trusted you; I was even silly enough to believe I loved you and you would have gone on lying to me. You would have ruined me. I've seen the Press statements and I've taken the advice of men who know—"

"God!" He flung round looking for his hat and coat. This was the woman who had yielded to him so readily and who now seemed wholly unaware of the enormity of her offense in beating and humiliating him. She regarded him utterly unmoved; seemingly unconscious of the effect of her blow.

"God!" he ejaculated again and the door slammed upon him.

She remained for a moment where he had left her and then crossed the room to the

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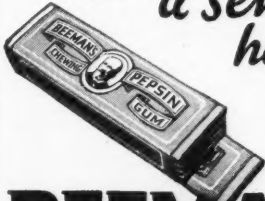
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vase that contained his roses, gathered them together carefully and flung them into the fire.

CHAPTER XXVI

NEW YEAR'S eve Tom Bowen gave a coasting and skating party for Junior Weston's friends. Mort knew that Tom had planned the festivity to give him an opportunity to see Freida, for Freida, home for the holidays, was caught up in an unusual whirl of holiday entertainments. Rumors of her engagement to Junior Weston had tended to obscure the effect of any gossip about her mother's divorce.

She went out early in the afternoon so that Mort had a good chance to talk to her. Full of enthusiasm about her new friends, several of whom had invited her to their homes for week-ends, she volunteered so much as to the social side of her school life that he hadn't the heart to quiz her as to her studies.

"Mama's at work," she said, "but she keeps our old house; you know, papa? It was nice to come back and find Whitcomb Place just the same. No place but Whitcomb Place could ever be home!"

"We certainly did have a lot of happy times there," said Mort.

"Oh!" she cried and flung her arms about his neck as she remembered that it was her father's home no longer.

The other guests began arriving at eight o'clock with Helen Weston chaperoning the party. Mort hadn't seen her during Freida's absence and the sight of her across the bungalow living-room caused his heart to flutter. He hadn't got over it; that was evident.

Joshua, Tom's man-of-all-work, had kindled fires at intervals along the river bank. There had been a period of intense cold and the river presented a smooth solid surface for the skaters. The young people were pairing off and he went up to Helen immediately.

"Are you skating?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed! Let's show the children how skating is done!"

She wore a short fur jacket and toque to match, and the cold clean air had kindled the light in her eyes that he loved. The moment he had strapped on her skates she struck off and sped away into the shadows, coming back as he hesitated adjusting his own skates.

"It's like wine, this air!" she exclaimed. "Skating is better than flying can possibly be. We put our own bodies into it; it's even better than swimming because we spurn all the elements. I was out yesterday and skated miles, so I know the ice is safe."

"Cheater!" he cried. "You were practising!"

She laughed and set off, leading him a fierce exultant pace between the tree-fringed banks, skimming the ice as he had seen her swim, with perfect abandon and mad joy in the exercise. Seeing that he was hard put to keep up with her she crossed arms with him to minimize his weaker stroke, laughing derisively as he warned her to be careful.

"Be brave, my comrade!" she cried.

"Nights like these are not for timid souls!" The spirit of the winter night was in her blood. Where the stream broadened she sprang away and circled about him provokingly.

"How mean of you to humiliate me!" he cried when she had swung back to him. "I couldn't do those stunts if my life depended upon it."

"Why should you? It's enough for you to know they can be done. I'm hearing the call of the wild tonight. Am I tiring you to death?"

"Yes! And I don't want to die—so young. I want to talk. I've a thousand things to say."

"Oh, so many? We'd better begin."

They reached the farthest of Joshua's bonfires, where the bank dropped to a long ledge of sandy shore, and sat on a fallen sycamore beside the fire of smoldering driftwood. An ember flared and lighted her face, deep-colored by the nipping air. There was a restless daring in her eyes.

"How do you find the funny old world?" she demanded.

"At this moment—very good!" he answered. "Still—I'm haunted by a suspicion that you were just trying to be polite—in coming out with me."

"Helen!"

He had never spoken her name before and he waited, afraid she might resent it. But she appeared not to notice and went on quickly:

"But—I've something I want to say to you. I got you into business with Joe and I think maybe the time's come for you to quit."

Mort picked up a stick and stirred the smoking embers into flame. Somewhere between them and the bungalow the youngsters were playing crack-the-whip and their gleeful shouts and cries were borne down the wind.

"Maybe I ought to go away—I've thought of that."

"Yes; you could go away," she said. "But it's a serious thing to change. You've made your fight in this town—you know the battlefield. It's here that you've fought your fight—made a success of yourself."

"Success," he repeated with falling cadence. "Not that tone, sir!" she laughed. "Of course you're a success, Mort."

He turned, suddenly bold, and took her hand. "Helen! If I had you—if we could go away—I wouldn't care where! We could find a better way of life. I can't help it! I can't help loving you!"

"If we had youth and could begin again!" Her hand clasped his tightly; her voice rose upon the still air to a defiant note. With a little laugh she went on: "Tonight we must say everything that's to be said between us—we'll be happier when it's over."

"He caught her in his arms and kissed her—eagerly, hungrily."

"I love you, Helen!"

"I love you, Mort!"

Deep waters. He had only splashed in the shallows in those years when he had believed himself happy—those years of little things. He knew that through all the rest of his life he would be trying to live up to her standards.

"It's going to be hard," she said as if she had read his thoughts. "Courage, my dear comrade! We must go on with our lives as if we expected to live forever. I have my part to play and you have yours. It's foolish to try to measure such things, but mine may be the harder lot. But there's one thing I want you to do. It's hard for me to ask it; I don't expect you to agree to it, but it's the better way—the nobler way."

"I know what you mean—you think I should go back to Alice."

"Yes. We must try to be just—let's face that. Her sin is really no greater than mine—or yours, if we look at it honestly. We know, you and I, how easy it is to be caught in a current and swept along. We've had glimpses of happiness. We know what love means."

"Yes; we know," he said.

She had slipped off her glove and suddenly he thrilled at the touch of her hand on his cheek.

"My good comrade; my good soldier!" she murmured softly. "The big thing is before us—to hold to the way of duty. When my Junior and your Freida begin their lives together there must be no shadow hanging over them. You understand, I know."

He knew the end was at hand and his spirit was in rebellion. She accepted her own fate and was resolved to make the best of it. She would find happiness in her children; she was no doubt fond of Joe and felt a responsibility for him. But to go back to Alice and begin with her again when he loved another woman!

"I will do my best," he said doggedly, like a boy assenting to hard terms.

"I know you will," she answered. "And now—kiss me good-by! Our last kiss!"

"But this isn't forever! Let me see you again—only once again, Helen!"

She pondered a moment.

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you've won the fight—then we'll meet again—somewhere. Just to touch hands and—part again."

In the distance the voice of youth beat clamorously upon the clear air . . .

CHAPTER XXVII

HALF the year passed and with the coming of June Mort no longer found himself a prey to uncertainties. He had no intention of continuing with Weston, and he had hung on only from a feeling that it wouldn't be fair to quit while the Doremus business was under fire.

Weston was flourishing; he had not only pulled out of the Doremus trouble successfully but his triumph had enormously increased his conceit. He was planning a new industrial merger similar to Doremus and had taken Mort into his confidence as to the brilliant opportunities it offered for money making. The newspapers announced that Weston had bought a large tract of land in Northern Michigan and was going to build a summer home there. How Helen would hate this new display of Weston's prosperity, but she would accept it uncomplainingly . . .

Mort was persuaded that he had grown. He had a clearer and straighter vision than in his old Spencer Press days. He had convinced himself he wasn't so unlike other men. He could even make money, and he derived a very human satisfaction from the fact that he had something like fifty thousand dollars at his command.

He could make more. He was sure of it. But as Helen had reminded him, there were other things in the world.

He went one day into a hole-in-the-wall lunch room frequented by members of the printing crafts. A number of the old Spencer Press staff were there and greeted him cordially. It was a pleasure to meet them, stand at the counter as in the old days and enjoy the warmth of their friendliness. Why didn't he go back to the printing business? they asked him. There was a plant on the market. The proprietor had died and the executor was looking for a purchaser. The enthusiasm of his former associates was infectious; Mort said that he would consider the matter. He went back a week later, found that he could count upon practically all the old Spencer employees, and he was satisfied that he could get business—a lot of it.

Morton Crane, Printer. Twenty active years ahead of him to run a printing plant in keeping with his own ideas! The circle he felt that he was transcribing would indeed be complete . . .


When he told Weston that he had determined to go back to the printing business the broker objected vigorously but professed to see Mort's viewpoint.

"You know," he said, bending over his desk impressively, "my wife and you have a good many of the same ideas. Helen's always telling me we don't need so much money. I don't get the idea myself. I like to make money—a hell of a lot of it—and I like to spend it. But Helen don't see it my way. But then," he sighed resignedly, "there are things in this world, Crane, that I guess we just can't understand!"

Mort knew that Spencer was out of the Press and though he experienced no sense of jubilation when he heard the news he did think a good deal about Alice and the effect upon her of Spencer's failure. He called her on the telephone one evening to ask whether she would object to his taking Freida with him for a fortnight on the Maine coast. He was sorry, after he hung up, that he hadn't been less businesslike. Her voice had sounded a little tired; he had experienced some difficulty in identifying it as the voice of the woman who had once been his wife . . .

Freida, who had a way of finding friends wherever she went, enjoyed herself in her own way after they were established at York Harbor. Mort tramped alone or sat for hours on the rocks watching the sea. Freida

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confided to him one day that she and Junior Weston were to be married in November and this gave him material for reflection. Of necessity he thought of Alice. And when he thought of her he thought of Helen and what she had said about his duty to Alice. "We must go on with our lives," Helen had said the night of the skating party, "as if we expected to live forever. I have my part to play and you have yours."

Home again, he had much to think about now that he was reentering the printing business. One day he went into a big cafeteria and sat down at one of the white-enamel tables, gave his order and began studying estimates on equipment. It was great fun—the planning, the selection of the type and presses. A woman came in hurriedly and sat down at the next table. He glanced at her abstractedly, and it was a moment before he realized that it was Alice—Alice wearily dropping into a chair and hurriedly giving her order.

He had opportunity to study her a little as he ate his sandwich and drank his coffee. She drummed listlessly on the table; several times glanced nervously at her watch.

When he got up to leave he paused at her table.

"How are you, Alice?" he asked.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I didn't see you, Mort!"

He drew out a chair and sat down. The rush was over and they were alone in the corner.

"I didn't know you were in town," she said irrelevantly.

"I'm going to be in town most of the time hereafter," he said. "I've quit the bond business. I'm going to open up a new print shop. Some of the old crowd"—he couldn't bring himself to say the Spencer Press—"are going to join me. We don't think we'll set the heavens on fire, but we do expect to find a little business."

"Well, I wish you good luck, Mort."

"Thank you, Alice. I knew you would."

He was noting that her face was thinner than it had been when they parted; and there were pronounced lines about her mouth and at the corners of her eyes that hadn't been there a year earlier.

"You're still with Rose Thornton?" he asked. "Freida gives me news of you. About Freida's wedding—are you going to have it at the house?"

"Yes; it seemed nicer," she replied, more at ease. "It seems strange that Freida is getting married. It makes me feel so old, Mort. A married daughter!"

"It does indeed!" he assented. "We used to talk of that when she was still a baby. The years have certainly gone galloping."

"Yes; time does fly. It's flying today. I took an extra hour to do some shopping and it's almost up."

"I want to come to the wedding—of course."

"Oh, yes; of course. It will be small—very simple. I suppose Freida told you we want you to come."

"Yes; she told me," he began slowly. "But I've been thinking—I've been thinking, Alice, that it would—it would be nicer for Freida—if I came—if I came just as if I had never been away. If we could be married—just quietly—before Freida's wedding day, it would add to her happiness, I think. It seems to me—well, I think maybe we could do better next time. I'll try. Believe me—I'll try!"

He had picked up a spoon and was turning it over and over in his fingers, not looking at her.

"I wouldn't deserve that, Mort!" she said in a voice so low that he scarcely heard.

"We won't talk of what we deserve or where we've failed, Alice. But there may be some things we can do for each other yet."

"I'll try, Mort."

She bent her head. The hovering waitress threw down her check and Mort picked it up.

They walked out into the street together, feeling the habit of old association laying hold of them. When they parted at the door of Rose Thornton's shop Alice looked up at

him with a quavering smile upon her lips.

"Oh, Mort!" she said with the childlike eagerness of the Alice of long ago. "You remember the bird house you and Tom put up on the garage? Well, the wrens *did* come back last summer! You know they skipped the year before!"

Morton Crane and Helen Weston stood side by side on a stone bridge, their faces turned toward the west. The stream was a narrow creek and the road was an unfrequented byway. It was near the end of October and the sun was completing its solemn recessional down a sky streaked with scarlet and purple that softened to pink and lilac. The day had been all golden, but with the sun's decline a chill crept into the air.

Helen turned up the collar of her tan coat and glanced solicitously at her companion, whose hair was ruffled by the breeze that rose as the sun vanished. Somewhere a cowbell jangled fitfully. In the fields there was a whispering as of ancient mysteries in the ranks of ripened corn.

The world had lost its light and warmth, and one might have thought that for these two, as they lingered at the balustrade above the softly murmuring water, something more than the day had ended. This was written in her grave, dark eyes as they sought the glowing sky, and it was suggested even more clearly by his attitude of dejection. She touched him lightly on the shoulder and as he turned, smiled into his eyes.

"We must go," she said gently.

"But I may see you again?" he pleaded, taking her hands. "It's cruel to say that this is the end!"

"The very end of all this," she replied firmly; but her lips trembled. "When we meet as we must sometimes, we shall forget all this."

"It is worse than death," he said.

"No!" She smiled tolerantly as if she were explaining some difficult matter to a child. "No; this is the beginning of a new life for you and me! If I've really meant so much to you, you will go on bravely for my sake. I can never forget the help you've been to me. But now"—she freed her hands and stepped a little away from him—"we have our work to do—you have yours and I mine."

"Tell me again—tell me you do care!" he begged.

"We've done with all that," she answered patiently. "It's not whether we love each other, but whether we can be true to ourselves; that's all that's left to us now. And you will not fail in what we've agreed to do. You will keep faith with me!"

There was a challenge in her voice that caused him to lift his head. Their eyes met in a long gaze.

"Yes," he said brokenly. "I will keep my promise; you may be sure of that."

"Every day till I die," she murmured, "I shall say a little prayer for you, for strength and courage to keep the right way." She laid her hands lightly upon his shoulders, her eyes shining. "And so—good-by, dear!" Her voice had sunk to a whisper. She took his face gently between her hands and kissed him on brow and cheek.

He heard her quick step as she sought the road. A little farther on she had left her car, and he heard the whirr of the engine as she drove away. He waited, watched the glare of the headlight flung up the hill beyond, till it reached the crest and passed from sight.

He groped along the balustrade for his cap, settled it on his head and walked away, a little unsteadily, like one who has traveled far and is overcome by a great weariness. He found his car at the roadside and in a little while was traversing a boulevard whose lamps narrowed in a long perspective. Here was the city in which all his years had been spent, and here he must gather up the broken pieces of his life. He would begin again with Alice. He had given Helen his promise, and it remained to be fulfilled.

THE END

I Am Not Superstitious

(Continued from page 99)

equipment. There was no thought on anyone's part of abandoning the researches because of these heart-breaking fatalities. For archeology is not a dry science. It is a passion. It appeals to all that is adventurous in youth. It has its dangers and its discouragements; but in the whole range of human activities, I know of no pursuit which has such thrills.

What is the biggest adventure which the average American boy of ten can think of? The chances are it is the finding of a pirate's den, the discovery of hidden treasure. Actual coins and weapons and insignia; and the longer they have been hidden, the greater the thrill. These things have meanings which mere wealth has not.

As the boy grows up, he is usually compelled to stop his dreaming and take up something "practical." But he doesn't like to make such a violent break with his dreams. He respects his boyhood, and he hates to put it away in moth balls. He is extremely lucky, however, if he doesn't have to do just that.

The archeologist is the luckiest of all. His career requires no break at all. He begins at the exact point where the boy left off. He carries all his dreams with him; and he rides those dreams through life. Just now, for instance, we are finding the treasures of a city of a million inhabitants, and incidentally the greatest pirates' den in human history.

Civilization owes much to the Phoenicians. They did not live through conquest alone. They gave us our alphabet. They were great accountants and led the ancient world in the art of calculation. Nevertheless, their greatness was based on trade rather than upon production; and it is as spoilers rather than as creators that history remembers them.

But that makes the exploration more exciting.

Every day of our exploration turned up new evidence. It was a city of greed and cruelty and lust. The historian may weep to think that such an advanced civilization was utterly blotted out of existence; but the actual explorer is inclined to thank God that it was. The cruelty of all the ancient civilizations is incomprehensible to us moderns; but the cruelty of the Phoenicians was incomprehensible to the ancients.

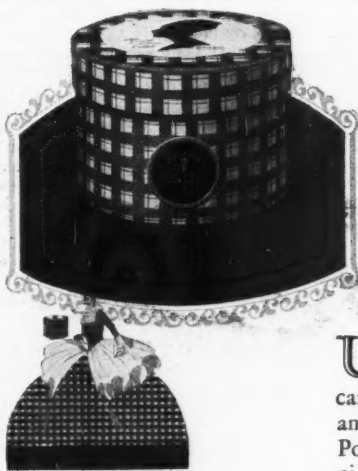
Carthage was destroyed in the year 146 B.C. Scipio not only burned the city to the ground—the conflagration lasted seventeen days—but he had his horsemen plow through its ashes; so that the world might know that the city of the Phoenicians was now nothing but so much space on the surface of the earth.

But he didn't stop with that. Carthage, to the Romans, was more than a mere city. It was an Evil Genius; and to the Roman mind, it was necessary to destroy it spiritually too. So the conquering general cursed it with one of the most elaborate curses known to history. He cursed it up and down and sideways. He cursed it fore and aft. He cursed everybody that had had anything to do with it, and he cursed their ancestors and their descendants.

For a whole century after that the world left the very site of Carthage strictly alone. Then the Romans themselves, for military and commercial reasons, planted a little colony in or very near the place where Carthage had been.

In a short time, so strategic was its geographical position, this new Carthage became the second most important city of the Roman Empire. That city declined with the fall of Rome; but it became the headquarters of Genseric, the Vandal chieftain. Everything, in fact, that happened to Rome seemed to be duplicated in Carthage, on just a slightly smaller scale. It had its circuses and its gladiatorial contests; also, it had its catacombs, and its soil was sanctified by the blood of thousands of early Christian martyrs. But

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its history through all these changes has never seemed to grip the imagination of the world. When one thinks of Carthage, he usually thinks of a terrible civilization which came to an abrupt end in 146 B. C.

That is the Carthage which grips everyone's imagination; and that is the Carthage which is coming to light again after twenty centuries of non-existence. For while Scipio did as complete a job as could possibly be expected, it is apparent now that there were great substrata of the ancient city which fire could not destroy, and which the famous "plowing" has but preserved for modern archeological research.

Today we are finding evidences of seven distinct civilizations on this one peninsula. The most ancient, but the least thought of, is the Berber civilization—the aborigines whose land was preempted by Queen Dido and her followers. The Phœnician city, which followed, waxed for a thousand years. Then there was the Roman city, the Vandal city and the city of the early Christians, the Byzantine city, the city of the Crusaders and, lastly, the city of the Saracens.

It is due to the tireless work of a now aged Catholic priest that this most fruitful field of archeological research is now being cultivated. This is Père de Lattre, of the monastery of the White Fathers, located on this historic peninsula. For fifty years, practically without funds or equipment, Père de Lattre has been digging, with the help of a handful of Arabs whom he was able to employ from time to time. Eventually he was commissioned by the Church to explore the ruins of the Christian city, and his discoveries attracted world attention. Père de Lattre is now eighty but as enthusiastic as ever. It is to carry on the work to which he devoted such a marvelous life that the present expeditions have been organized.

Anyone who knows Père de Lattre would never call archeology a dry science. He is one of the greatest of our modern scientists, but there is very much of the small boy in him still. Digging; just digging; digging away for fifty years; digging for buried treasures—not to own them; not because of any material valuation, but because of the insatiable thirst for knowledge.

And it happens that it was a real boy who made one of our most important discoveries. He was D. Harden. He was twenty-three years old, a student in the British School at Rome. He came running one day from the place where he had been assigned to examine the excavations minutely, with the breathless announcement that the diggers had turned up a beautifully sculptured stone. Abbé Chabot, in charge of the expedition, was hardly less excited; for the inscription on this stone, in ancient Punic characters, was of a different nature than any that had been turned up.

"Whoever overthrows this stone," it began, "shall be shattered by Baal." It was the Curse Stone. Through it we learned that we were in the "area" of the Temple of Tanit. Not in the Temple itself, but in a veritable mine of priceless relics which are certain to

reveal many of the secrets of the Carthaginian cults.

Our most ghastly discoveries were those of sacred urns, in each of which a handful of little bones was incased. We found hundreds of these urns, sometimes as many as fifty in a single day. Scientific tests proved that these were the bones of babies—sacrificed, in all probability, by terror-stricken parents, on the flames of the altar of Moloch.

Violate the "sacred area" dedicated to such atrocities as this! Even if we had been superstitious, it is quite possible that we might have carried on. And yet, if any dead stones could carry a curse, these mute witnesses of such awful rites would seem to qualify.

Of course we all knew better than to entertain such a crazy idea. But facts, as I said, are facts. Let me relate one other little incident which followed the disturbing of this Curse of Baal.

Covered deep by the sands of centuries, we came to the walls of a Carthaginian tomb. We searched for the opening and finally found it on the third level of our exploration, perhaps thirty feet underground. The stones which filled the aperture were easily drawn out, and it was my privilege to be the first to bring its age-old secrets to light. The aperture was so small that only one man could wedge into it, a stone which projected just above seeming to be immovable.

I reached head and shoulders into the tomb and my hands clasped about an urn. Carefully I backed out again, stepping a few feet from the entrance to view the priceless treasure which I held. In half a second—I am sure it wasn't more—the thrill of discovery was completely superseded by another of a very different sort. There was a sudden crash, something like an explosion, something like the instantaneous springing of a Titan trap. The tomb was closed again; and in the spot where I had stood half a second before was a six-ton stone.

No, I am not superstitious. I don't believe in curses. It was simply bad engineering not to remove that rock which seemed immovable, a little corner of which jutted out above the opening of that tomb. But facts are facts; and, literally, I came within half a second of being completely "shattered by Baal."

I am going back to Carthage. I don't feel "creepy" about it, either; for the big thrills of archeology do not permit these superstitions to get much headway. There is a thrill a minute in such work as this. Such play, I should say, in spite of all its hardships and all its risks; for one never knows what the sands will turn up next.

A pair of spectacles, perhaps—did you know that there were oculists and opticians back there in Africa twenty-five centuries ago?—or perhaps a set of pipes which, when the digging is completed, will turn out to be a very modern-looking pipe-organ intact. We have already made both these discoveries. There is no limit to what we may yet uncover, for we are digging among the world's lost arts.

I Didn't Appreciate My Wife (Continued from page 81)

always insisted that home should come second, not first. Beatrice could not understand that and could not believe it.

I suppose I am the most uncomfortable, the most nearly impossible man to live with in the world. I have a desperate habit of getting on the difficult, unpopular side of every question that comes up.

When we were married I was a respectable parson, with a highly respectable editorial position on an evangelical religious newspaper. Even as a clergyman and religious editor I was always dangerously near the borders of what dear John Wesley was forever warningly calling "enthusiasms." I couldn't take the easy-going side of the comfortable majority. In Methodist doctrine I was a most extreme extremist. In matters economic I was just as

extreme. Like our friend Mr. Zero, for instance, I long ago wrote letters one winter to the pastors of the big churches of the city asking how many of them would open their warm churches on the coldest nights to the homeless, bedless men from the streets. (Incidentally I think then, as now, there were only two who said they would.)

But my mind suddenly woke up, and I found I could not believe the old doctrines that had been my milk and meat. And I could not take pay for teaching doctrines I did not believe, so I left my work, became a reporter on a Socialist daily, and began the hard journey up the rough road of the rebel and protester. Step by step I insisted that I could not do other than I did. My conscience, my work had to take first place; the home second.

Your complexion needed the one thing you could not give it!

**"Pore Control" was lacking—
but now Princess Pat Twin
Creams supply the need**



NEW factor in gaining complexion beauty has been discovered—a fault remedied. Science discloses this weakness in present methods—that after cleansing or nourishing, all known creams have so far left the pores wide open!

Now a five year search by Princess Pat chemists finds the way to retain the benefits of creams and add pore control! Princess Pat Twin Creams, alone of all complexion methods, leave the skin with pores normally contracted at all times.

Pore control advances complexion care to an exact science—in accord with Nature. For all time it puts an end to coarse pores. It banishes the menace to your skin of dust and dirt and infectious air germs.

Pore control is no new fad. It simply abandons outworn ideas—as does nearly every important discovery. Princess Pat chemists were free to think independently. They did not have to defend old fashioned creams established by custom, but unsupported by merit. They could be merciless in disclosing faults—and they were. But let the facts speak for themselves—first about disappearing creams.

The "Rubbed-in" Powder Foundation and What It Does

If open pores are a danger—as admittedly they are—what about the pores distended, pores forced open and held open for hours? Almost, the question answers itself. But Princess Pat chemists experimented for months and made the answer conclusive. Women were induced to make tests lasting days, using scores of disappearing creams. These creams vanished right enough from the skin surface, but the magnifying glass disclosed pores choked and gorged. Day by day, such pores weakened. Finally they lost power to contract normally. The inevitable result was coarse pores.

So much for disappearing creams. Princess Pat chemists discarded them—sought for and found a base for powder which not only leaves the pores closed but nourished throughout all the hours powder is used.

Why the Usual Creams So Often Disappoint

Next, all the familiar creams that cleanse and nourish were classified, analyzed and studied to discover virtues and faults. Practically all had merit—but only up to a certain point. They contained cleansing, soothing and nourishing oils which benefited. But without exception such creams had to open the pores to do their work—and



left them open. Consequently whatever touched the skin thereafter easily entered the pores and found lodgment. Princess Pat chemists considered this a grievous fault, of incompleteness. To it they logically traced complexion ills mysterious and unexplained. Such creams were not condemned—far from it. For countless complexions—at least temporarily—reap the benefits and escape the dangers of old fashioned complexion care. But what a wonderful achievement for science if the pores could be closed and there be no dangers to escape; always positive benefits instead!

Pore Control Solved by Princess Pat Twin Creams

Almost at once the chemists were faced with a problem which seemed insurmountable. The indispensable oils for nourishing and vitalizing the skin relaxed and opened the pores. And every ingredient that could be added to close the pores acted first, offsetting the cleansing and nourishing. Then came enlightenment: the double effect could not be secured in one cream. It would take two, each formulated separately but planned to combine on the skin!

Thus Princess Pat Twin Creams came into being, bringing beauty possibilities beyond the fondest dreams of women, or scientists. And the use of these two creams that give pore control is so simple—and delightful. One is called Princess Pat Cream—the other, Princess Pat Ice Astrigent. Princess Pat Cream is applied first and left on temporarily! Right over it, you apply Princess Pat Ice Astrigent. With the application of this second cream, there comes a most delightful sensation of coolness and freshness. The

pores at once contract and become normally invisible! They are controlled, closed against dirt, dust and germs.

That is the whole treatment! You then wipe all cream from your face—and find the skin as soft and pliant and clear as that of a child. You have not rubbed or massaged, because that is unnecessary. You have spent not to exceed two or three minutes. A remarkable feature of pore control is the fact that the nourishing action continues throughout the day. Closing the pores does not arrest it. So your skin never ceases to benefit during the entire twenty-four hours of day and night. The result is marvelously rapid—and permanent—complexion beauty.

As for powdering—you are ready without further preparation. For the exquisite softness and naturalness of the skin itself is the best base for powder ever discovered.

FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Twin Creams (Princess Pat Cream—and Princess Pat Ice Astrigent), to meet all calls, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a 10 days' supply without charge. Use coupon promptly.



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Princess Pat Creams—Ice Astrigent—Princess Pat Tint—Lip Stick—Powder—Princess Pat Perfume

A short-cut to healthy hair

A shampoo that
CLEANS and FEEDS
at the same time

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

Here is the OLD way

As clipped from the beauty department of a prominent magazine.

THE SHAMPOO

At the foundation of the first requisite, cleanliness, is the shampoo. However, for the best results, the proper treatment the night before the shampoo is very important. The hair then should be given proper exercise and nourishment in order to be stimulated into making the most of the shampoo. The head should be rubbed all over with hot oil. A rotary motion with the tips of the fingers is used in applying it. The thumb is used to steady the hand on the head, so that the scalp moves with the fingers instead of being just a passive agent to massage. A loose scalp is essential to circulation, and circulation is the foundation on which the life of the hair depends.

Of great importance is manipulation up the back of the head, as this is the seat of the nerves of the head. The amount of oil rubbed into the scalp varies according to its condition. Both the oily and the dry scalp require more hot oil than the normal one, because the oil nourishes the roots so that these faulty conditions are corrected. Thin hair and a sensitive scalp should not be too vigorously treated, and, though brushing is advocated after this treatment, thin, fine hair should be brushed very sparingly. Only care over a period of time will give such hair strength.

The average hair should be brushed systematically the night before the shampoo. The brush should have bristles of medium stiffness placed not too closely together. An excellent brush of the best Australian bristles is imported from England by a good New York hair specialist. Another prominent specialist recommends a "long, narrow brush with irregular bristles ranging from one and a half to one half inches long, which will penetrate the thickest hair. The brush with fairly short bristles set rather

This takes hours—and costs dollars—think of the trouble

Get **TAROLEUM** from your druggist—and if it isn't the best shampoo you have ever used, you can have your money back. **WILDROOT CO., INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

The NEW easy way
with
TAROLEUM

Before you wet your hair—
—you first rub a little
TAROLEUM into
your scalp.

About five minutes of
this sends the life-giving
crude-oil to the hair roots.
Then wet the head—
notice the snowy lather.

Into the washbowl goes
all the dust and grease and
dandruff. Lather again
and rinse well.

When dried, your hair is
silky and easy to handle.

Scalp healthy!
Hair beautiful!

If the going was hard for me, it was cruelly hard for Beatrice, the sunny little wife who thought she was choosing a life of honor and opportunity as well as one of comfort and love.

The war came. I was a pacifist. And Beatrice feared every day that the message would come that I had been taken to jail—where, to say the truth, she thought I belonged. The split came in the Socialist party, and I was a left-winger.

Then when the war was over and I thought political socialism was over too, I found new extremes to go in for. She could not believe as I believed. She pointed out with merciless yet affectionate candor that I realized now that many of my former creeds were errors. So would the new zeals go the way of the old.

Why not get a job, any kind of a job? Why not make it the business of life to take care of the three frail people for whose lives and welfare I was immediately responsible?

It sounded logical but I would not surrender. The world was my parish; the whole human family my own folks. I would serve them first—and save my own family if I could while doing so.

I pointed out that in war-time every man, that is every man except myself and a few others, acknowledges that the call of country takes precedence over all others. Wives, babies, homes are left then, with bitter tears, while the men follow that hard call of duty to the larger group. That, it seemed to me, was a clear recognition of my principle.

But my final exit, while it was doubtless led up to by some such high thinking, was by no means on a high plane. I left because, when I was all ready to put on my collar to leave the house for work on a certain Tuesday morning, there was no clean collar in my drawer. To my excited mind that absent collar—still in the laundry when it ought to be in my drawer—was a symbol of this long discussed clash between home and work. To take care of the laundry was a house job, not a battle-field job. I had two pressing appointments in the city on which the fate of worlds depended, the last minute had arrived—and there was no collar.

I exploded. Sweet Beatrice declared that I could not use such language in the home. The martyr saint retorted that he had no desire to remain in the home, that he had long wished to depart. The martyr's wife warned him vehemently that if he left he could never return. The martyr replied scornfully that if he left he would never wish to return. There was a brief, rage-choked summary of sundry ratios that had been talked of in calmer moments when such a separation was discussed as a possibility, the martyr stipulating the honorarium that would be flung back weekly to the wife's hand for the keeping up of the modest establishment. The martyr's wife insisted that the establishment could not be kept up on that amount and that the martyr knew it. The martyr said it must suffice, since it was two-thirds of the weekly pay and he would need at least the other third.

Then he strode forth, leaving a sweet little woman, a big brave boy and a golden-haired midget to catch their breath as soon as they could manage it.

I will not try to say it was any other than a terrible morning for the martyr. Had it happened at last? Would he stick to it? Could the little woman stand it? Could he give up the boys? Was he to be given a chance at last to test out his most up-to-the-minute theories?

The first move was to call up a pal of the first rank, chum of his wife and wife of the martyr's chum, and make an appointment for a luncheon talk. The whole matter was rehearsed—this time as an event, not as a remote possibility, for the four of us had frequently discussed quietly and earnestly the advisability of such a separation. I went over the events of the morning and asked her to go over to the house in the evening and make intent note of how the martyr's wife was taking the affair. I could not stay away if I knew she were suffering. I was going to take a room down in a pleasant little community in the Village, and

REDUCE YOUR FLESH

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Reducing Corsets: In dark or cream colored rubber. Laced back and clasp front. Made to order. Send waist and hip measurements \$12.00

Chin Reducer . . . \$2.50

Anklets for reducing and shaping the ankles. Light or dark rubber.

Per pair . . . \$7.00
Extra high . . . 9.00

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Free Demonstration if desired



ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

The GENUINE (Patented)

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asked her to call me up that night to report. So that much had been done. For half a day I had stuck to my guns. I got through the afternoon somehow, and the evening, waiting for the summons to the telephone. At last it came.

Mrs. Howland seemed well poised, it appeared. But as to any definite report, as to any message from her to me, she made it clear that if I wanted any news I must come to her direct. She would give no message to an emissary.

That message threw me off from the real track of events. It was long, long weeks before I knew of the collapse that followed the neighbor's visit. But my own course was clear. I had indicated my anxiety to know how she was. She apparently did not need me. I was free to go on with my adventure.

If the day had been terrible there is no word that can characterize the night. I had the curious feeling that I had begun something that I must carry through. I could not surrender—at least not so soon. The thing must be tried out. There was no other way.

Next day I asked another neighbor to go to the house and learn how all were faring. He reported that the house was closed, the family apparently all away. No one knew where they had gone. This made me anxious, but not desperately so, for there were many friends and relations to whom they might have gone. From day to day I called up other trusted friends, and while it was clear they knew where the family had gone it was also made clear that I was not to know. The little lady had evidently accepted my challenge and would fight the battle without me.

I had rushed away without an ounce of baggage, had made the necessary haphazard purchases, but Friday evening I went home to pack my clothes for a long stay.

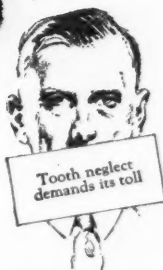
The business of stopping the clock came near to being the most heart-breaking thing I had ever asked my hands to do. It must not be allowed to run down. It is a beautiful clock—one of our wedding gifts. In one home after another it has ticked on, and told off the hours with its mellow bell. While the babies were being born—while the little sister of the boys lay dying—I will not try to go on with the memories that flashed back as I interrupted the eleven-year music of the clock.

This was the end. Our home was dead. I had killed it. Dead, that is, as far as I was concerned. It would be my home no longer. But I could not have endured it if the sudden thought had not come to me that, knowing Beatrice for the level-headed, tender-hearted soul she was, when the first blasts of the storm had blown over we should still be friends; that she would let me come to see her and the boys; that the clock would be ticking and striking again, and that I would be a frequent visitor to the home whose hours it counted and would be hearing it strike happy hours once more.

But not to live there. No. That was over. We had tried it; tried it for eleven years, and it could not be done. I could not do my work and earn my living, and theirs, while living in the home nest that had become a net. Beatrice might divorce me. I would plead guilty to anything. She would marry again. I would never and could never be anything but an erratic writer, editor, teacher, reformer, would-be re-maker of a disorganized world.

So the summer weeks went on. There was an ecstatic visit with the big boy at Grand Central station as he was going off for his later holiday. They had all been home again. The house was open. Neighbors said they all seemed happy. It was good for my pride to know that. And I surely could not blame them. And was genuinely glad to know it.

But I must arrange to see the boys regularly. I had to have that much out of my parenthood and to quench my thirst for their companionship. It was finally arranged that I could come out to the house and visit them there. The big fellow was still away, but I had a love feast with John. I wanted to talk to Beatrice too, but she would only let me in, and went



4 out of 5

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You may take splendid care of your teeth—brush them several times a day—and still get Pyorrhea. Once Pyorrhea secures a firm hold, pus pockets form, gums become weak and flabby, the teeth loosen and fall out no matter how white and sound they may be.

Forhan's For the Gums contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent, as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It protects and preserves the gums, keeping them in a firm, pink, healthy condition; cleans and whitens the teeth, and keeps the mouth sweet, fresh and wholesome. If you don't care to discontinue the tooth paste you are now using, at least brush your teeth and gums once a day with Forhan's.

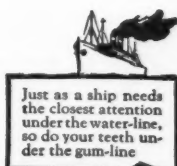
Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

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Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea





A fine white powder which absorbs and neutralizes body odors

By LETITIA HADLEY

WOMEN like to use powder, I think. This was reflected when I questioned 10,000 women as to their preferences in a deodorant—liquid, paste, or powder. Ninety-six per cent. said they would prefer a deodorant powder.

It required the skill of one of the world's greatest laboratories to develop a really effective deodorant in the form of a delightful powder.

Deodo has an almost unbelievable capacity for absorbing and neutralizing body odors. It does this, mind you, without sealing the pores or interfering with their important functions. It is applied in a moment—rubbed under the arms and dusted over the body—and daintiness is assured for the whole day.

And it is so delightful to use! It brings healing comfort if the skin is tender, and doesn't stain garments, or harm them in any way.

Outside of the important daily uses of Deodo, you will find invaluable its immediate and continued effectiveness on sanitary napkins.

Surely it is a boon to know you are sweet and fresh, regardless of circumstances!

Deodo is sold at most druggists' and toilet goods counters—or I will gladly send you a miniature container, holding a generous supply, free. Please mail the coupon today!



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A MULFORD PRODUCT

prevents and destroys body odors

FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY Cos. 6-23.
Mulford Building
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

upstairs to the apartment of one of her friends.

There was a hurt look in John's eyes that haunted me long after I had gone. That look is, I think, the bitterest memory of the whole transaction. It never left his eyes till he got daddy back, months later—at least there were traces of it whenever I saw him during the summer and fall, though we had some lovely walks and talks together.

I was hurt that Beatrice would not talk to me. I told her I couldn't see why we could not be friends. At last I won her consent to that, and the visits grew to be very happy.

I made some loathsome discoveries about the attitude of the state and the courts in the matter of breaking the marriage tie. I had realized the facts in a vague fashion before, but they were impressed upon me now most unpleasantly. The wife must manage to get the husband trapped in wrong-doing. I was told how easily the matter could be arranged. It would be easy to find an acquaintance who was also a good sport, or to hire a woman who cared more for the fact of a fee than the manner of making it, who would consent to be discovered by my wife's detectives—through an understanding with representatives of the law on my side—in a compromising situation. The thing was done every day. The courts knew it was done. This was the customary method of securing divorces in the Empire State.

But all that nonsense was dismissed—though Beatrice and I had never discussed the sordid items—and we settled down to be just what I had hoped—good friends, friends bound by a close, warm tie, because we were together the parents of two wonderful boys, and had the memory of eleven years of a home life that was seen, in retrospect, to have had long stretches and many bright flashes of hearty happiness.

If the scene of this story had been Florida or California, it might have had a different ending. For it was the frost that brought me home.

When the first chilly nights of early fall stole on I was worried about Beatrice's little bare feet—going to bed, getting up at night, as I knew would often be necessary, to put an extra blanket over one of the boys, or to answer some other call, and leaving the warm bed in the morning to shut the window. To make matters worse we had managed during the last months to use the same pair of felt slippers, much too tight for me and much too loose for her—and these I had taken with me. Had she got a new pair? I asked her the next time I went home. She hadn't. So the next time I went out I brought her a pair.

But that was no place to stop. The furnace fire had to be started. And it wasn't fair to leave the care of that, night and day, to a little woman who had plenty to do besides. And janitors are not to be had on our street.

It was poor business trying to reorganize the world so that every man, woman and child might be fed and warmed, while leaving one particularly precious woman and two small boys to shift for themselves during the wintry nights.

What did it all mean, anyway—and where lay duty? It was a queer way of getting a far-reaching work done, a queer way of being true to oneself and one's work to dodge clear calls like that to service, so near—and so sweet.

Then another entirely unexpected subplot entered into the little drama. I can never appreciate the mother-in-law jokes, for my mother-in-law comes near to being the most wonderful woman in the world. And the mother of Beatrice fell sick. Terribly sick. I went to a doctor friend to discuss the operation that had been decided on.

"You might as well kiss the old lady goodbye," he said grimly.

That was a new sort of hurt. I thought of her brave, hard, patient life. I had not cared to fancy how she must have been taking the calamity that had overtaken her daughter's home. She would die now, die with an added heart-ache that I had caused.

But they dodged the major operation. She began to grow better. But I had faced some new facts and emotions.

As to the actual home-coming—it was the gardens that did it, and I must tell you about that. On my week-end flights during the summer I had found a lovely garden, a wild, vast garden. There were wondrous moonlight nights, and brilliant noons, and rapturous sunsets. And that garden healed me.

Back in the city I lived on the borders of another garden. It is unbelievable that such a garden thrives in New York but it does. One comes in from hideous streets on a sweltering August afternoon and takes off one's coat and goes through the door and sits on a steamer chair on the lawn. And beyond is the garden, of which one's own lawn is a part. Here too, on a diminutive scale, are paths and trees and hedges and roses and rustic seats—and here are moonlit nights, and breakfasts on the terrace, and going-to-bed suppers out under the stars.

The only trouble with that garden was that a restaurant backed up against it, and the piano and the violin were stationed just above our ears as we sat in jolly groups and chatted and watched the stars. And the piano and the violin would insist on playing the songs of Beatrice. One night they gave almost an entire Beatrice program. There were the "Indian Love Lyrics"; there was "Danny Boy"; there were "Roses of Picardy"; there was "Somewhere a Voice is Calling"; and there was "Good-bye Forever."

I was glad the starlight was so dim that the laughing crowd could not see the tears that stood in my eyes.

But I would not go home. Not yet.

Then when the frosts drew near another garden called. The tiniest garden of all. It is scarcely bigger than your dining-room table. But there are paths through it; there is a green garden seat under the hedge; there were marigolds, and late roses, and dahlias, and hydrangeas, and chrysanthemums, and phlox, and—however could I have gone away?—a great Rambler climbing and tumbling over the kitchen window where Beatrice prepares the meals for the boys—and tries to keep on singing.

The garden would soon be fading. The bitter frosts would kill the roses and throw down the dahlia blossoms and turn all the rich greens to dull, dead browns and grays.

I must go home.

The frosts came. They were chilling frosts. My room in town was deadly cold. I never could make connections with the steam that came fitfully through the pipes. It was turned off long before I got up, and turned off again before I came in to go to bed. I might just as well have been living out on the sidewalk. The fingers of the "flu" began to grope for my home-sick nerves.

I needed home, and home needed me—so we got together again. There were, thank God, a few brave marigolds left in the garden.

It was fun to begin the courtship all over again. I wanted to stay the night she bent her dear little head for the second time as she said, "Yes." Not with her lips did she say it, but with that angel smile of hers.

But she said it was hardly to be expected that a girl would consent to be married the same day she became engaged. So she sent me back to my icy room for a day or two longer.

She was to come in to town to have dinner with me and go to a lecture a night or two later. The lecture was long, and she must get home to the boys. I had something to do with the program so I could not leave with her. I could not bear to let her go alone, but she insisted that she must and slipped out.

Luck was with me, and the lecture ended four minutes after she had left the hall. I dashed out madly after her. Could I catch her?

I flew through the streets, stumbled down the subway steps, crashed through the turnstile—and she was standing there. The whole city, the whole world was singing with my heart.

But I did not know whether she would let me stay that night.

The pal neighbor was keeping watch over

the sleeping boys. Beatrice got us tea. We had a long, cozy chat as we ate and drank, and sat still chatting as the clock I had stopped one summer night clicked off the midnight minutes. An hour passed. I took the friend to her home and came back to mine. But was it mine yet?

Beatrice and I sat talking quietly for another hour. It was two o'clock. Was I to be sent back to my ice-box on Washington Place? I did not dare to tell her how the gripe poison was clogging up my veins and how sure I felt that another night on the sidewalk would send me to the hospital.

I would go back if I must.

But—who says there are no angels on earth?—she said I need not go . . .

Home is, after all, a good place to begin the job of saving the world. It is a considerable chore to think out and work out a way and means of life for a billion and a half people. It is indisputable that if one has the opportunity of caring for three, one had best do it.

I still think the time is coming when the ties that bind social groups together will not be blood ties but work and craft ties. I still think it will be found to be better for children to be reared—after the first three or four years of life—by persons specially fitted by nature and training for that task. I think that in dormitory and playground as well as in schoolroom the grouping of children will be by age and temperament rather than by the accident of parenthood. I still think that parental tenderness, as well as parental brutality, is a bad physical, psychological and social start for child life. But still thinking that, I am not willing to bring back to John's big brown eyes the hurt look that lingered there during the months I was away.

As for the folly of caring more for those of our own blood than for others—that is a folly to which I am proud again to plead guilty. I found men last summer who boasted that their own children meant no more to them than any other children. They carried their scorn of the possessive idea as far as that. But I cannot do it. I cannot love Tommy Riley, fair and winsome as he is, quite as I love John. If that classes me with the ancients rather than with the futurists, I must accept that classification.

And this fresh grip I am getting upon realities is doing me a lot of good. I am getting the hang of what the new voices mean—voices that I have been accepting as authoritative even while I could not experience the truth of their findings—that the way to learn is to act; that we actually learn not what we ponder but what we do; that the highest idealism lies along the path of brave dealings with real things. So I am finding, for the first time in my life, that as I shovel coal, and on occasion make the morning coffee, and—stupendous surrender—take my turn now and then at washing the dishes, I am learning more about life and art and literature and psychology and education and—most clearly—about sociology and economics, than if I were living alone in a world of ideas and programs.

But in spite of all I cannot and will not say I am unqualifiedly sorry it happened. I say again, it had to happen.

Now and then Beatrice laughs and says I have only come home for the winter and that when summer comes I will go gallivanting again. I don't think I shall. But if ever my nerves and mind get to the state of tension they were in last July; if I find my tongue slipping its leash and my hands wanting to throw things; if the work that must be done cannot get done; if I find the beginnings of hatred springing up in the soil of my soul that seems now so fragrant with love and comfort—I may do again as I did before. Perhaps these domestic vacations may come to be quite a matter of course—possibly provided for in the marriage contract. If that were the case there would be no such heartbreak as I was responsible for last summer.

But next time it will be Beatrice's turn to go away—and I shall have to stay home and wind the clock.



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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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Thousands see me daily on the stage. And they marvel at the fact that I still look a girl of 19. Many a lovely debutante envies my hair and complexion. By countless request, I have placed these helps at every woman's call. I have had great experts combine the best in four preparations. All druggists and toilet counters now supply them. I gladly send samples free. And I am taking time in my busy life to urge you to learn what they do.

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The Red Lamp (Continued from page 73)

later, when she took the car—and Halliday—and went to the lighthouse. Over the purpose behind this unexpected display of interest in our coast-guard service she draws a discreet veil.

For the rest of the day, there is nothing to record. Jane and I took a brief walk this afternoon, and noticed a man clearing the woods on Nylie's farm, across the road. We stopped and watched him for a time, and he seemed curiously inexpert at the job. But perhaps I am too ready to suspect Greenough's fine hand in everything I see. I confess, however, to a certain unholy joy when Jock made a most ungentlemanly attack on him, and was only called off with real difficulty.

Young Gordon, although still confined to his room, is up and about again. Today I asked Hayward, who had been to see him, if I might visit him, but he shook his head.

"He is still in an excitable condition," he said. "Better give him a day or two more."

As, however, Annie Cochran reports him in excellent shape, although moody and irritable, I can only feel that the doctor has his own reasons for keeping me away from him. At the same time, I must be careful not to allow suspicion to carry me too far. Mr. Bethel states, flatly, that the boy has no idea of who attacked him, and himself suggests Thomas!

My talk with Mr. Bethel last night was interesting and not without an unusual quality of its own. He chose to be civil, and rather more than that. Indeed, I felt that the alarm of my entrance once over, he not only greeted me with a sense of relief, but kept me as long as possible. And he voiced something of the sort before I left.

"My infirmity cuts me off from my kind," he said. "I am dependent on the indulgence of others, and that is a poor thing."

As it was the first time he had referred to his condition, I ventured to ask how he managed without Gordon. It seemed to me that the small laugh he gave was ironical.

"Paid solicitude!" he said. "I can manage without it. I make heavy weather of it, but I manage." My offer to assist him up-stairs before I left, however, met with a decided negative. He was not going up yet; when he did, it would be a slow process, but he had done it the last night or so, "somehow." My last impression of him is of a helpless and yet indefinitely militant figure in a dimly lighted room, sitting upright in its chair, palm upwards on his knee, and the other not too far from the revolver.

I am puzzled over that picture, as I am over the one which I saw from the terrace window, as I approached. He gave the same impression then as he did when I left, of a man waiting for something.

As I looked in at him, he was facing toward the hall and the dining-room door, directly across, with a concentration so great that my light tap at first did not reach his ears. And during the entire conversation which followed, every now and again I was conscious of a sudden abstraction on his part, an intent listening, that made me nervous in spite of myself.

But the conversation was both interesting and enlightening. He was, through the secretary and Annie Cochran, acquainted with the general outline of what had been going on, and even of the stories current about the house itself, especially as to the red lamp.

"I dare say my statement that the red lamp is locked away," he said whimsically, "would not greatly assist the situation. As I understand it, they would simply say that this was some further evidence of its abnormal powers."

I gather that like young Gordon he has heard certain sounds in the house at night, but does not intend to be stampeded by them, to use his own words. He has some theory of a disturbance of molecular activity, by some undiscovered natural law, which I could not follow closely. But in the discussion of superstition in general which followed, I was a trifle

disconcerted to find him laying much of it to the Christian religion; that our present theology had given birth to the wide-spread belief in evil spirits and in sorcery. He went even further, and classed the adoration of saints as polytheism, and the worship of sacred relics as fetishism.

Curiously enough, I had at that moment one of those curious sensations which I have heard referred to as a failure of the two sides of the brain to synchronize. (Note: Lear, who has read this ms. advises me that this is now an exploded idea, and that only one side of the human brain functions at all.)

I had the feeling that sometime, somewhere, eons ago, I had sat in a dimly lighted room and heard those same words. And that I had had the same instinctive revolt from them.

But the impression was fleeting, and seeing perhaps that our views did not coincide, he added that I must not believe that he disregarded the spiritual side of the individual, or of the universe. And he quoted Virgil's "*Spiritus inter alii*" with a certain unction.

"Soul animating matter!" he said. "It is a great thought. And I have reached that time in life when what is to come is assuming more importance than that which has gone."

Then he dismissed the subject, and went back again to the local situation, this time taking up the crimes themselves. He sees no necessary connection between the disappearance of Maggie Morrison and the tragedy of Carroway. And on this I did not enlighten him. On his saying, however, that in my place he would not feel safe in keeping Jane and Edith here, I told him at some length of my own involvement, and this brought about a discussion of Greenough and his methods.

He smiled drily over my account of the detective's psychological attitude.

"Psychology," he said, "the study of men and motives, is a science in itself. With all due respect to the gentleman in question, I imagine that his chief psychological resource would be that portion of the third degree which consists in knocking a man unconscious, and then obtaining his confession before he has entirely recovered his senses. I would rather trust your young friend at the boat-house. At least he appears to be using a certain independence of thought."

He broke off there, as he had once or twice before, and seemed again to be listening. But in a moment he picked up the talk again. The mention of unconsciousness had brought Gordon to my mind, and his first words on recovering. It was then that I inquired if the secretary had recognized, or thought he recognized, his assailant that night, and that Mr. Bethel replied in the negative.

"At least," he said, "he has not said so to me. But he is a queer boy; moody and sometimes sullen. A good secretary, but an indifferent companion."

As to the strange affair of the attack on Gordon, he himself with Annie Cochran's assistance examined the gun-room the next morning. The lock of the window was broken, but he fancied that was a matter of old standing. He was having it repaired.

"The boy's story seems to be borne out by the facts," he said. "There were indications, as you probably know, that some one had entered by the window. But what strikes me as strange is that whoever did so should have known his way so well. Gordon says no light was turned on, yet this fellow puts his hand on the only weapon about, the poker, without difficulty." He turned and glanced at me.

"How long have you known Thomas, the gardener?" he asked.

"Too long to think he would do a thing like that," I said, rather warmly.

"I dare say. And, although I think Thomas is not fond of Gordon, that would be carrying a distaste rather far, I imagine."

He has no anxiety for himself, or at least so he said; I am personally not so certain. For as

I looked back from the terrace on my way out, he was once more facing toward the hall, and—I somehow felt—watching it.

JULY 30

I have today borrowed some of Mrs. Livingstone's books on psychic research, and intend to go into them thoroughly. If there is any proof in a mass of evidence, it is certainly here.

On the other hand, one must remember that the hope of survival is the strongest desire of the human heart. How many, if they felt that this life were all, would care to go on with it?

Analyzing my last night's experience, however, I can find nothing in my mind before I went to sleep to account for it. I ate a light dinner and spent the evening after Jane retired with this Journal. The night was quiet, and my last waking thought was concerning the woodcutter across the road, who seems to be singularly inactive except when some one leaves the lodge, or appears at one of its windows.

One thing I have traced, however. It is distinctly possible that the herbal, aromatic odor I noticed at the end of the experience was due to the leaves he collected yesterday, and which I find have smoldered through the night.

It was after midnight when, just as I was dozing off, Jane came to my door and asked me if I would mind sleeping in her room.

"I can fix you a bed on the couch," she said, avoiding my eyes. "I'm nervous tonight for some reason."

I went at once, trailing my bedding with me, and while she prepared the couch I observed her. She was very white, and I saw that her hands were shaking, but she refused my offer of some brandy with her usual evasive answer. "I'm all right," she said. "I just don't like being alone."

She fell asleep almost at once like one almost exhausted, but the change of beds had fully roused me, and I lay for some time staring into the darkness. I do not know when it was that I began to have the feeling that we were not alone in the room, but I imagine fully half an hour had passed.

I saw nothing, but I had the sensation of being stealthily watched, and with it something of horror rather than of fear. I was rigid with it. Then something seemed to tug at my coverings, and the next moment they had slid to the floor. Almost immediately after that there came a rush of air through the room, a curtain billowed over my face, and the door into the hall swung open. Then all was silent, save for a low whine from Jock, outside in the hall.

How much of this today to allot to my nerves I do not know. Undoubtedly Jane's nervousness had affected me; equally undoubtedly bed clothing has a tendency to slip from a couch. I have quietly experimented today. A gale of wind would blow out a curtain and open an unlatched door.

On the other hand, I am as certain today as I have been certain of anything recently—that I had bolted the door when I entered the room. But it was not bolted in the morning.

If I have indeed actually had a psychic experience, it seems singularly purposeless. Up to this time I have imagined, correctly or not, that these inexplicable occurrences have had a concealed but definite objective. But in this case there is apparently nothing.

Otherwise the night was quiet, without new developments. Greenough continues his work, handicapped by the usual difficulty besetting a detective in the country, that his every move is known and watched. Jane herself awakened this morning after a quiet sleep, and although she is languid, the present intense heat may easily account for that . . .

We have had, however, a development of our own, and this from Edith!

It appears that this morning, seeing Doctor Hayward pass on his round of morning calls, she went to his office and, on his housekeeper reporting him out, asked permission to go into his office and there leave him a note.

"A note?" I inquired. "What sort of a note?"

"Any sort of note," said Edith. "I asked

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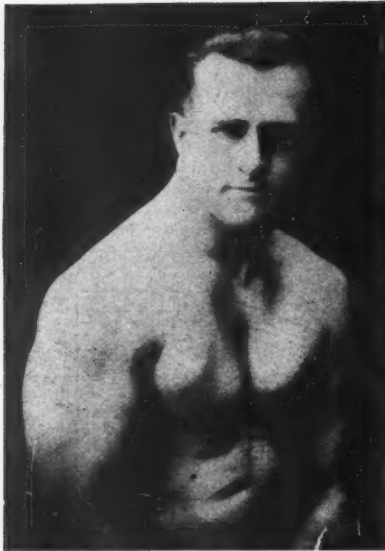
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The Muscle Builder

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A BOHUNK is a man who knows the right thing to do and then deliberately does the opposite. Sometimes we call these fellows fools. Sometimes we use stronger words to describe them. We laugh at them. We pretend they are funny. But we never respect them.

And still—how many fellows are just plain BOHUNKS and never realize it. They are given a good clean body to start with. They know that this body is one of the most delicately constructed organisms ever put together. Their common sense teaches them that they must not abuse it—and then: They eat every blame thing they can lay their hands on just to satisfy their appetites. They go on committing sins against their flesh that even a dog would not do. They know that their bodies need exercise just as much as they need food. And still they permit themselves to grow soft and flabby, accumulating poisons, disease and every kind of germ imaginable.

The Wise Man

Come out of it, fellows. Don't be a plain dumb Dora. Don't you realize you can't keep this up? You're really not living at all. You only think you are. Cut out this foolishness and get busy. Drive those decaying tissues out of your body. Throw out your chest and give your lungs a treat with some good pure oxygen. Harden up those soft, flabby arms of yours. Take those rolls of jelly off your body. Get some honest-to-goodness muscle. Find out what real health and strength means. You'll realize then how foolish you've been to go without it. It's been yours right along for the asking.

A New Man in 90 Days

Come to me and let me help you. You can't do it alone. You may think you can but you'll find you are wrong again. This is my job.

I've been doing this very thing for fifteen years and I know just how it can be done. I'm going to pack one full inch of healthy muscle onto those arms in just 30 days. I'm going to add two inches to your chest in the same length of time. Yes, but that's nothing. I haven't done a thing yet. Now come the real works. Just watch 'em grow. I'm going to broaden your shoulders and deepen your chest. I'm going to stretch out those lungs of yours that are now sticking together like pieces of fly paper. Every time you take a breath you will feel the old oxygen shoving through your blood and making your whole body tingle with new life. I'm going to put some real pep into that old backbone. I'm going to build up those muscles in and around your vital organs. You will feel the thrill and vitality throughout your entire system. And all I ask is 90 days. Sounds good—doesn't it? You're durn tootin', it's good. It's wonderful. And the best of it is—I guarantee all this. Do you doubt me? Come on, then, and make me prove it. That's the stuff. That's what I like. Are you with me? Let's go.

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him to tea tomorrow, as it happened. It was all I could think of."

But what she really did was to type a few lines on his typewriter, tear the paper out and put it in the small vanity case which is as much a part of her as the nose she powders from it, and begin again.

As a net result of which audacious performance Halliday now informs me that the cipher words were not written on the doctor's machine.

(Note: Halliday made this comparison with the original which he had on some pretext or other borrowed from Greenough.)

If we are to believe that the chalk which marked my car was brought in that paper, we must grant that the doctor did not mark the car. Or in other words, that our contra-offense is not to be launched, as yet, and that our only course is to continue rather ignominiously in our trenches.

JULY 31

Halliday has found the boat.

At least he has found a boat which answers Jane's description. Today he took me to see it.

It lies in the small creek which extends through the marsh half a mile north of the boat-house, and just beyond Robinson's Point.

(Note: This creek is really a narrow estuary from the bay, almost entirely overgrown and its entrance hidden by reeds, and is only a few hundred feet in length. At its upper end, where the boat lay, the swamp ends and woodland commences. Although on another estate, the woodland is a continuation of our own.)

The boat, evidently an old and abandoned one, gives some evidence of recent use. That is, although it contains some water, there is very little, whereas, as Halliday says, after the recent rains it might well be full.

The oar-locks are wrapped with dingy white cotton cloth, and to prevent their being stolen or the boat taken away, the oars had been skillfully hidden in the marsh. Halliday located them, but left them as they were, but with his pen-knife he cut away a small bit of the mufing on the oar-lock, for later possible identification.

During the search for the Morrison girl undoubtedly this boat was discovered and examined; there are numerous footprints on the bank which effectually prevent any clue being discovered among them. But the discovery of an entirely seaworthy boat, in so remote a location, with only the lighthouse in sight and that at a considerable distance, is in itself suspicious.

It was in this boat, Halliday believes, that the murderer fled onto the bay from our slip the night Carroway discovered him, and from it too that he later climbed into Carroway's launch and attacked him. Small wonder that the boy's face set hard as he examined it.

Yet, for one must find some humor nowadays or go mad, there was something humorous in the careful indirection by which we reached it. We made rather ostentatious preparations to go fishing, Halliday working with hooks and sinkers, and I hopelessly entangled in coils of line.

Later we rowed across the bay and anchored by the whistle buoy, where we fished assiduously for some time. Our approach to the mouth of the creek was of a most desultory sort, but once around Robinson's Point, we abandoned caution and rowed rapidly.

The mouth of the creek was well closed with water weeds, but we poled the boat through them and over a shoal, into the deeper water. Then, with a look around, we settled to the oars again. Had Greenough been able to see us, from start to finish, he would have had some basis for his suspicions of me.

Whether Halliday's later discovery has any significance or not we are not certain. Believing that, on the night of the girl's murder she was brought in the truck to the water-front, and coupling this with the finding of the boat, he left me sheltered in the woodland and started through it toward the main road.

In a half-hour or so he came back again, and reported that he had found the track of wheels driven through the woods, and that in

one place a barbed wire fence had been taken down and boards placed over it, to permit the passage of a car across it.

This is, I imagine, fair presumptive evidence, although it brings us no nearer the identity of the criminal than we were before. And it has this disadvantage, that the villagers have always exerted a right of preemption over the fallen timber in the woods hereabout, as I know to my cost, and that the trail may be nothing more or less than that of some thrifty individual, seeking fuel for his cooking stove.

One thing, however, may be valuable. Edith, who knows a number of unsuspected house-wifely things, insists that the strips which wrapped the oar-locks are of a fine grade of material.

"Look for somebody," she says, "who uses linen sheets on his bed, and doesn't care that they cost twenty-five dollars a pair nowadays."

From which I gather, among other things, that our little Edith has been pricing the equipment of a home . . .

Tonight that old sea-chest which in the boat-house holds on its top the law books which were to occupy Halliday's leisure this summer, and which so far seem to be used chiefly to hold open his doors on windy days—the old sea-chest contains to date the four clues which are our sole ammunition in the putative expedition against Greenough:

- Half of a broken lens from a pair of eyeglasses.
 - A scrap of paper, containing a cryptic bit of typing in large and small letters.
 - The small cap of an ether can.
 - A small fragment of white cloth.
- Had it not been for Halliday's unwittingly placing a weapon in the enemy's hands we should also have had:
- A very sharp knife, with a plain wooden handle and a blade approximately six inches long.

AUGUST 1

I am now convinced that any attempt to solve these crimes by the discovery of an underlying motive is a mistake. Nor will Greenough's study of psychology help him here, unless he be expert in its psychopathic developments.

One cannot piece together into a rational whole the fragmentary impulses of a lunatic . . .

An incendiary fire was started beneath the boat-house last night, or rather toward morning. An assortment of what was apparently oil-soaked waste was placed in one of the pails from the sloop, and a candle lighted and placed in it. Over this was laid such lumber as was left from the repair of the pier.

Had Halliday been asleep the entire building might have burned. As it happened, he had been in the woods near where we found the boat, on a chance that its proprietor might pay it a visit. He discovered the fire from some distance and by hard running reached it in time to extinguish it.

He notified Greenough early this morning, but that gentleman was extremely non-committal. He stood with his hands in his pockets, kicking over the ashes of the fire.

"What's the big idea, Mr. Halliday?" he inquired.

"I don't get that," said Halliday belligerently.

"Don't you?" said Greenough, and after kicking the ashes once more, took an unruffled departure.

The best we can make of that is that the detective believes the whole thing a clumsy but concerted plan on Halliday's part and mine; that we have endeavored to show that, although his watchers would be able to testify that I had not left the house last night, the unknown is still at work.

Nor can I entirely blame him for that. Whoever built the fire knew that Halliday was out at the time. But Halliday could not so state without betraying his knowledge of the boat, a matter he wishes to keep to himself.

Small wonder that the detective, estimating from its charred remains the amount of lumber heaped over the flame, was skeptical.

"You are a good sleeper, Mr. Halliday!" he observed . . .

A new month begins today, and like Pepys, it behooves me to take stock of myself. In spite of my best endeavors, some of my anxiety has crept into this record during the last month; and not always anxiety for myself. Alone, I could take off my coat and fight this thing out, but I am handicapped by Edith and Jane. Edith will not go and leave Halliday; Jane will not consider abandoning me here, although she has no idea of the true situation.

"If you want to go back to town," she says, "I'll go too, of course. But if you are talking about staying here alone, for some silly reason, I won't even consider it. You wouldn't have a clean shirt, after the first week."

But, even if I felt that no action would be precipitated by the police in case of such a move, I have a responsibility I cannot evade—the responsibility to my tenant.

I have, by a reduced rent and an alluring advertisement, brought here an elderly paralytic and his young secretary. And, evade the issue as I may, the fact remains that the last two acts of violence have been on my property. From the beginning, indeed, the most casual survey of the situation shows that Twin Hollows has been a sort of focal point. It was on this property that Nylie saw the sheep-killer hunt sanctuary. Not on it, but adjacent to it, is still hidden the boat; and it was from my own float that he first escaped from Carroway and later killed him; it was even very possibly his flashlight that Halliday saw the night of his arrival when, finding the boat-house occupied, he worked his way through the salt marsh toward the sea.

More recently the radius of his activity has been narrowed to the property itself. The secretary sees him outside a window; he enters the house and attacks him from within. And a few days later, possibly having overseen Halliday's discovery of his boat, he attempts to drive him away by setting fire to the boat-house . . .

I am tempted to ask Mr. Bethel to cancel his lease; to return him his money, entire, and relieve myself of responsibility.

What would he say, I wonder?

AUGUST 2

I write and read, and now and then make a fugitive excursion into Jane's room, from behind her curtains to watch my watcher at work. In spite of himself he has achieved something, and will doubtless go back to the city somewhat the better for an unexpectedly athletic summer.

I have been reading Mrs. Livingstone's books, and a pretty lot of nonsense I find them. If there is anything in this question of survival, surely we cannot expect to find it in physical phenomena. Why not better accept that the nervous force which actuates the body may, in certain individuals, extend beyond the periphery of the body?

Nevertheless it is as well that I brought away from the other house the book I found there on the desk, on "Eugenia Riggs and the Oakville Phenomena." It is no reading for Mr. Bethel, under the circumstances.

One finds, for instance, that the small paneled room which we call the den was used for her séances. That paneling in itself sounds suspicious. But stop! It was not paneled at that time; I recall when poor old Horace found that oak paneling and gleefully installed it in what had been the old kitchen of the original farmhouse.

An investigation, made just now, has supplemented my memory. The photograph (Note: Plate I, "Eugenia Riggs and the Oakville Phenomena") shows a plastered wall, and one to two crude water-colors on it. Possibly the spirit paintings of the text.

It also shows that the cabinet, so-called, was not a cabinet at all, but a dark curtain on a heavy pole, which extends across a blank corner. In the picture these curtains are thrown back, showing a small stand on which are the stage properties of "George," a bell, a

He Had Loved Her Best of Them All

The warmth of her youthful coloring had charmed him from the first. For that he would love her always.

SHE remembered it now—the evening he first told her of his love. "How beautiful you are dear" he had said "always glowing and sparkling, little maid o' rosy cheeks."

Her happiness had been beyond words. It was late that evening when he left—she had glanced hastily into the mirror and from its depths, a reflection of PERT rosiness greeted her. How glad she was that she had been using PERT Rouge! Whether dancing, motoring, shopping or swimming, PERT once applied, was on to stay. Yet it would vanish at the touch of cold cream or soap.

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pan of something, a glass, and a small bunch of flowers. On the floor, ready for his hand, is a guitar. The wall is certainly plastered.

An inset shows the pan, set on its edge to allow photography, and with the title: "Imprint of spirit hand in putty. Dec. 2, 1902. Notice lack of usual whorls and ridge." But in spite of this rather militant caption, I find I am unimpressed. Rather am I wondering whether somewhere in the background there was not a Mr. Riggs, with a short broad thumb and a bent little finger, who was not ignorant of the lack of the usual whorls and ridges in a pair of rubber gloves.

But it is no book for Mr. Bethel. Mrs. Riggs meets Markowitch on his own ground and fairly beats him. True, he produces a broad face and an arm which comes through the solid stuff of the curtain. But she does that, and more; she shows, under very dim red light—and anyone who has tried to see by it knows how negligible that is—hands which may be touched and held.

"The hand," says one witness, "came out from the cabinet and advanced toward me. I could see no body, but the billowing of the curtain indicated some unearthly presence behind it. I asked permission to touch it, and the medium agreed, provided I did it without force. I then took the hand and held it for a perceptible moment, when it seemed to dissolve away and slip from my grasp."

One may be sure it dissolved away! And that as speedily as possible.

But, considering that plastered wall, the entire evidence in the book, gathered together, forms a surprising whole. One must take off one's hat to the Riggs family, provided there were two of them, or to whosoever assisted the lady. Especially since the windows "were shuttered and bolted, and small strings of bells, which would ring at the slightest touch, were hung across them."

One does not wonder, since Annie Cochran probably had access to the book, that she found her tea-kettle moved about and had her bed-clothing shamelessly taken from her.

AUGUST 3

Halliday, who is an early riser, burst in on us this morning at the breakfast table, fairly bristling with excitement.

"Good morning, everybody!" he sang out. "And how about a picnic today? Ginger ale and fried chicken, I to provide the ginger ale."

"Sit down, man, and pull yourself together," Edith said, eying him. "William, fetch the aromatic ammonia. He will be all right presently."

"What do I receive for a piece of very cheering news?" he demanded.

"Who's to judge whether it's cheering?"

"Well, I leave it to all of you," he said. "Greenough's gone. Benchley came over yesterday and threw him off the case. At least, that's what they say at the post-office. Thirteen days he's been fooling around, and he couldn't get over the hump."

"If only he had stayed a little longer," Edith said regretfully, "and somebody had killed him! It's rotten bad luck, that's all."

The conversation had little or no meaning for Jane. She was, I could see, puzzled by our excitement and relief.

"Surely they have left somebody," she said. "We ought not to be left without protection. Who knows when something will break out again, and then where are we?"

"Where indeed?" said Halliday, and he and Edith two-stepped into the living-room, where Edith sat down at the organ and played execrably a few bars of "Shall We Gather at the River?"

"Latest song hit," she called. "Words and music here, twenty-five cents."

"I think you are all a trifle mad," Jane said, and went out to do her morning ordering . . .

The move is a totally unexpected one. Yesterday, as Halliday said, the Sheriff came over to the hotel and was closeted for an hour or two with Greenough. A bell-boy reports that, on carrying some cracked ice to the room, he found Greenough sitting morosely

by a table, and Benchley at the window, staring out. Half an hour later the Sheriff left, passing out of the hotel without so much as a nod to anyone, and within the hour Greenough was paying his bill in the lobby and ordering a car to take him to the train.

Our own relief is enormous, but there is much grumbling among the summer folk as well as the natives. Starr is the usual variety of small-town constable, and it seems extraordinary that the case should be left in his care. It is of course possible that another man is to be sent in Greenough's place, but if so we have no intimation of it . . .

Later. Incredible, the rapidity with which news circulates here. The immediate result of Greenough's departure has been rather to revive the interest in the situation than otherwise. I dare say as long as the police were on the case the people more or less lay back and depended on them; now they are thrown once more onto their own resources, and a variety of opinions and even of clues are being exchanged at that central clearing house, the post-office. Thus:

This morning the cows of a man named Vaughan were found huddled in a corner of the field, and giving every evidence of having been run to death during the night.

(To the common sense suggestion of a dog being the culprit, pitying glances.)

A stranger three days ago tried to buy a large knife in the hardware store.

(Later shown to be the Livingstones' new butler seeking a carving knife.)

The second keeper at the lighthouse has resigned, declaring the tower is haunted.

(This is true, so far as the resignation goes. He has, it appears, asked to be transferred. But Ward says there has been no repetition of the strange affair the night of the storm.)

A car driven recklessly and without lights has been seen twice near the Hilburn Road, both times after midnight.

(There seems a certain authenticity in this; the car, however, shows its lights until fairly close to another car, when it shuts them off entirely. There may be, of course, some defect in the dimmers.)

My own relief is beyond words. Looking in my shaving mirror today, I am startled at the change in me the last few weeks. The Lears are coming out to dinner tonight. More power to them.

AUGUST 4

The party last night was a great success. Lear had brought me out a bottle of claret, and with candles on the table and six wine-glasses, hastily borrowed from Annie Cochran at the main house, we took on quite a festive air. Lear looked a trifle puzzled when, at Edith's suggestion, she, Halliday and myself drank to "the absent one," but otherwise all was well. We divided after the meal, Jane and Helena to talk, Edith and Halliday for the boat-house and a canoe, and Lear and I to pace the drive with our cigars.

Lear's quiet face and general dependability, and perhaps the need of a fresh mind on the conditions here, impelled me to tell my story, to which he listened without interruption.

His opinion is that we have to do with a homicidal maniac, and that the sheep killing was preliminary to the rest, "a propitiation."

"Of course, I am no psychiatrist," he said, "but what other explanation have you?"

"None at all," I admitted. "Of course, if I meant to commit a series of crimes, I might find it useful to establish my insanity first. I doubt if any jury, once convinced that the murderer and the sheep killer are the same, would doubt his essential lunacy."

"On the other hand," Lear said in his cold academic voice, "the man who sets out to commit such a series of crimes as this is unbalanced. He doesn't have to kill sheep to make a plea of that sort. He may present an entirely rational face to the world, but something has slipped, you can depend on it."

The supernatural angle of the case he put aside. "I won't even argue it," he said. "There may be something to it; I'm not denying that."

But it's not stuff to be meddled with; when the Lord means to open that veil he will do it. And I am no peeping Tom."

He said further that Helena has taken up the ouija board, and sits for hours "with anyone she can entrap," getting absurd messages which sound well and mean nothing.

"In your place," he said, "I would forget it. If you get really to the point where you think you have something, send for Cameron and let him look into it. But keep out of it yourself, Porter. It's bad medicine."

I took them to the eleven o'clock train, and have only just returned. But I think it would amuse Lear, in spite of his hands-off attitude, to know that as I drove into the garage and shut off the lights and the engine, in the very act of getting out of the car I heard once more that peculiar dry cough, the faint slow footfall, and smelled again that curious herbal odor which I shall, all the days of my life, associate with my Uncle Horace.

So unexpected was it, coming on top of the happiest evening of the summer, that I stood for a moment immovable. Then I leaped from the terrifying darkness of the garage out into the moonlight, and there confronted young Gordon, standing outside and quietly smoking.

"Hello!" I said when I could speak. "Out again, I see."

"Yes. That place gets my goat," he replied. "I guess I'm jumpy, since the other night."

He looked badly, and I asked him if he cared to sit down before starting back. But he refused.

"I'll get hell if he finds I've left the house," he said elegantly.

I turned and walked back with him toward the house, and seeing him secretly amused about something, asked him what it was, whereupon he said that he was thinking of the way I had shot out of the garage.

"Put something over on you there, didn't I?"

"You startled me. What do you mean?"

"I guess you know," he said, with his side-long glance. "That cough."

"You mean, the lighthouse story?"

He fell again into one of his secret convulsions of mirth.

"No I don't mean the lighthouse," he said, and turning abruptly, struck off through the trees.

I can take from this as much or as little as I will. It is possible that Gordon has heard the cough in the house, and associates it with the other sounds of which he has complained to Annie Cochran. Or has he merely been told of it, and with his perverted idea of humor, been deliberately alarming me?

If I am to believe my recent reading, according to tradition the discarnate frequently do after death the things they did most frequently in life; your hunter returns on horseback and is seen alone on country roads; ladies of ancient time who lighted themselves to bed with candles seem to go on perennially retiring to God knows what unearthly couch, with the same everlasting candle in their hands.

But to record, in all seriousness, the possibility that they carry with them, without the flesh, the weaknesses of that flesh, is beyond my power of credulity.

AUGUST 3

I returned the wine glasses to Annie Cochran this morning, and as a result have been attempting ever since to reconcile what she says with the facts as we know them . . .

Annie Cochran declares that young Gordon has been in the habit of slipping out of the house at night; that he commenced to do it shortly after his arrival and has done it ever since; that, indeed, he was not sitting on the kitchen steps before he was attacked, but had been out in the car and was trying to get back into the house.

She also believes that Mr. Bethel suspects it and has been on the alert, especially since the night of the attack.

"There's been bad blood between them ever since that night," she said. "They talk a bit



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confusion. For the life of me I cannot see where the results of Halliday's search can lead us, nor I think does he . . .

Edith this morning, at Halliday's request, telephoned to Gordon and asked him to luncheon with us. He accepted after a brief hesitation, and promptly at one o'clock came down the drive, clad in white flannels and with an additional dose of pomade on his hair.

Whether he was suspicious or not we cannot tell. I know that, watching him from a window, part way down the drive he came to a dead stop and then turned, as if he had some idea of going back on some pretext or other. But he evidently thought better of it, looked at his watch, and came on again.

He made a poor impression on us, furtively watching Jane's choice of fork or spoon and otherwise bestowing most of his attention on Edith. Such attention, that is, as he bestowed on anybody at the beginning. He was what a novelist loves to call *distrail*, although any question about himself roused him to a faint enthusiasm. He has, I suspect, an inordinate vanity.

"I'm a sort of wanderer," he said once, apropos of some question or statement of mine. "I stay in a place long enough to look about me and then I get the itch to move on. Restless," he added.

And restless he was. From where he sat he had his back to the windows, but more than once he managed to turn and look out. I had the feeling that the small room enclosed him too much; that he felt somehow trapped. And more than once I found his eyes on me, and felt that he suspected me of some purpose he was attempting to discover.

His nervousness finally infected me, and even Jane began to show signs of distress. The small luncheon party, for some reason she could not understand, was going badly. Only Edith played up well; she pushed back her plate at last, and with her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, said:

"And now, tell us about the night you were hurt."

He was lighting a cigaret at the moment, and he halted, the match held in mid-air, and glanced from her to me.

"I'll do that," he said, with his twisted smile, "if Mr. Porter will tell me how he and the doctor both happened to be such Johnnies on the spot."

But he carried that no further, and although the covert insolence of the speech brought the color to Edith's face, she continued to smile.

"There isn't much to tell," he went on. "The fellow got into the house all right; I turned to go in by the door and head him off, and that's all I remember."

"But you rang the bell first, didn't you?"

Whether because he hated to acknowledge that call for help, or for some reason none of us can determine tonight, he hesitated.

"Yes," he said finally. "I was pretty well excited, but I suppose I did."

On the subject of the house itself he was more fluent, showing a considerable curiosity as to its history, and inquiring with more particularity than delicacy as to the circumstances surrounding Uncle Horace's death.

"The Cochran woman has a line of talk about it," he gave as his explanation. "Seems to think he was done in, or something."

I told him of the doctor's verdict of heart failure, and he seemed to be considering that. But almost immediately he asked me if I had tried hearing the bell as far away as the highroad, "with a motor engine going."

"I don't believe it could be done," he said, with his sideways glance at me. "He's got good ears, the doctor."

He said something before he left about looking for another job; as this one was too confining, and the old man not easy to live with. "I only took it for the summer," he said, "and I'm about fed up with it. It's too confining. And he'd let that car of his rot before he'd let me take it out."

With which clumsy attempt to alibi himself

regarding the car, he took his departure. Edith believes that in some manner he knows that the car has been examined, and she may be right . . .

Halliday's investigation of his room during his absence proceeded without difficulty. With my keys and Annie Cochran's connivance he made an easy entry, Mr. Bethel having retired for his after-luncheon siesta.

At first glance the room offered nothing, and leaving Annie Cochran on guard outside under pretense of cleaning the passage, Halliday made a more intensive search. The bed disclosed nothing, nor did the closet; his suitcase was locked, and over it Halliday spent more time than was entirely safe.

"Toward the end," he says, "I was pretty shaky. I kept thinking I heard him, and of course the more I hurried the more I bungled the thing."

He got it open at last without breaking the lock, and found in it the note-book.

(Note: I find I have given no description of the note-book in the original Journal. As it played a considerable part in the approaching tragedy, it deserves some attention.)

It was a small compact volume of the loose-leaf type, a sort of diary, but not regularly kept. Most of the entries, due to the complication of the cipher, were very brief. One or two, however, occupied almost a page, and all of them had been typed.

Needless to say, the cipher was the one we had found on the scrap of paper picked up in my garage.)

The discovery of the note-book with its cipher sent his excitement to fever pitch. He ran through it for the code word, but was unable to find it. Then, replacing the book and leaving the suitcase as he had found it, he set to work more carefully on the room itself.

The coil of rope and the knife were behind a row of books on the bookshelf, a packet of typing paper and a box of carbon sheets thrown over them with apparent casualness, to conceal them still further.

So closely had he calculated the time that he had barely restored them to their places when Gordon slammed the entrance door downstairs, and Halliday says:

"If he had come straight up we'd have been gone. I could have got out; I don't believe I could have locked the door. But he stopped there a second or two, and I just made it."

He had no time to make the back staircase, however. Annie Cochran opened the linen-closet door, and he bolted in there. He heard Gordon unlock his room and enter it, and almost immediately reappear and demand of Annie Cochran if she had been in it during his absence. An angry dispute followed, within a foot or two of the linen-closet, not the less acrimonious because of its lowered voices, and of an almost hysterical quality in Gordon's.

Every particle of his veneer had dropped from him, and the threats he made if he found she had been in his room are not even to be recorded here . . .

And now, once again, where are we? We have, as against Gordon:

- (a) The knife and the coil of rope.
- (b) Our belief that he uses the car, clandestinely, at night.
- (c) At least an indication that he set the fire under the boat-house.
- (d) The cipher, found in my garage.
- (e) The note-book, in the same cipher. A man does not record his thoughts in this manner unless he wishes to keep them hidden.
- (f) The linen strips muffling the oar-locks, and suggested to Halliday today by his place of concealment. The inventory of the main house shows a certain number of linen sheets. If one is missing it will prove a strong factor in connecting him with the boat.
- (g) The locking of his bedroom.
- (h) Last and not least, an unpleasant personality. Halliday uses the word "degenerate," but I am not prepared to go so far.

As against all this, however, we have:

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and the manner in which he was tied, corresponding to the rope about Carroway.

(b) The sheep killing and murder of Carroway, taking place as they did before his arrival.

(c) The fact that Halliday cannot identify him as the man he picked up in his car.

(d) The distinguishing mark by which the criminal has signed his crimes, so to speak, is the circle and triangle, drawn in chalk; while this is not vital, Halliday found no chalk in the room . . .

I have put to Halliday the boy's veiled inquiry about the doctor. It is impossible for us to experiment with the bell, but he thinks it could be distinctly heard from the main road.

On the other hand, the arrival of Hayward on the scene almost as soon as I had got there is extremely puzzling. We have tonight paced off the distance, in view of my statement that I had lighted only one match when the doctor's flashlight was turned on me.

There seems to be no doubt that Hayward was on the property that night. But I do not accept the possibility, suggested by Halliday, that as he was in Greenough's confidence he had been watching me. A man does not, I imagine, go out on such an errand with his medical bag in his hand, and the doctor had carried his bag. I recall distinctly his taking from it the dressings for Gordon's head.

Mary Roberts Rinehart gives a new twist to the eerie mystery at *Twin Hollows* in her July instalment. The coupon on page 19 will insure your receiving it.

Love Makes Gamblers of Us All

(Continued from page 65)

attitude towards life. So far life has been very kind to you. You have taken chances always. And you've got away with them."

"Yes, sir! But—"
"Have you ever in your life consciously played safe?"

"Why—perhaps not!"

"It's a virtue I suggest you acquire. If you will make an honest effort to, I'll be much surer than I am now of your ultimate success. That's all."

Now old Prexy was no more. But what he had said then had made a profound impression on Larry, who knew how many men, prominent in college, had drifted into obscurity afterwards. Even old Prexy might have been surprised if he had realized how much Larry had taken to heart what he had said, how hard he had striven to profit by it.

And—to what end?

To Lowell he had returned defeated. And here, this night, a sudden flash of his old impulsiveness had betrayed him. His classmates had cheered, he realized, not so much the man who had given five thousand dollars to Lowell as the manner of man who could make so princely a gift eight years out of college. But when the truth leaked out the cheers would turn to jeers. He had cut himself off from Lowell. So he believed. But again he reckoned without Judy.

"I discovered Lowell's latest benefactor up on the Rez," Judy was informing her father at that precise moment.

"On the Rez? What was he doing there?"

"I didn't ask him. Perhaps he was repenting his rashness and contemplating suicide."

Johnny Sears had smiled at that. "I rather wanted to see him myself," he remarked.

"You're going to. He's going to spend the week-end with us at Hamilton."

"You've invited him?"

"No—I thought the invitation had better come from you. It occurred to me that as I've never been introduced to the man—"

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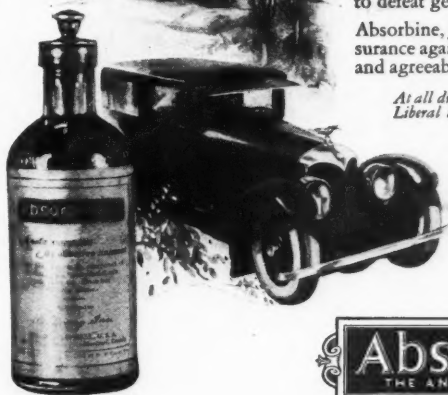
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"Why this sudden interest in him, then?"
"How do you know it's sudden? I may have been nourishing a secret affection in my heart for him for years." Her voice was never so light, but in spite of herself she colored.

"Why—you're blushing!" he accused her.
"You're enough to make me blush—putting such thoughts in my head."

"There is something in your head. Tell me what you have in mind," he pleaded.

Judy hesitated. Then: "Do you believe in feminine intuition?"

"I believe that like masculine hunches feminine intuition is right—well, perhaps fifty percent of the time."

"This is the fifty percent that is right, then. I—promise you won't tell?"

He promised. And she told him what intuition had told her.

"But—" he protested.

"This week-end," she commanded firmly. "Alive or dead!"

And so Larry found himself invited to Hamilton.

Like every Lowell man Larry knew of Johnny Sears's place at Hamilton. It was a show-place among show-places. One year it had been considered as a potential summer White House. Another summer it had been occupied by a British ambassador. A week-end bid there was akin to an accolade and in his case it was based, Larry believed, on the sort of a background his five thousand dollar gift to Lowell must suggest to Johnny Sears.

From that thought Larry recoiled. "I'm sorry," he said to Johnny Sears, "but—"

"It's got to be an awfully good excuse," Johnny Sears warned him. "Almost impregnable, in fact."

To confess there and then might have been wiser. But Larry was human enough to try instead to evade. As a result he found himself the following Friday swinging off the train at Hamilton.

In a smart roadster sat Judy waiting for him. This was the first time he had seen her since 1916, for to see her that night on the Rez had been impossible. So until she smiled greeting, he was not quite sure it was she. Then he realized that she hadn't changed unrecognizably since she was twelve. Yet it did not occur to him, as it had the other time, that Johnny Sears's daughter was nothing to write home about.

They sped over beautiful winding roads.
"I'm afraid," she remarked, "you won't find us so very gay. We're quite alone except for a few of father's old cronies. Do you play golf?"

"It depends," he replied, "on what you call golf."

Judy smiled. In the unselfconscious way that made various young Lowell men realize that she was not only a good egg but a darn desirable little egg as well.

"Father," she told him, "said something about a potential foursome before dinner. I feel quite sure you are elected."

Larry was. One of Johnny Sears's cronies was a great banker. The other, paired off with Larry, was a still greater banker. Larry found them personally unaffected gentlemen whose game was as wretched as his—and he had not touched a club in months. They played for a dollar a hole. Larry and his partner won six dollars apiece. His partner was as gleeful as if he had made a million.

"Straight and short and sure—that's the way to play 'em," he exulted. And turning to Larry added: "These chaps who try to hit the cover off the ball are always in the rough. They play golf as if—"

"As if it were a sporting proposition," cut in Johnny Sears. "Not as if it were making loans at six percent—after carefully examining the security. Your game may win you a few dollars now and then, Sam, but you'll never break a hundred."

Then after dinner Judy claimed Larry. They drove off together to another North Shore show-place where a dance was on. The younger set now—sleek, well groomed young

men with a Harvard crew captain and a ranking tennis player among them; assured, audacious girl.

They all accepted Larry as casually and unquestioningly as had Johnny Sears's friends. The prettiest girl, who had flirted with first the Harvard crew captain and then the ranking tennis player, apparently found him game as fair when it came his turn to dance with her.

"You aren't," she protested plaintively, "one of those horribly strong, silent men, are you?"

They had been dancing for all of twenty seconds then. Larry glanced down at her pretty face. Her eyes met his, wide and candid, yet deliberately beguiling.

"I'm afraid I dance like one," he said. "I'm rather out of practise."

"Oh, that's it!" she said. "I had hoped it was my effect on you. I sometimes have it on the most finished performers—they are so overcome by the precious privilege of dancing with me that they forget all they know."

Larry smiled. "I can imagine it."

"Imagine it—but not feel it yourself. Are you in love with Judy?"

"What?" gasped Larry.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't be," she retorted calmly. "And that would explain your immunity to me. Would it be too much to ask you to hold me a little closer?" Then before he could recover she launched a fresh audacity. "Judy is a dear," she remarked. "Isn't it too bad she has no sex attraction? Oh, don't look so horrified! Or as if you thought I was being catty. I am just repeating what she herself says. I tell her all she needs is a line. Do you like mine?"

In spite of himself Larry smiled. "I think it suits you better than it would Miss Sears."

"Naturally—mine matches my tip-tilted nose and the come hither in my eyes. Judy's would be different—strongly maternal perhaps. She's the mother type. Stray cats and slightly damaged young men have an irresistible appeal for her."

Once Larry would merely have grinned at this but now for a horrible instant he suspected malice. He was seeing himself subjectively, as an outsider and rank impostor, and it did not occur to him that she, seeing him objectively, might get quite a different impression of him. The truth was that he had the poise and the assurance of a man who has lived in strange places and she found in this both a certain allure and a challenge.

Larry, murmuring an apology for the step he had involuntarily missed, tried to smile. "I'm not a stray cat," he remarked, "so I suppose—"

"Oh, I don't mean that you are the least bit damaged," she replied. "Only unresponsive to my best efforts. That's why I asked if you were in love with Judy."

Larry simply smiled again. He wasn't, of course. The idea had never occurred to him! But on the way home it did occur to him that some man might well be in love with Judy. Almost any man, in fact, save himself.

The more he saw of Judy during the next few days the more firmly founded that belief became. He did not see such an awful lot of her, it is true, for golf intervened—more auriferous foursomes, three parts gold and one part alloy. But in between there were moments with Judy—Judy, who wasn't at all beautiful but who strangely enough began to seem so.

Now, of a Sunday morning, they sat wet and glistening on the edge of the raft that was moored off Johnny Sears's private bathing beach. Larry wore one of Johnny Sears's suits; Judy wore her own. This, of unrelieved black, suited her marvelously.

"Aren't you ever going to tell me anything about China—or your adventures there?" asked Judy abruptly.

The question to Larry was like the intrusion of a serpent into an Eden of sorts. "I told a friend of mine a little about China as I found it," he evaded, "and he asked me to spare his illusions."

"But," she protested, "China sounds so

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interesting. Do—" There she stopped short. A veil had fallen over his eyes.

"I'll race you ashore," she challenged and dove off at once. They emerged together from a smother of surf. She faced him, lithe and alive and—adorable! As his eyes met hers they were no longer veiled. It was her eyes that became suddenly veiled. They were both young; as he had torn ashore in pursuit of her, something inextinguishably male had been aroused in him. This she saw and thrilled to before a comber swept upon them, caught them unsuspecting and thrust them shoreward. They recovered themselves laughingly but her eyes still evaded his.

"We must hurry," she said, "or—we'll be late for dinner."

And she set him an example by hurrying off to her dressing-room. But once there she stood for an appreciable interval still in her bathing suit, with her lips a little parted and in her eyes the expression of one who listens. Judy was listening. To a little song her heart was chanting shamelessly, exultantly.

"He does. He does. He does!" it sang.

But Larry! He was like a man who has ventured unwittingly into a trap with no realization of his danger until the trap suddenly snaps shut. He might have so excused himself. But he didn't. His heart was singing no little song.

"You've made forty different kinds of a fool of yourself," he was assuring himself, "and you'd have probably made the forty-first if she hadn't saved you."

So he interpreted Judy's sudden withdrawal—she had sensed his momentary madness and fled forthwith. Well, he was glad of that. Damn glad! He told himself so.

There was just one thing for him to do now. "What time can I get a train this afternoon?"

he asked at luncheon. This was addressed to Johnny Sears. Larry had not even looked at Judy; his eyes were avoiding her. And so he did not see her swift glance of protest.

"This afternoon?" protested Sears. "Why, I'm going over the road myself in the morning. Can't you wait until then? I wish you would; I haven't had a chance to talk to you about China and I want to."

China was the last thing Larry wanted to discuss with Johnny Sears. Yet: "I think," he heard himself saying steadily, "that there are some things I should tell you about China."

"That will give us a chance for one more foursome this afternoon," approved Johnny Sears with the smile that was in a masculine way as charming as Judy's own. "We'll have a chance to talk tonight after dinner."

"And after that—the dark!" thought Larry.

The moment came. He and Johnny Sears, leaving the others, moved on to the library.

"Are you going back to China?" began Johnny Sears between puffs of his cigar. And when Larry shook his head he added, "Have you any plans?"

Again Larry simply shook his head. He was thinking of Judy—Judy who had said: "You'll find me on the east terrace when this momentous conference is ended. And please remember that even at the risk of seeming more than femininely curious, I shall want to know what it's all about."

Larry had managed a smile. But he had felt quite sure that it would be her father, and not he, that would tell her. He had discovered for himself that there was a late train that night and this he intended to take.

"Fine," Johnny Sears's voice was announcing now. "Because I have an idea that I have just the opening you may be looking for. I'm always interested in Lowell men, you know."

Larry moistened his lips. And then deliberately forced the truth through them. "I left China," he said, "a flat and absolute failure. I think that it is best you know that before you say any more." As he finished he came to his feet involuntarily.

"Sit down!" said Johnny Sears quietly. "You say you left China a flat and absolute failure. Yet you gave Lowell five thousand

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dollars. I don't quite understand. You have it, of course—"

"Thank you," said Larry. "I have it—and I am very glad to give you now a check for the amount."

Johnny Sears took the check and held it between his fingers without a glance at it. "Five thousand dollars," he commented, "is a considerable gift for a man who says he left China a flat and absolute failure."

"I may as well be honest with you," said Larry. "When I left China after buying my transportation and traveler's checks, I had a bank balance of exactly five thousand and nine dollars. I still have the bank balance of—nine dollars." Johnny Sears might have spoken but he gave him no chance. "I am telling you this because I feel I should. I do not regret the gift. I cannot explain why I made it. I felt, while you were speaking, as if I must—give all I could. I don't think I was trying to impress you or anybody else. I—well, call it an impulse—"

"Are you given to acting on impulses?" interrupted Johnny Sears.

Larry smiled wryly. "It was the first one that had got away with me in five years."

"You mean that—you never took a chance all the time you were in China?"

"Never—knowingly. That—was what got me, I suppose, though it seems funny, everything considered." Larry paused.

"Please go on!"

"I'd been—well, trying to straddle a gap between the two rival political factions out there. You know China and how much of a part political conditions there play in business? Well, I simply couldn't bring myself to go in with either faction. Bristol, my assistant—he's a Lowell man, class of twenty-one; you know him of course."

"Quarter on the varsity," said Johnny Sears. "Go on."

"Bristol was crazy to take a chance. I wouldn't. And then I went off my pins—the strain got me, I suppose—and had a touch of fever. I was out of my head for several days and more or less out of touch with the office for a couple of weeks. Bristol was in charge. He kept telling me things were going great."

"Weren't they?"

"They were," said Larry grimly. "The minute I passed out of the picture Bristol plunged in and took the chance I wouldn't. Things happened fast and he picked the winning side just in time. Gambled on it and came through."

"And took the credit for it?" suggested Johnny Sears.

"No—not Bristol! He was white clean through. Tried to persuade me that I would have done the same thing if I hadn't been taken sick. In fact he was pretty well cut up when I insisted upon resigning."

"You resigned, then?"

"What else could I do?" demanded Larry, wide-eyed. "The International people wrote me a letter of congratulation and gave me an increase in salary—when it was all Bristol's doing! I'd have felt yellow clear through if I hadn't told them so—and resigned."

"You are absolutely sure that you wouldn't have done the same thing if you hadn't been sick? There's such a thing as being too quixotic, Weston."

Larry merely shook his head. Johnny Sears said nothing for a moment. Then: "I got both you and Bristol your chances to go to China," he announced abruptly. "I imagine that surprises you, but as a matter of fact I usually am instrumental in placing several Lowell men every year. They are taken on my recommendation by friends of mine."

He paused there, but Larry was too surprised to speak.

"I followed you in college," Johnny Sears went on, "and I knew of your record. I had an idea just what your liabilities were and what might be counted on as assets. The one thing that never occurred to me was that you would ever play safe. You must have changed

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since that time. What happened to make you?"

The light shed by the massive table lamp shone directly on Johnny Sears's face, shrewd, yet not unkind. But Larry hardly saw him. This interview, working out so differently from anything he had provisioned, had him at sea.

"Why—I suppose it was what old Prexy said," he began and paused.

"Go on," said Johnny Sears. "I think you owe me an explanation."

That Larry recognized the justice of. And so he repeated in substance what old Prexy had said to him on that night back in June, 1919.

"Good Lord!" murmured Johnny Sears when he had finished. "So that was it!" From the humidor he took a fresh cigar and held it unlighted in his fingers. "Larry," he said, "Old Prexy was salt of the earth. He is one of Lowell's best traditions. But—he was a living tradition before he died. I say that with all kindness and with a full appreciation of all he did for Lowell. But old Prexy, Larry, was very much like a hen who occasionally hatched out ducklings. I was a duckling. So were you. Bristol was another. We worried him. We didn't do things his way. We took chances. We filled his kindly old heart with horror. He was forever foreseeing disaster for us. This has become clear to me now. I remember he spoke to me once, but mildly. I think that what he said to you was from his heart—that perhaps you were dearer to him than the other ducklings he had fretted over."

"Why," protested Larry bewilderedly, "that was the only time he ever—"

"Let it pass. There is no question anyway but what he wanted to do you a service. Instead he harmed you—harmed you damnably. Put it this way. Men like yourself and Bristol are as different in breed from old Prexy as a Roosevelt was from a Taft. Old Prexy was born to be what he became—a dyed-in-the-wool conservative. He couldn't have become anything else—a pioneer, for instance, because a pioneer must take chances. I, certainly, would never have recommended that a man of old Prexy's type be sent out to China. I recommended you because you were of the breed that is born to take chances. You took them in sport—that's what made you All-America stuff—and during the war. You took them naturally, in a way old Prexy never could. With an inborn confidence and a swiftness of decision that is more than half the battle. If you came a cropper you were up again and at them. Do you see what I'm driving at?"

"Yes, sir," said Larry, though his head whirled.

Johnny Sears leaned toward him. "Supposing," he suggested, "that instead of telling you what I have had in mind for you I say simply this—will you take a chance on it, sight unseen?"

Larry's head cleared, though the blood still pounded in his ears. "Yes," he said, at once and with finality.

"Think twice! Even though I am mostly president of Lowell these days I still have many irons in the fire. And some of my agents travel to places where I myself would prefer not to go. Pestilential places, where they must act swiftly and take a chance every minute—everything from malaria to poisoned arrows. You are quite sure you understand how much of a chance you are taking?"

Larry merely nodded, but in his eyes now was the look of the old Larry who had once flown high and free over enemy lines.

"By George, I do believe you are hoping it's some place just like that," said Johnny Sears. Dryly he added, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I intend for the present at least to use you right here in these United States. But I can assure you that you'll have to take plenty of chances of a sort." He came to his feet and so did Larry. "Shall we shake on it?" he asked, offering his hand.

Larry shook on it. With fervor and gratitude, yet apologetically.

Is this the End of Falling Hair and Baldness?



Hollow nipples feed the lotion directly to the hair follicles as you massage.

New Hair—or Money Back

Written guarantee given by your own dealer!

Our experience shows falling hair and baldness most always due to Infected Scalp Oil (Sebum). Now usually overcome. Hair actually grown on 91 heads in 100.

Written Guarantee to Grow Hair

This is a direct offer to grow hair on your head. An offer backed by written guarantee, *given by your own drug or department store.* If we fail, it costs you nothing. Over 800,000 men have made this test in the last two years.

Science has recently made amazing discoveries in hair treatment. We have proven that while 4 in 7 are either bald, or partly bald, at 40, only about nine in a hundred need ever be bald. Hair roots seldom die from natural causes. They can be revived. We have proved this by regrowing hair on 91 heads in 100.

Highest authorities approve this new way. Great dermatologists now employ it—many charge as much as \$300.00 for similar basic treatment. Baldness is a symptom of a disease. It is most frequently a symptom of infection of the scalp oil (Sebum).

Infected Sebum

Sebum is an oil. It forms at the follicles of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil.

But it often becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp; clogs the follicles and plugs them. Germs by the millions then start to feed upon the hair. Semi-baldness comes first; then comes total baldness. But remove that infection and your hair will usually return. We back this statement with a money-back guarantee. Hence it is folly for anyone with falling hair not to make the test.

Now We Remove It

Our treatment is based on new principles. It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It kills infection—removes the infected Sebum. Falling hair stops. It revives the sickly, under-nourished hair roots, makes new hair grow. Remember, it is guaranteed.

Warrant Given by Your Dealer

The guarantee is positive, and promptly met. You are the judge. Your own drug or department store gives it with each 3-bottle purchase. Go today, ask for the Van Ess Treatment.

All drug and department stores in America handle Van Ess. We prefer not to ship by mail. Please order from your own local druggist or department store. Orders from outside U.S.A. will be filled direct from Van Ess Laboratories, 143 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill. Foreign orders must enclose postal money order at rate of \$1.50 per bottle.



Note This New Way—

It Massages the Treatment Directly into the Follicles of the Hair

You can see from illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic." You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and the nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp where it can do some good. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

Van Ess Laboratories, Inc., 143 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

VAN ESS
Liquid
Scalp Massage



Put "June" in Your Face!

A woman's face is like a garden of roses. Give it care and it will bloom like a bower of beauty. Neglect it and its charms will wither and fade.

Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier brings out your natural beauty just as the sun brings out the beauty of the rose.

Just One Thing More Than You Do Now

You use creams and face powder now and these are excellent, but you are stopping short of the one thing you need most to develop all your inherent charms.

Just add the use of Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier, then use Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Creams and Boncilla Face Powder. This is the complete Boncilla Beauty Method. Just one thing more than you are now using, but oh! what a difference in results.

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Thousands daily testify to the pleasing results from using Boncilla. Such thankful expressions are: "Am delighted beyond words!"—"It removed every pimple and blackhead with a few treatments!"—"My face is now as clear as crystal!"—"It took out every wrinkle!"—"My complexion was never so clear and beautiful!"—etc., etc.

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Contains generous introductory size packages of all four items in the complete Boncilla Method. At your dealers.

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You too, need Boncilla—ask your Barber for the Boncilla Facial.

Free Beauty Book

Send name and address today for 48-page book "The Way to Beauty."

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"I still feel like an impostor," he explained. "You mean," Johnny Sears suggested, "because you think you misled me by the size of your gift to Lowell?"

"Yes," said Larry.

Johnny Sears smiled. "Do you know what Judy said to me that night after class day was over? She said to me, 'Johnny Sears, I'll bet you've beguiled that young and impulsive man to contribute almost the last cent he has in the world toward your old ten million dollar fund.'"

"Judy said that?" gasped Larry. "Why—how could she know that?"

Briefly Johnny Sears hesitated. Love may be blind but fathers are not. Against this paternal instinct were pitted the habits of a lifetime. The habit of swiftly and accurately judging men; of generosity, and of that fine sportsmanship that had made him give so much of himself to Lowell.

They swung the scales.

"You might ask her yourself," he replied, his lips smiling though his heart still protested. Then as Larry stood as one still dazed he gave him a little push. "She's on the east terrace, you know."

After which Johnny Sears, being human, experienced certain inevitable regrets. But he fought against them manfully.

"He took his medicine like a white man—and a Lowell man," he assured himself stubbornly. "And he's learned his lesson."

The east terrace looked out to the sea. One who saw Judy there might have believed her lost in the beauty of the night, unaware of Larry's approach. But then one would not have known how tightly her hands were clenched.

"I won't look around," she was telling herself. "I won't—I won't!"

But she did, in spite of all her promises. As their eyes met, they both started to speak, then paused. It was their eyes that spoke for them.

They stood so for a breathless second—the daughter of Lowell's richest son and Larry who, at that moment, was probably Lowell's poorest. He might well have paused to consider that the world would regard him as poorly equipped financially to take a chance with love—and Johnny Sears's only daughter.

But if matrimony is a gamble, it is love that makes gamblers of us all.

So instead he took Johnny Sears's daughter in his arms and kissed her as Adam kissed Eve when the world was still young and Eden was yet Eden. Second thought did presently suggest a question to him, but even that was no more than any lover, conscious of good fortune beyond his deserts, might impetuously phrase.

"You—really mean it, Judy?" he demanded. "It isn't just because I'm damaged?"

"Damaged?" she echoed, wide-eyed at any such suggestion.

"That girl at the dance the other night—the pretty one that flirted so—said that all stray cats and damaged men had an irresistible appeal for you."

"Are you hinting," she broke in, "that I am given to repairing damaged men this way? Because if you are—"

"You know I'm not!" he protested hastily.

"Damaged?" she teased.

"No—hinting!"

"Or damaged either," she assured him staunchly. "You're—"

But he gave her no chance to finish—because at last he was conscious of the wisdom of his immediately taking a chance whenever one offered.

As one obviously did.

The Most Dangerous Woman in Europe

(Continued from page 33)

life since. It was she who taught me that cold water added to the whites of eggs not only increases the quantity but makes them of the proper consistency with less beating, that turnip tops can be made to masquerade as spinach, that salt makes sugar go further, that celery tops and potato peelings make excellent soup, and that leavings from chops and cutlets produce the purest of soap. All this useful learning served me invaluable during the war.

It was my mother who developed in me the instinct of the complete housewife, which has rendered me such yeoman service, no matter whether my home has been a Riviera palace, a Paris or a London mansion, or a tiny third floor back in either city. It is to her that is really due the greatest compliment my own daughter ever paid me in her life, when she declared that my galvanic vitality and awful intensity are such that she had seen the furniture whisk into place when I entered a room.

My best schooling was that which I received through being so much with my father. To be in his company was like being in the best of libraries.

I never heard a discordant note in our home. My father adored and admired my mother with all a poet's chivalry for a woman. In the long winter evenings he read to us as we sewed, and in summer he and I rode side by side over the sun-baked prairie, always talking of things that mattered, so that gradually and insensibly my mind was molded.

This never-to-be-forgotten companionship between my father and myself was brought to an end by the failure of one of his speculations, this time the most disastrous of all. His first notable venture had been in connection with a gold mine in Colorado. On this occasion he sank the proceeds of the sale of the News and of his land office in ground that could not have produced a turnip, let alone the precious metal.

After that he bought land in western Kansas and laid out a town which he called Montezuma

(for there was nothing small about my father). He already imagined a street-car line running down a prospective boulevard, and in reality he actually built a railroad from the main line, a sugar factory, a feed barn, a church and a general store before he returned to Emporia.

After bragging about his town for a few weeks, he went out there to see how the work was progressing, and to his astonishment not a single board of it was left. Some other ambitious artist had been building his own little town, and had profited by the fact that no police force had yet been organized in Montezuma to move barn, station, factory, railway and even beets to another part of the world. In short, the intruder swiped the whole town.

This should have deterred my father from ever again entering the battle for wealth on any other field but that of literature. Hope sprang eternal in his breast, however, with an invention which he perfected unknown to my mother. This was a headrest designed to be fastened on the back of a seat in a day coach, and which a man could carry in his grip. By its use one could save oneself the expense of a chair car, and at the same time enjoy all the ease and comfort which was wont to cost a dollar.

Unfortunately one of the first buyers who used the contraption was sleeping peacefully in it when an extra sharp jerk of the train caused the whole thing to carry away, and the poor wretch's neck was broken. The widow instituted a suit for \$2000 damages and my father was forced to sell to William Allen White the Emporia Gazette, which he had started in succession to the News, and move to Chicago, where he had secured a post as editor of the Dispatch.

I shall never forget that journey to Chicago. As the train hooted through the night, over the moon-splashed country, I sat looking out at the flying prairie. I little realized that I was leaving the West, never to return to it again.

After a year at a convent school I returned

home to take up the study of caricature drawing with Ladendorff, whose clever pencil was then delighting everyone.

About this time my father, who was tone deaf, was asked to take over the work of music critic. Despite the fact that he could not tell the difference between "Yankee Doodle" and the "Dead March in Saul," he wrote some very beautiful criticisms about things he did not understand, and incidentally supplemented my education by letting me accompany him to many of the concerts and other events.

One happy afternoon we went to see that glorious company, the Bostonians, play "The Serenaders," in which Jessie Bartlett Davis took six curtain calls in Reginald de Koven's song, "Oh, Promise Me." In the lobby, as we came out, we met her husband, W. J. Davis, who owned the theater, and he took me back stage to see his wife in her dressing-room.

From that afternoon I determined to make the stage my career, and my further acquaintance with Jessie Bartlett Davis, which lasted till her death, only strengthened my resolve. This great-hearted and talented Bohemian was the first Bohemian I ever knew, and I shall never cease to thank her for the new world she revealed to me.

My decision to become an actress was easier to make, however, than to carry out. To my mother the stage was not merely a sink of iniquity but far worse. When I mentioned my wish to her I was met with a flat negative. As my father never opposed her wishes in any way, I had to work out my own emancipation from a home hedged round with puritan ideas. I decided that I would seek fame on the stage whatever happened.

Going from one agent's office to another, I finally heard of a company in which girls were needed, and managed to secure a contract to start on tour in it. My pay was to be fifteen dollars a week, and after receiving my railroad ticket to Saginaw, Michigan, where the company was to start out, I determined to leave at once. I did not dare go home to fetch even my bag, for my mother had told me emphatically that she would not allow me to leave home unless I were married first. I compromised by leaving a note for my father at his office.

My father followed me to Saginaw by the next train and soon found my whereabouts. I saw from his worn face that he had had a scene with my mother and had come to fetch me home.

"Really, Belle," he said, "you can't go out into the world alone unless you are married. Your mother will never consent, and you must obey her!"

Having delivered this ultimatum, he left me in the hotel in order to take a stroll around Saginaw before starting back to Chicago.

It was then two o'clock, and the next train for Chicago left at six, the bell-boy told me. I stood at the window watching the men shoveling snow off the sidewalks and meditating over the manner in which my plans had been upset. Alongside me, also looking out of the window, stood a man with a fur collar on his coat. It was the day before Christmas, and late shoppers were hurrying by with packages.

I had a bag of oranges, from which I took out one and began to peel it. Noticing that the man beside me was following my movements, I opened the bag again and offered him one. "Don't mind if I do," he said, and this is the conversation which followed:

I: "Christmasy weather—don't you hate it?"

Man: "What are you sore about?"

I: "Nothing."

I watched him strip his orange of its yellow covering and, noting that he had a kindly face, I dared it.

I: "Will you do me a favor?"

Man: "Sure—if it's possible."

I: "Oh, it's possible, all right!"

Man: "Well, what is it?"

I: "Will you marry me?" (Gasp from man. Business of getting breath.)

Man: "What is the big idea?"

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Look slim at once. Say "good-by" to bulging waistline. This new amazing belt literally melts fat away. Produces the same result as an expert masseur, only quicker—less expensive. So comfortable you don't know you're wearing it.

Off with that bulging waistline. Melt fat away. At last you can do it safely, easily, comfortably—and without great expense. At last you can regain a trim masculine figure and the vigor that goes with it. Not by cruel starvation diets. Not with harmful, distressing drugs. Not with doubtful, secret methods. There is only one correct way to take fat away—and that is

A Self-Massaging Belt That is Always On the Job

Massage—Science proves—is the only safe, correct, sane way of removing weight and retaining health. It rubs fat away. It tones up the tissues. It invigorates the blood flow and builds up healthy, normal tissue. But Masseurs charge big fees. They take up a lot of time. And they are only effective for a half hour or so every now and then.

The remarkable Well Reducing Belt is always on the

job. Day in and day out, hour after hour—as long as you wear it, it works for you. Like a half-dozen masseurs in relay, massaging fat away with every move you make, 4 to 6 inches reduction in a few weeks is quite usual.

Lose Weight— Retain Health

As it reduces fat, it builds up healthy firm muscles. It supports the stomach walls, improving digestion, gives you better ear-riago and actually makes you feel 10 to 15 years younger. The Well Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber

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ber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys. Physicians endorse it highly. Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. Special 10-day trial offer if you write at once to THE WEIL CO., 196 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

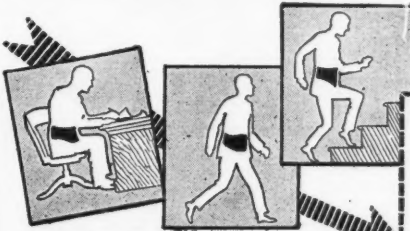
THE WEIL COMPANY,
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Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Well Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-day Trial Offer.

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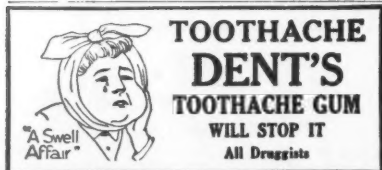
As shown above, every move of your body walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Well Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.

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Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.



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to use and introduce attachment that makes Ford run on 94% air. **THERMOSTAT** on exhaust automatically turns down needle valve as engine warms, exactly as Ford Manual says do by hand.

Blanche Auto Thermo An Automatic Carburetor Control Makes Fords start easier winter or summer—saves half gas and oil—cuts repair bills one-half—reduces carbon formation one-half. Sells on sight to every Ford owner as easily as giving him a \$100 bill, because it saves \$100 every 10,000 miles. Cadillac now uses an standard equipment thermostat carburetor control under Blanche license. You can make Big Money selling this wonderful proven device. Experience not necessary. Blanche plan will start you without capital in a business of your own that makes you from \$500 to \$5,000 a month profit. Write for free circulars Now!

A. C. Blancke & Co. 682 W. Lake Street Dept. 519-H Chicago

Then I explained that I just had to get married or I could not stay with the show, and that I had only two hours in which to find a husband. It would be only a nominal marriage, I told him, as we should part at the church door, and I would buy him his liberty as soon as I became a star, which I was certain of doing very soon. Unfortunately at present I had not even the money with which to buy a license, but if he would give me this, along with his name, I would give him both back later on.

The humor of my request must have struck the man, for he seized his hat and went off for the license, and later the same afternoon we went together to St. Paul's Church and asked Doctor Gallagher to marry us.

When we reached the hotel, I found my father in a terrible flurry lest we should miss the return train to Chicago. Throwing my arms around his neck, I gave him a kiss and then astounded him by putting in his hands my crisp new marriage certificate, which I asked him to take home to my mother.

Then I introduced him to my husband, whose name I had now ascertained to be Wherry, and who informed me that, as his home was in Chicago, he proposed to return there on the same train as my father. He was in the paint trade, he told us.

I saw them carefully into the waiting hack and the door slammed on my first big adventure; but not before I had told my father not to let my mother put any red flannel petticoats among the things she would be sending on to me, or my muffler and my wool-lined arctics, for I would not need them any more.

For the next two years I followed perhaps the hardest profession in the world. The lure of the stage had caught me firmly in its grip, and through months of hardship and hard work, relieved by the tinsel triumphs of brief moments before the footlights, I dreamed of the days when I would be a great actress and have the world at my feet. I never became a great actress, but before I quitted the stage forever I certainly had a fairly large section of New York almost literally at my feet.

I never saw my obliging but absolutely nominal husband again after our lightning marriage, until after my name had become familiar to all New York theater-goers, nor did I ever have even a temporary sweetheart during all my stage career. Nevertheless, as ever since, I had the time of my life, both while "on the road" and in New York.

My mother, having the general unjust opinion people had formed of stage lives or any lives lived otherwise than their own, insisted that I should drop my own name and adopt a *nom de guerre*. This wish was duly notified to me by my father in his first letter, and he suggested that as Livingstone, the African explorer, whose name was then on everybody's lips, had like myself gone out into the unknown, I could not do better than adopt his name. Since then, whenever indulging in any questionable occupation that might provoke criticism, such as writing or figuring on the stage, I have always been known as Belle Livingstone.

I am free to confess that my equipment for a stage career was pretty slender. I had been taught how to walk by my paternal grandmother, who had been presented at George IV's court, and who impressed on me the necessity of always moving as if in the presence of royalty.

I had been given my lessons in deportment in our garden.

The lilac bush was the queen, and the tallest of the cottonwood trees the king. With a broom handle behind my shoulders and a cup of water balanced on my head, I was taught to twist and bend every part of my anatomy except my head, in order to make a curious old-world curtsy before the queen, and similar contortions before the cottonwood king, without upsetting the water.

These lessons and the month spent on the papoose board had the effect of making me look like a yard of pump water as to figure. I

acquired a manner of stalking about at court as if I belonged there. On the stage, however, where I was pushed on and pulled off like a piece of the scenery, my rigid grace had the effect of driving all stage managers mad.

The piece in which I first smiled on the public was a comic opera called "Wang," in which tall Al Hart played the part made famous by De Wolf Hopper, and Georgia Caine that which Della Fox created, while the stage carpenter played the front legs of the hungry elephant and the electrician the hind ones.

We worked down through the Southern states, playing one-night stands, and the jumps during those spring days were long and dusty—and so tiring that I often wished some of those old "respectables" who are forever harping on the temptations that attend a chorus girl's life could live that life for just twenty-four hours. They would find running to fires in some town where a lunatic incendiary was at large a mere breathing exercise as compared with the business of rushing round in stage land.

In some of the larger towns we stayed three nights, which gave us an opportunity to catch up with our laundry work. Into our wash-basins went the contents of our laundry bags, despite the printed notice tacked on the wall in each room to the effect that light house-keeping was "strictly forbidden," and scrubbing went merrily on over our little ten-cent wash-boards. Handkerchiefs were plastered on the mirror, while we "sat out" stubborn wrinkles in our garments in order to give them the appearance of having been ironed. Thus home letters could be written while we sat ironing our clothes. On Saturday nights, if some unforeseen expense, such as a pair of shoes or a shirt-waist, had not backed into our salary envelop and made too large a hole in it, we sometimes gathered in each other's rooms and indulged in root beer and cookies. I know of no finer school of philosophy, where a girl can better perfect herself in the science and art of living, than right in a large chorus.

My engagement in "Wang" came to an end in Philadelphia when I heard they were going to have opera at Young's Theater, at Atlantic City, that summer. I managed to secure a shop in the chorus. I had had to work fairly hard in "Wang," but now the real work started. We played twice every day, and a new show was staged every week. Merely to describe the experience would make it impossible for me to realize how I was ever able to do so much in a single twenty-four hours.

It was while rushing like a comet in Atlantic City, however, that I got my first strange and inexplicable chance. We were rehearsing for "Falka," and I was chosen to play the part of the Captain of the Guard. It was a part that called for tights, and I believe I had two lines to sing.

It was my first experience in tights, and I shall never forget how bare and alone I felt without my skirt. Worse still, how bare and alone my voice sounded when the chorus stopped and I heard myself continuing to the accompaniment of the orchestra.

Still less shall I ever forget, however, how superior I felt when I first saw my name on the program. I was not only a star but a major planet. In order that the next night's audience should not be deprived of my few precious notes, I covered my throat well when I left the theater, so that the cool night breeze should not rob them of such a treat.

My wildest pleasure at this time was such as two turns of the Boardwalk with Silas Shoemaker, of the National City Bank, could procure me. One evening, after he had known me for ten days, he bought me a pair of kid gloves, and I cried because I thought he was trying to buy me. Although many moons have passed since then, I could cry right now when I think of all the cheap walks I gave that man. Perhaps he too has not forgotten them, for we renewed acquaintance by cable only a month or two back.

My shape, if not my voice, must have proved acceptable to the connoisseurs who were at

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Atlantic City that season, for one night I had a card sent round to me asking me to call on its owner at Hoyt's Theater, in New York, when the season ended. The owner of the card was Dick Stael, who had written the music of several pieces, but who at that time was one of Charles Hoyt's musical directors.

When the company disbanded at the end of the season, I hurried off to New York to keep the promised appointment with Dick Stael and if possible secure a winter's engagement. Decked in the best I owned, I presented myself at Hoyt's Theater, where my appearance excited deep interest.

I was shown into the theater and taken directly on the stage, where Stael was sitting at a piano, aimlessly running his hands up and down the keys. With all the assurance of my seventeen years—and of a married woman withal—I bounced up to him with the cordial greeting, "Well, I'm here!"

Stael turned with a look of astonishment on his face, but he recognized me instantly and, turning back to the piano, he struck two or three brilliant chords and said with a laugh: "Good—now we can ring up!" The office staff had left for the day, but Stael told me he had fixed me in "The Milk White Flag." Next morning I called at the office and signed my contract. It called for fifty dollars a week, which looked like a fortune to me.

In my ignorance I did not know what a piece of luck had befallen me when Stael gave me the chance to get into one of Hoyt's companies. Hoyt was a millionaire from New Hampshire who wrote and staged his own plays. He was one of the wittiest writers of the day. He sometimes wrote two plays a summer, and with one exception all he produced were successes. At times he had as many as eight companies playing his works.

He paid his people well and always insisted they should dress in a good style. He used to say, with his decided Yankee accent and characteristically sulphurous phraseology, "I want every woman in my shows to have a fur coat—not one that's been given to her, but honestly paid for with her own earnings." The theater was a small one, and the small but carefully chosen companies lived and traveled on a far better scale than the ordinary touring companies for those days, inasmuch as we had our own private cars.

Frank McKee, who was Hoyt's partner, told me, on giving me my contract, that I would commence at once, as rehearsals had been called for the same morning. So that day saw me begin both my New York career and my daily diet of fish-cakes at Childs. For six solid weeks we rehearsed "The Milk White Flag," and for those six weeks I lived on fish-cakes and little else.

I had saved thirty dollars before getting to New York, but no sooner was that first rehearsal over than I began to realize I could not make those thirty dollars stretch across six weeks unless I stopped eating—for in those days stage people were not paid during rehearsals of a new piece.

Late that afternoon, after tramping the hot streets in search of the cheapest room that was to be had, I sat down on a little iron bed in a dingy hall bedroom to face the facts.

My room was four dollars a week, which gave me a roof over my head, but for the six weeks that left me only a dollar a week for food. I decided that I could manage to pull through if I had five cents' worth of something in the morning and five cents' worth more before I went to bed, and perhaps a banana if I really grew too hungry. My landlady paid and my budget arranged for the six weeks that lay before me, I lay down, and as I fell asleep I dreamed once more of the gilded coach that was to be mine some day, and saw myself riding inside it.

Next morning, after five cents' worth of griddle cakes, I went to the theater. Julian Mitchell, who was deaf, was staging our show. He was often tired and cross himself, and to me he seemed without pity in his persistent demands for perfection.



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The interval at noontime, which for others meant luncheon, I spent either in sitting in Madison Square Garden or window shopping. Then I went back to the theater, where throughout the long afternoon Mitchell's raucous voice kept cutting through my dreams.

When we were dismissed, I went back to Childs again and, with a big-sized sigh, sank down before more fish-cakes. Fish-cakes were the cheapest item on the bill of fare, and after eating slowly to make them last a long time, I went back to my room.

After four weeks passed in this manner, it was one day whispered that Hoyt had arrived. And sure enough, out in the darkened theater, accompanied by four or five men who all seemed to be in some way connected with the organization, sat a man who ordered everyone, both on and off the stage, about.

The cue for the chorus eventually came, and down the center stepped the Drum Corps, with myself in the lead. I was wearing the immortal pancake hat and shoulder of mutton sleeves and the spacious bag with which I had made my debut in New York, and which had already caused no end of hilarity among the crowd.

"Gee whiz!" snapped Hoyt, looking straight at me as he jumped up and called for the orchestra to stop. "Where in blankety blankety blank did you find this? Who did it? The drinks are on me. If anyone had told me they had found anything as comic as this in old New York, I'd have stayed up in New Hampshire and written another comedy around her!"

The roar of laughter that greeted these sallies and the host of laughing faces turned in my direction made me realize that I was the goat. I felt the color surge into my temples, while my cheeks burned like fire and blinding tears made everything a blur. I loved so being there, and I had tried so earnestly to make both ends meet so that I could last out until I drew some pay, that Hoyt's crushing sarcasm took all the life out of me, and I certainly died one death on the stage that day.

All during the rest of the rehearsal I was the butt of Hoyt's sharp tongue until, when the finale came, I was so cowed I must have looked like a whipped slave rather than the dashing standard-bearer of a Milk White Flag. My spurs had not pushed full yet, and I was too timid to explain that I only ate now and again and the rest of my time only looked in at the man in the white coat turning the muffins in Childs's front windows.

"How they must have loved you, to bring you up!" was Hoyt's parting shot when we were dismissed for the day.

Dear old Mat Snyder, who was playing the chivalrous Kentucky colonel, was the only one present who did not laugh. As I passed he patted me on the shoulder and said, in his gruff voice:

"Many worse things at sea!"

The little touch of sympathy almost made me break down, but I managed to reach the house close by where Georgie Caine was living. Knowing I could tell my troubles to a real friend, I first had a good cry, and then told her of my fish-cakes and how I now hated the sight of them.

Georgie, who was not very provident, although she had been drawing a star's salary, confessed that she was nearly as hard up as myself, and that she was mighty tired of her daily diet of chipped beef and crackers.

Then inspiration came to me. I determined that I would not be thrown out of a job after all these rehearsals, and that, as food seemed to be what the doctor would order for pep, there was only one sure way of getting a square meal. I told Georgie my plan, which was that we should both go up the street to the Hoffman House, where I would ask the first dashing, spending-looking man who got out of a hansom to buy us a meal.

Georgie looked as horrified as she felt. "No, no! Oh, no!" she protested. "You will be taken for a beggar, or worse!"

"No, we won't," I insisted; "you just stand behind and watch!" and I was so elated that I was positively smiling when I arrived under the

large covered door of the Hoffman House.

The third man who passed in I stopped. "Please, may I speak to you? I'm not a beggar or another kind of woman, but I am rehearsing, and I am so weak that unless I have a meal I'm afraid I can't go on. I don't want a sandwich or a quarter to buy one. What I want is a steak?"

He looked at me, and then told the doorman to call Will or George and told him I was to have something to eat and that the bill was to be charged to him.

In my excitement I almost forgot Georgie, and when my unknown friend started to go inside I rushed at him and told him there were two of us—and could we have a steak?

"Sure! The sky's the limit!" was the reply.

"I thought my appetite was!" I flung back, and I dashed out to tell Georgie.

We ordered porterhouse steak, stuffed peppers, corn on the cob and ice-cream to follow. I don't believe I have ever had a meal which tasted so good.

Years later, when I was dining with Tom Johnson, the Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, and some friends at the Carlton Hotel, in London, I ascertained who our philanthropic friend was. I saw him dining at a near-by table with Eddie Kinsella, a friend of mine, who came over and said the gentleman with him would like to meet me. I told Eddie there would be no need of any introduction, as his friend, although he did not remember me, had once bought me the best dinner I had ever eaten in my life, and I remembered him perfectly.

We arranged that the two men should join our party for coffee, and Eddie went back and told my one-time friend in need what I had said. When I had kept him wondering long enough, I sent a waiter to ask his party to join us. I then explained how glad I had been that at our former meeting he had not found me sufficiently attractive to sit down while I devoured my meal, as if he had done so I never could have put all my feet into the trough as I had done.

He proved to be a Mr. Killduff, a millionaire whose name was familiar to me as having backed more than one Broadway production.

"But who was the other girl?" he asked curiously, "for I didn't even wait to see her!" "The beautiful and talented Georgie Caine!" I replied.

"Well, I never!" he gasped. "And I afterwards laid my heart and fortune at her feet and starred her in 'The Girl from Gay Paree,' which had such a long run on Broadway—and she never told me a word about the incident at the Hoffman House!"

But let me get back to that never-to-be-forgotten dinner from heaven. That steak that Killduff paid for proved like oats to a hungry horse, and I stepped out with such vigor that even Hoyt could not grumble.

But it was on the night of the dress rehearsal, when we all appeared for the first time in our stage costumes, that I had my revenge for all the cutting things Hoyt had said to me.

I wore tights, with a tight-fitting little shell jacket that showed off my tall young figure to perfection, and the effect was heightened by the jaunty pill-box cap perched on my boyish wig. At the end of the very first act Hoyt came behind and called me.

"Say, Livingstone," he said, "when you go to draw your salary you might do it before you go back to your dressing-room to put on that awful, unbecoming skirt of yours! And for heaven's sake, burn that awful hat!" And, thrusting a bill for twenty dollars into my hand, he added, "Buy another with this!"

From then onwards Hoyt and myself were the best of friends, and wherever we happened to be, in restaurants or playing poker on the train, he never tired of telling our friends how much I had improved since I had been under his control. Of course he took all the credit.

My evolution out of the ugly duckling stage, however, was very slow, quite apart from what a very becoming stage dress did for me. Whenever I allowed myself to believe that my dreams of greatness were beginning to come true, some



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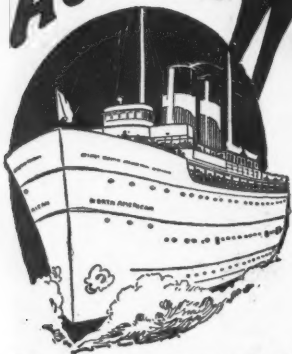
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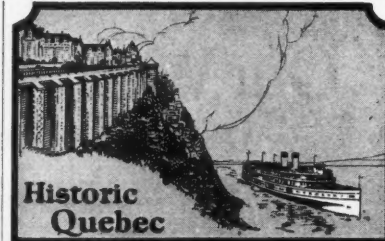
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exasperatingly annoying thing or other was sure to happen that brought me down with a thud to the practical facts of life. One of my worst realizations of the fact that in general appearance I was no pocket Venus occurred one morning when I had gone to the front of the house to get some tickets for our show for the little waitresses at Childs who had served me so faithfully during my fish-cake period.

There was a large (life-size) three-sheet poster of myself in the lobby, and a man who had been standing at the ticket office in conversation with the treasurer sauntered over to the picture and took a look at it. On returning to the window I heard him say:

"Gee, what a looker! D'y'e know, I've been to this show fifteen times simply to see that show girl! Some stepper, believe me!"

The treasurer leaned over and whispered: "That's her just behind you!"

The man turned, gave one horrified glance at the plain-faced Jane, grabbed his five-dollar bill from the treasurer's window and rushed for the door. "Me for the brain factory!" were the agonized words I heard as he disappeared.

This incident started me thinking, and I realized how every girl in the company but myself was padding over shaggy thick rugs in some restaurant and getting a run for her teeth for nothing while I went home and fried myself an egg on my gas plate or my curling-iron lamp. Up to that moment I had never had a cocktail, a headache or a regret, and I did not know even the taste of a cold bird or caviar. With that man's disappointed exclamation my love for the good things of this life germinated.

I went right away to Joseph, who was then the leading importer of Paris models, and asked him to make me over. My shape gave him the inspiration to clothe me with clinging things, with the princess effect dominating. Joseph made me two very seductive gowns, with hats which were at least becoming, and it was not long before I received my first invitation to luncheon.

My first host was a Mr. Gleason, to whom I had been introduced by Hoyt, and who has since been everything in the Republican Party but President, and everything that was kind to myself. We went to Delmonico's, then at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Broadway, and Senator Grant was one of the party. After luncheon we went to Dunlap's hat store on Fifth Avenue, where Mr. Gleason bought me my very first expensive hat. Then he put me into the private hansom which he had from the University Club and told the driver to take me wherever I wanted to go.

I shall never forget the joy I felt when the doors swung to in front of me and I found myself in possession of that hansom. I had always been dying to ride in one, and when the bewildered driver asked me where I wished to go, I settled luxuriously back in the seat and told him just to "go on driving."

Seeing that I was a "rube," he took me to Grant's Tomb. I would not even get out to look at it, and when the driver again asked for instructions, I told him to "go on anywhere"—regardless of the fact that every hour would be charged up on Mr. Gleason's club account.

When the horse was reported tired, I drove with the man to the barn to get another one, and then we drove through the Park again. It was now getting towards dinner-time, and seeing people eating in one place we passed, I went in for a meal. I was scanning the menu for a cheap item when who should I see approaching my table but Mr. Gleason.

He told me it was not proper for ladies to be there unaccompanied, but the only thing that was worrying me was as to how I should explain keeping the hansom. Finally I mustered up the courage to tell him, "Do you know I still have your hansom?"

"What, the one I left with you?"

"Yes."

"Moral," he said, "never put a novice in a hansom cab!" and after giving me a lemonade he put me back into it, but this time gave strict orders that he wanted to see the hansom in front of his club within the hour.

After finding that I liked being dressed properly, I wanted to have proper quarters to live in. I arranged to rent a little flat in Thirty-third Street, just off Fifth Avenue, and an instalment furniture store supplied the bare necessities, to be paid monthly.

A dining table and four very unsociable looking chairs standing around it, on the most visibly imitation Oriental rug I have ever seen, constituted the dining-room, while three uncomfortable chairs and a tabouret inlaid in mother of pearl made the "drawing-room" look more bare than before. An alcove bedroom just off the latter stored a monstrous brass bed, shining like a fire engine, while on the dressing-table was a silver-plated toilet set of eleven pieces.

This last I bought on the instalment plan from an old Jew. I have kept it through all my various conditions of fortune, for I never want to forget my Monday morning visitor—even if I could. I would wake feeling flighty and gay, with a new week before me. Then suddenly it would flash through my mind that soon the Jew would be at the door, demanding \$3.65 or my life, and I would collapse into the mood of a prisoner on his way to execution.

By now I had begun to attract widespread attention in New York. My pictures crept into the Sunday newspapers, and my weekly fifty dollars soon mounted to a hundred.

It was about this time that the New York World published a full-page picture setting forth the ideal measurements of the ideal woman. Somehow it became known that my proportions fitted exactly the measurements given by the World, except that my feet and hands were smaller than those of the ideal lady. I awoke one morning to find my form had become famous. From then on things began to move rapidly.

Space will not permit me to go into details, except to state that Phineas T. Barnum, then at the height of his fame, offered me a contract worth \$1000 a week to be featured as one of the attractions of his circus. This letter I sent to my mother, who almost collapsed, I heard, at the idea of my standing up in a side-show for the purpose of displaying my natural proportions.

This was the day, I should state, of the Gibson Girl, when women with Juno-like figures carried all before them. One enthusiastic New York critic published an extremely laudatory article on my "poetic legs," I remember, and others were equally complimentary in regard to other parts of my anatomy. All this resulted in my name being printed in larger letters in the theater advertisements and in the white lights outside the playhouses.

The extra publicity filled the bald-headed rows of the theater and made me in much demand by managers. When "Jack and the Beanstalk" was produced, I was loaned to Ed Price, the manager of the show, to lead the beauty march. I was no beauty, heaven knows, but people, because the newspapers had said so many nice things about me, applauded my appearance. That long line of perfectly drilled girls in the beauty march, however, every one dressed in white, against a black background, was certainly very effective.

Strangely enough, one evening last summer, when I was taking coffee with an English clergyman and his wife in Paris, in a café much resorted to by artists, the attention of my friends was attracted to a shabby little old man in a frayed coat who was sitting at another table and who kept looking in our direction. When I turned to look at him, to my surprise he said:

"Yes—yes—it's her! You don't remember me!" he continued, in a tragedian-like voice, as he crossed to where we sat. Then, turning to my guests, he dropped his chin in a tragic pose on his chest: "I turned the lights on her legs for years!" Faces lengthened, but he went right on: "Yes, I turned the lights on her legs, which the critics used to call her poetical legs!"

He turned out to have been the electrician in our old company. He repeated the word so often that I wished I had been born without

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legs, and it was only when I gave him the address of my studio that I was able to get rid of him.

I had now entered on the pleasantest months of my theatrical career, and every day brought some new delight. One morning, on coming out of the theater, I encountered, to my intense surprise, the husband whose wife I had never been. We had never met since that eventful Christmas Eve in Saginaw. He had followed my recent career in the newspapers, however, and he was warm in his congratulations both on my success and on my blooming womanhood.

He asked me to luncheon, and I remember we went to a staid old married people's hotel on Fifth Avenue. During our rather strained conversation—for I really did not know what to talk about with this perfect stranger to whom I had been married—he asked me what I would like for Christmas, which was fast approaching. On the spur of the moment I replied that as he had been so good as to give me my marriage certificate as a Christmas present, I should be glad if he would now give me a divorce. He smiled, and we parted with a friendly handshake.

Sure enough, on Christmas Eve I had my wish. A beautiful box of flowers was delivered at my flat. Inside was a big bunch of Parma violets and on them lay my divorce decree, while pinned to it was my obliging ex-husband's card, with the simple phrase written upon it: "With all my regrets."

Little irksome as my marriage bonds had been, I felt a great load off my mind at finding myself actually free, and I threw myself into my work with more fervor than ever, in the hope that my salary would again be raised and I should be able to get rid of my old Jew. This wish was also soon fulfilled.

That same winter New York was visited by one of the worst blizzards ever known, and this indirectly led to my meeting Theodore Roosevelt. He was running for Governor at the time, but up to then had not come into the intense blaze of publicity which he afterwards experienced. On the night in question he and a party of political friends were due to leave New York, but the weather was so bad that when they got to the station they found they would be held up until the snow-plow arrived.

For the same reason the evening's performance at the theater had to be abandoned, and I was spending the evening at home. On going to the door, I was surprised to find Mr. Gleason and four or five of his fellow clubmen from the University Club outside, among them being Mr. Roosevelt. They explained that the drifts were so high in the streets that they could not get back to the club, and that they had come to my place to get a bite, as none of the restaurants were open and they were starving.

I was quite unprepared for such a surprise party, but I had a wonderful recipe for pancakes. I made a stack of these and some coffee. Then came another difficulty—I had only three plates. Roosevelt, who was an old camper, made a reconnaissance, however, and discovered two tin pie plates, from one of which he insisted on eating.

We had great fun and after eating we piled the wood high on the fire and sat around it spinning yarns, but most of the time listening to Roosevelt's rapid fire of talk about his hunting days in the Rockies after grizzly bear.

Soon after eleven we heard by telephone from the New York Central that the snow-plows had arrived, and all the politicians pushed off into the stormy night.

A fortnight later I received a magnificent dinner service of Haviland china, enough to set a banquet of forty covers, accompanied by a card from Theodore Roosevelt, with his best thanks for my tin plate hospitality. I stood among the piles and piles of gilt-edged plates and wondered what I could do with them.

I have often laughingly insisted that it was Mr. Roosevelt's gift that made my love of luxury and plenty burst into full bloom, for from that hour I date the growth of my tastes for extravagance. I had never before had such



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a beautiful present. I must admit that a man whom I never saw in my life once sent me a delightful baby grand piano; but a couple of days later I heard he had been locked up in an asylum for the insane.

My relations with Hoyt were now entirely satisfactory. He declared I was amusing and flattered me to the extent of saying I stimulated his mind. Often, when he visited one of the other companies, he wired me to "bring along my glad look" and asked me to come cheer him up on his journey.

This was certainly flattering, but was disastrous to my pay envelop. Although I was earning \$100 a week, which in those days was considerable, I usually received only a statement of account instead of much more useful money; thanks to playing poker while "cheering up" Hoyt and some of his wealthy friends, I was always overdrawn at the office.

I continued to dream, nevertheless, of being one day able to surround myself with the luxury which I was now beginning to enjoy, and one day while I was dreaming aloud and telling Harry Gillig and Harry Strong and Laffan Gleason of all that I was going to have, one of my dreams suddenly came true.

The postman brought me a very important looking letter with a Chicago postmark, and out of it dropped a draft for \$150,000.

The letter was from my former husband's lawyer, and informed me that poor Richard Wherry was dead and that before he had died he had given instructions that this \$150,000 was to be paid over to me instead of a legacy. My ex-husband, I afterwards learned, although he had never earned more than a meager living, had inherited large sums from two well-to-do uncles and, obliging to the last, had passed a substantial portion of it on to me.

At last one of my fondest dreams had been realized. With \$150,000 of my own, I had the world before my feet, and I instantly decided to make the most of it. I would go to London first, which had always been my greatest longing, and when I had exhausted that, to Paris and Monte Carlo. Egypt, and perhaps the Bible lands, and India and Japan should follow. Free, rich and always dreaming, with \$150,000 there was nowhere I might not go—and I determined to start at once.

I rushed off to Hoyt and told him my gilded coach had come for me, and that he must find another girl—perhaps with a gladder face, although that would be difficult, for I felt sure I was the happiest girl in all the world.

Then I telephoned to Diamond Jim Brady to kill the fatted calf, and he certainly gave me one of the most wonderful of his beauty suppers, for which he was famous. I was the only girl there who was not a beauty, but that night, in the security I felt through having so much money, and overflowing with joy in my new possession, I may have looked lovely. At any rate everyone said I did, and so many other nice things were said that they finally made me cry—and then I looked natural again.

My farewell to the Hoyt crowd was sadder than any, for we had all been such good friends.

A day or two later, with my cabin filled with American Beauty roses, and flowers of every description piled mountains high and making me feel as if I were at my own funeral, I watched New York fade out behind me as the boat steamed out into the unknown.

Then I turned my face eastwards, and, with the life-restoring breezes of the Atlantic filling my young lungs, I began to dream out the next stage in the glorious gamble which I have always made of my life.

London—gay times with famous people—Paris—Harry Thaw's party—my Arabian turquoise mine—I win a fortune at Monte Carlo: These Belle Livingstone tells in July. On page 19 you will find a coupon which will insure your receiving it.

Pacific Northwest



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"If only we had known!" Over and over again these words of helpless self-reproach echo in the hearts of those whose loved ones were taken from them by diseases now known to be preventable.

Perhaps in your own circle some one was stricken with typhoid fever—that sinister disease which comes without warning and strikes with deadly force, which spares neither rich nor poor, high nor low, young nor old, which so often leaves its victims physically bankrupt and subject to other ailments.

Typhoid fever is a disease of filth caused by a germ that is taken into the body through the mouth. The germ is conveyed into the intestines where it rapidly multiplies, sets up inflammation and creates a poison that floods the body. Sewage-contaminated water, unclean milk, shell-fish from polluted water, uncooked vegetables, house flies—all of these may carry typhoid. That is why it is so important that rigid supervision of water, milk and food supplies be maintained in every section of our country.

There Need Never Be Another Epidemic of Typhoid Fever

Science has bestowed a wonderful blessing in offering protection



DANGER!

THIS is the sort of thing that may mean typhoid fever for the whole family—a satisfying drink of cold, sparkling water that came from no-one-knows-where!

It is never safe to drink from any wayside streams or strange wells. Typhoid inoculation offers immunity to most people for two or three years, but to be absolutely safe, unknown water must be boiled. Inoculation also tends to protect you from the danger of contracting typhoid right in your own home. In many cities the Health Department gives such inoculations free.

Household helpers who are "typhoid carriers" have been known to infect entire families.

Inoculation against typhoid has no relation to vaccinations for smallpox and diphtheria. It is an added health protection.

from typhoid. This merciless disease can be made as rare as yellow fever. Inoculation by means of a simple injection of vaccine under the skin will in most cases pre-

vent typhoid. The injection is repeated at intervals of a week until three treatments have been given. No scar is left. In the rare cases where typhoid is contracted, even after inoculation, this protection makes the siege much less severe. Campers, hikers, vacationists and all persons who are traveling, as well as those who regularly eat in public places should be the first to be inoculated against typhoid.

It is true that at times people who are exposed to typhoid do not contract it. They are temporarily immune. But it is *never* safe to take immunity for granted.

Be Inoculated and Advise Others to Protect Themselves

Could you ever excuse yourself had you advised a friend against inoculation who subsequently contracted the disease? Would you ever cease to reproach yourself should this dread disease strike your home? Make an appointment with your doctor for yourself and all your family. Avoid danger so far as possible regarding what you eat and drink.

Typhoid fever kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for three years following an attack, the death-rate among such persons is twice the normal rate.

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify the water by chlorination the death-rate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk

and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected. The value of typhoid inoculation was proved during the World War. Inoculation of our four million men was compulsory. In France and in our training camps at home there was practically no typhoid in our ranks.

Contrast this with the records of the Spanish-American War; There our men—100,000 of them—went into typhoid-

producing districts. One out of every five contracted the disease. Typhoid killed more than twice as many as were killed by bullets.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever" to all who are interested in stamping out this disease.

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